FOREST AND STREAM.

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FOREST AND STREAM OFFICE

346 Broadway

NEW YORK LIFE BUILDING

Present Entrance on Leonard Street

THE FOREST BELONGS TO THE PEOPLE.

THE proposed amendment of the forestry section of the New York Constitution, to permit the leasing of the State's wild lands in the Adirondacks to private parties, was rejected on Tuesday of last week by an overwhelming vote. The official figures have not yet been given out, but the majority against the amendment is estimated at three hundred thousand.

If any one has been cherishing a lingering doubt of public sentiment respecting the Forest Preserve, he must have had his uncertainty dispelled by such a verdict. We should think that even the president of the Forest Commission himself might now have some slight inkling of how the people regard their forest possessions and how they mean to defend these possessions. "We believe the amendment a desirable one, and officially recommend its adoption," wrote President Davis in his officious manifesto. The people's answer to that was given in their vote of three to one against the impudent job. Under ordinary conditions, with public attention not so thoroughly engrossed in great national issues, the three hundred thousand would have been a million; the vote would have been practically unanimous.

The question of who is to own, occupy, control and enjoy the Forest Preserve may now be considered settled for this generation at least. The safe rule, which before the election was embodied in the Constitution, remains unchanged to-day. It is worth while reading that declaration again; here it is:

Forest Preserve.—Sec. 7. The lands of the State, now owned or hereafter acquired, constituting the Forest Preserve as now fixed by law, shall be forever kept as wild forest lands. They shall not be leased, sold or exchanged, or be taken by any corporation, public or private; nor shall the timber thereon be sold, removed or destroyed.

FATE OF THE FUR SEALS.

A CRISIS has come in the life history of the fur seals of the Pribylov Islands. The United States and Great Britain having failed to come to an agreement for an adequate system of protection, and the report of the investigating commission sent out by the United States showing that under existing conditions the seals are doomed to extermination, three courses are now open. The first is to permit the slaughter to go on as it is now proceeding, the seals being killed on land and at sea; this means the certain extermination at no distant day. The second course is the heroic solution, proposed in Congress at the last session and not yet acted upon, to kill off all the seals on the islands, male and female, sell the skins for what they will bring, and so have done with the seal problem now and forever. As we have said before, this would be nothing short of a humiliating confession that the most advanced civilization of the day is not competent to deal with the simple problem of protecting a wild species. The third course is by renewed effort and in the light of the latest investigations to come to an understanding by which the United States, Great Britain, Russia and Japan shall unite for common protection of their sealing interests and to devise and abide by a system which shall conserve the parent supply.

All that has been charged against pelagic sealing is substantiated by the investigations made by Dr. David S. Jordan and the other members of the Behring Sea Commission for the study of the seal question. A statement of the results of the work of the Commission, given out by Dr. Jordan, says:

Dr. Jordan and Mr. Lucas report that they are well satisfied with the work of the summer. Every phase of the life and history of the fur seal has been critically studied, and all points heretofore in dispute have been settled beyond cavil. The first detailed census of fur seals has been made and the first complete examination of the various causes of their death. The conclusions reached last year by Mr. Townsend in the study of killing seals at sea have been confirmed in every particular. A detailed report of the work of the summer will be sent at once to the Treasury Department.

There is still a vast body of fur seals on the islands, more than the Commissioners were first led to expect, but the number is steadily declining. The only cause of this decline is the killing of the females through pelagic sealing. The females are never molested on the islands, but three-fourths of those killed in Behring Sea are nursing females. The death of the mother causes the death of the young on shore, so that for every four fur seals killed at sea three young pups starve to death on shore. As each of those females is also pregnant, a like number of unborn pups is likewise destroyed.

Pelagic sealing as an industry has already cut its own throat, as the fleet this year will not pay expenses. The killing of surplus young males, as provided for by law, has always been a benefit to the herd. The Commissioners believe that the way is open to an honorable and amicable settlement of this question in a manner highly satisfactory alike to the United States and England and to Canada. There can be no longer any difference of opinion as to any facts in question.

The high character of the gentlemen selected by the British Foreign Office and their unquestioned ability give reason to believe that England will favor a prompt and equitable adjustment which will give ample protection to the fur seal herd. But the duty of the present Commission closes with the statement of facts in question.

It is announced that Russia and Japan will join the United States and Great Britain in any efforts that may be made to secure protection for the seals. With the co-operation of these four powers, pelagic sealing could be stopped, and unless it shall be stopped it is clear that the seals must perish.

A TEXAS CRAZY QUILT.

WHEN the newly organized Texas Game Protective Association was forming, we suggested that it could perform a valuable public service by securing the repeal of those special exceptions by which more than one hundred counties are exempted from various provisions of the law. The most serious of these exemptions is that relating to the netting of quail. This constitutes an extensive industry, and is tremendously destructive. As our columns have reported, the outlook for quail in Texas was extremely bright at the beginning of the season. Now, as a direct result of netting, in certain localities where these birds were then most numerous scarcely any are to be found. They have been sent to market. The Association's secretary, Mr. Turner Hubby, reports that his efforts to enforce the law against the netters are seriously impeded by the difficulty of proving that netting was done in counties where it is illegal, and not in adjoining counties exempt from the law. The State of Texas, says Mr. Hubby, is checkered like a checkerboard with exempt counties, and it is almost impossible to disprove the netter's claim that he took his birds where the law says he may.

The checkerboard figure is a happy description. We have looked up the exempt counties on a map of Texas and have indicated them roughly in a diagram printed in another column, the portions of the map in black indicating the territory to which the game law, as to some of its provisions, does not apply. The result does not look very much like a checkerboard; it is more of a crazy quilt.

Checkerboard systems of game protection can never amount to much. A crazy quilt system is more worthless yet. We trust that the Protective Association may be so successful in its efforts to break up present conditions in Texas that the FOREST AND STREAM may be privileged to print a new diagram of the State which shall be white throughout.

TECHNICAL TERMS.

"PARADISE" is the conventional designation employed to signify a region rich in game or fish when spoken of in the rosy, superlative and flamboyant language of the sportsman. No term significant of perfection in a less degree will answer the requirement. Paradise it is, and nothing short of it. We reckon that the word is used in the FOREST AND STREAM more frequently than in all the lay papers put together; we guess that no other word will be found to take its place; and we calculate that its use will grow rather than diminish.

"Boss fisherman" is an expression enjoying still wider vogue, although of infrequent occurrence in the FOREST AND STREAM. It is terse, robust, vigorous, and more expressive than elegant. There are occasions when no less significant term would take its place. One such instance was the meet of the Fremont Fishing Club, of Maryland, the other day, when the members took part in an oyster eating contest, Mr. Patrick Baylis eating five pecks to his highest competitor's three pecks. If Mr. Baylis is not the "boss fisherman" of the Fremont Club, and of Maryland for that matter, by what other and more fitting title shall we herald his name and fame?

"Porcupine fishing" and "angling." Porcupine fishing is a term given official recognition by the Vermont Fish Commission in their report for 1896. It is used to describe the method of fishing whereby one man uses from four to twelve poles in one boat. The practice has been forbidden by law in Vermont, as in New York and elsewhere, by limiting the mode of fishing to angling, and defining angling to mean, as the New York statute reads, "taking fish with hook and line and by rod held in hands, and does not include set lines. In fishing from boats, rods and lines not exceeding two in number may be used by any one person."

WHO OWNS THE GUIDE'S GAME?

WHEN a sportsman hires a guide, and the guide takes part in the shooting or the fishing, to whom does the game or the fish secured by the guide belong? The question has just come up in a case related by a correspondent who returned last week from a ruffed grouse shooting trip. He tells us that he cut short his intended stay, although birds were abundant, because of a misunderstanding respecting the disposition of the birds killed by his guide when in company with him in the field. The guide being in his employment and being paid by him, he had assumed that in conformity with the unvarying custom followed elsewhere throughout his shooting experience of thirty years the birds killed by the guide would belong to the employer. It appears, however, that this was not the understanding held by the host, who advised his guests that the birds killed by the guides belonged to the house and would be sold at so much a pair if the sportsmen wished to retain any of them for taking home. This was regarded as an imposition, and our correspondent's stay was thereupon terminated.

We believe it to be the invariable rule that, unless a different understanding is had in advance, the product of a guide's services in the field, as of a boatman's on the water, belongs to the man by whom he is employed and paid. We have never heard of an instance before this one where a sportsman was expected to pay wages and then in addition to buy the game secured by the guide while in his employ. We would be glad to hear from any one who has knowledge of a contrary custom.

GOOD THINGS EVERY WEEK.

WE would be perfectly willing to abide by the estimate of the merits of FOREST AND STREAM as a sportsman's journal if the finding were to be based upon the record of the latest six issues, or of the six before those, or of any six still further back. The fact is that we have been providing in these pages every week the most generous, varied and entertaining literature of the field ever put into print in a single publication.

And there are just as many good things to come in the weeks that shall follow. Mr. Fred Mather will continue to entertain us with his charming reminiscences of the men he has fished with. Mr. S. T. Hammond, the not forgotten Shadow of earlier years, will write of some companions he has hunted with in famous covers of Massachusetts. Kingfisher is under pledge to tell of some of the recent camps, or forever after to hold his peace. There will be given, under the title of Stories of the Heroic Age, a series of chapters of adventure on the frontier in the Indian days. The next Audubon plate, that of the "Canvasback Duck," will be contained in the issue of Nov 21.

Thus the FOREST AND STREAM has in store for its readers good things every week.

WHY DOES THE BOY TAKE THE FLY?

COLUMNS and columns of space have been consumed in the angling journals in an endeavor to show why the salmon takes the fly. Some say that he does it because he is hungry, others because he is in sportive mood, and others again because he is enraged and snaps at it in anger as the bull dashes at the red flag. After all have had their say, we can only fall back on the one certitude, that the salmon takes the fly because it is salmon nature to take flies.

Why does the small boy take the fly? Let a butterfly, moth or miller venture into the plaza of City Hall Park or into any of the down town streets where boys congregate, and on the instant caps come off, arms are wind-milling in air, and there is the wildest excitement to capture the insect. Why and what for? An idle question. There is no reason. It is just boy nature. We have humane societies engaged in well-meant endeavors to educate the boys not to chase butterflies; they may achieve their most commendable purpose in individual cases, but the boy will go on chasing butterflies as long as boys are boys and butterflies fly.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A TENDERFOOT IN COLORADO.

THIS is an attempt to describe an expedition after elk, deer and other game to the extreme northwest corner of Colorado. It is not intended as a manual for experienced sportsmen, nor to take the place of Van Dyke's "Still Hunter" or Roosevelt's graphic books, nor will the skilled Western hunter find in it any suggestions by which he may guide his future career. It is a record of the personal experience of a tenderfoot, who had shot some deer and caught some trout in less favored regions, and who writes with the earnest desire, which will doubtless prove fruitless, to give his own kind of sportsmen some idea of the charm of the wild portion of the Western country, and of the pleasures which may still be found there. A portion of my experiences have been already published, "Impressions of a Tenderfoot," FOREST AND STREAM, December 8, 1894, but I hope that a more detailed account will not be uninteresting. Should it prove so, the fault will be in my lack of ability as a word painter and not in the real charm of the things I am trying to depict.

It was in the fall of 1894, and I was invited to join a party already established in Routt county, Colorado, and reported to be camped on the eastern slope of "Anita" or "Bear's Ears" Peak in the Elkhead Mountains. My personal outfit, which proved entirely satisfactory, was about as follows:

One Winchester repeater, model 1886, with Lyman sights.
Two hundred cartridges, .45-90-300, solid ball.
One stout jackknife. One compass.
One suit heavy woolen clothing.
One pair heavy woolen trousers, extra.
Two pairs of heavy shoes, with soft hob-nails.
Lot of heavy and medium weight flannels.
Two heavy sweaters, much more useful than an overcoat.
Heavy flannel shirts and worsted socks.
Brown slouch hat.
One pair canvas leggings.
Two pairs heavy dogskin gloves for riding.
Camp mattress, with cover and straps to roll.
Two pairs heavy blankets; one pair made into a sleeping bag.
One small feather pillow.
Cigars, matches, etc.
One canvas war bag, about 2ft. 6in. × 4ft. 6in. Catch all.
One possible sack, 1ft. × 2ft., for small articles.

There were to be three of us in the field and we had contracted with Mr. J. W. Baxter, of Glenwood Springs, Col., for the general outfit needed; this consisted of about the following, and was all furnished at a fixed and very reasonable price per day:

Mr. Baxter himself as chief guide.
Wallace Baxter, guide and horse-wrangler.
Cale, cook—I do not know his last name.

These men were admirable in their respective departments, and were individually a fine lot of fellows. They were as free and equal as the Declaration of Independence. Ready, able and willing to do the work they had contracted for, but not considering that they were in any way inferior to the other American citizens who formed the party of the second part (and they were exactly right), faithful, untiring, experienced, good-natured, quiet and soft-spoken, not one using liquor or tobacco, on the whole as good men as could have been found, if not better than any others. Cale is worthy of a chapter to himself. A big, burly fellow, with a great red mustache hanging over his mouth, white slouch hat on the back of his head, leather-fringed chapparejos and Mexican spurs. When he bestrode a broncho, swung a riata in his right hand, held the reins high in his left, cowboy fashion, and sent his bucking, squealing mount over logs, brush and rocks, he looked more like a bandit than one of the peaceful profession. But how he could cook! Shall I ever forget his blacktail steaks, his elk soup, and last, but not least, his flapjacks—just the size of the long-handled frying-pan, and turned over by a toss into the air. Nothing was ever better, if so good.

But I have got away from the outfit, and must come back to business again.

Three tents, about 10×8ft.; sheet iron cook stove, four folding chairs, two camp-stools, table (this consisted of only the top and cross pieces, the legs being cut anywhere and driven into the ground until level). Pots, pans, kettles, etc., packed in stove. Knives, forks, plates, cups, etc., for six. One hundred dollars worth of supplies, which we paid for. Pork, flour, potatoes, canned goods, jellies, spices, caviar, pickles, beef extract, etc. No whisky; you do not want it at that altitude, except for medicine. The beef extract is much better.

Twenty-four bronchos, with saddles, pack-saddles, etc. Of this lot of horses six were constantly in use under saddle, fourteen carried packs and four were extra horses.

No feed is carried. At night the horses are simply unpacked or unsaddled and turned loose. They find their own food and rest. One of them carries a bell, and the bunch can generally be trusted to stay pretty close together and not to stray very far away. This trust, in the latter particular, is not always deserved, and then the guides have a big job on hand and traveling must be suspended until the drove is found and driven back into the corral. These horses are half wild and will rarely submit to be caught singly; so the first job after going into camp, when the tents have been pitched and the fire lighted, is to build an inclosure of brush, limbs, ropes and other obstacles, into which the herd may be driven when wanted.

The pack horses when traveling carry about 150lbs. each, sometimes more, and string out into a long line in Indian file. At the head of the procession goes the chief guide, leading the way, with a keen eye for known landmarks and for probabilities of wood, water and grass. After him comes the pack train, each horse following in the footsteps of the one preceding, and making the same turns and twists. At the rear comes the horse-wrangler, driving up the laggards and looking out for accidents, and only too apt to be surrounded by a blue and glittering cloud of strong language, which would seem censurable to a novice, but is soon realized to be the almost necessary accompaniment of the position, human and horse nature being such as they are. At varying positions in the line are the "cook and the crew of the captain's gig," helping over difficult places, galloping ahead after game or delayed in its pursuit, but never very far from the main body. The train goes at a walk, and makes no detours for hills or valleys, but crosses everything as it comes. It will travel about twenty-five miles a day over rough and trackless country, and do but little more on a road, if it ever gets to one, which it does not often do, for there are no roads in this country except along certain main lines of communication and very far apart. It is an absolutely wild region, in which the only paths are those made by the game in their journeyings for centuries. So over every divide and along every stream and valley you generally see a well-trodden and distinct path, often beaten down some inches below the surface of the ground, and this follows the easiest course there is to be found. Perhaps there is no easy course at all, but the trail can be depended upon to take the best there is to be had.

But this has been a tremendously long preface, and I fear the personal adventures will be a small tail to so big a kite; still perhaps the preface may be useful while the main work will be neither useful nor ornamental; in any event let me come back to my story.

From Colorado Springs we, my brother Wolcott and myself, took the evening train West on the Denver & Rio Grande, and early next morning landed at Wolcott, in the cañon of the Eagle River, and on the western side of the Continental Divide. Having some hours to wait for the stage, we got out our fly-rods and succeeded in extracting a few trout from the beautiful river; these I dressed and the obliging landlady cooked them for our dinner. This was my first introduction to the black-spotted Rocky Mountain trout (*Salmo purpuratus*, Goode)—and he is a fine fellow and worth knowing. Quite different in his habits from the *Fontinalis*, at least in my small experience, both in the parts of the stream he is found in and the character of his rise to the fly; but a dashing and vigorous fighter and very good on the table. We got nothing of any size here, but afterward, in the Cañon of the Yampa below Steamboat Springs, took plenty of them up to 2lbs. in weight, and were sure that longer effort than we could give would have developed mighty ones from the magnificent pools of that glorious trout stream.

BUCKHORN GAME.

At noon we climbed into the stage which was to take us to Steamboat Springs, about eighty miles due north, and to consume a day and a half in doing it. The vehicle was what is called a mud wagon—seats for six, a cotton top, the bottom filled with mail bags and our own traps, until places for feet were hard to find, and harnessed to two bronchos. Following a small creek valley, we slowly climbed for hours until the divide between the Eagle and Grand rivers was surmounted, and then rattled down to the Grand Valley at a speed and over roads which seemed to me anything but safe. Realizing my greenness, I had self-control enough to hang on and keep my mouth shut, while the driver whirled us down the grade and around curves with a clear drop of 100ft. (and it looked like 1,000) on the outer side of the road and within a few inches of the wheels. I am pretty sure that fellow knew he had a tenderfoot on board, and wanted to extract an appeal for more care; if so, he did not do it, mainly because I realized that we must all go together, if anybody went, and that he was probably no more anxious to be smashed than I was. We crossed the Grand River at the end of this trying grade, and then followed its course downward for several miles, over a succession of ups and downs, as we crossed little valleys at right angles to the stream, finally bringing up about 6 o'clock at a little hotel on a small lateral creek. I hurried to get my rod together, and, walking some distance up the stream, managed to get four nice mountain trout before dark, though the last one was taken after the stars were well out. These made a capital breakfast next morning, and were a good preparation for the long and slow climb to the top of the divide between the Grand and Yampa (or Bear) river valleys. Once over this summit, we followed the Yampa from almost its first beginnings until at Steamboat Springs it makes a great bend to the west, being then a full-grown river. We were constantly tempted along its course by glimpses of most entrancing trout holes, growing finer as the stream grew larger; but had self-control enough to resist temptation and keep on. This was a great mistake, and I here want to lay down the general principle that when a trout fisherman finds good trout water his highest duty is at once to fish that water. Any other course will bring only sorrow and unavailing remorse to his declining years, and, like Kipling's "Mugger of the Ghaut," he will be always haunted by visions of the prey that escaped him.

Somewhere about noon, as we were traveling through Egeria Park, came our first sight of big game—a series of black points on the sky-line of a ridge a mile or two off, which the glass showed to be a band of some dozen antelope. It was hopeless to get near them in that commanding situation, so we did not try it. The country along our entire journey was decidedly arid, having few trees except close to the stream, and the low hills being boulder-strewn and as little cultivable as an ash pit; but the river was beautiful, the odd buttes of trap rock were striking, and now and then we caught a view of rugged and distant mountains to the westward, which were grand. The air was glorious, the sunshine superb, and the little bronchos behaved pretty well for bronchos, so the day's ride was a pleasure, and never tedious.

Steamboat Springs, which we reached about 6 o'clock, lies just west of the main divide of the Rockies, and we could see the trail along and over the mountains to the eastward by which North Park is reached. We were too tired to try the famous hot baths of natural spring water, and a rather poor supper and very hard beds were most welcome. A very large and fine elk head hung in the hotel office, but the horns did not look just right in color, and, after some inquiry, I found that they had been picked up in the woods, stained to about the proper color, and fitted to the scalp of a cow elk; and was told that preparing heads for sale in this manner was a regular and profitable business, especially since elk with fine heads were so much more rarely shot of late years.

At Steamboat Springs Baxter met us, bringing saddle horses for ourselves and a couple of pack horses for the luggage, and we started at 6 o'clock the next morning on our forty-mile ride to camp. That ride is one of the most pleasant and one of the most painful of my memories. Until toward noon we occasionally followed what might by extreme courtesy be called a road, and might in places be traveled by wheeled vehicles without extreme danger; then we took to the woods, to game trails, to fallen timber, to precipitous hillsides covered with boulders, logs and brush, and to all sorts of places which, to my ignorance, were absolutely impassable to horses. Riding, as I had understood it, was out of the question, the only things to do were to let your reins loose, hang to the high pommel, balance as well as possible and pray. All these I did, as well as several other things. But no ground seemed to make any difference to our bronchos. They climbed, jumped and slid with perfect success and apparent unconcern, doing as many impossible things and as easily as a trick bicycle rider. All this could not be done without fatigue to the rider, especially if, as in my own case, he had not touched a saddle for two years, and about the middle of the afternoon I was ready to sit down (no, I had had sitting enough and to spare), to lie down and rest. But there was no hotel in that wilderness, the only supper and bed to be had were at the camp, and I had to bear it, though past grinning. Now the region was really mountainous, the higher ridges clothed with timber and the stream valleys luxuriantly green, even the lower ridges were covered with scrub oak, and we frequently saw deer. About 4 we came out into California Park, an open, sagebrush-covered oval, about ten miles by five, through which the Elkhead Creek flows. Here antelope were abundant, and we must have seen a hundred while crossing the park. On its northerly side we came to a wall of timber, abruptly bordering the desert plain, and beyond it could see the double summit of the peak to which we were bound. I have not any very definite recollection of that last six miles through the trees. They were rough, tangled and tedious, and I was too tired to talk or think. When at last the welcome tents showed white through the trees and the journey was over I was almost too tired to know that rest was possible. If any man thinks me a weakling, let him try thirteen hours in the saddle and forty miles over mountains, and then send me his revised opinion.

Camp Buckhorn, as we named it, was pitched on the edge of a glade about 200yds. in diameter and of irregular shape, traversed by a tiny mountain brook and surrounded by magnificent red spruces, some of them 8ft. through and over 100ft. high. To the west the ground rose on a rapid slope for a mile or so, from which there soared the twin summits of "Bear's Ears," a precipitous mass of purple brown trap, with only a few cedars clinging to its crevices. The peak is supposed to be 10,500ft. in altitude, and our camp was somewhere near 1,500ft. below the top.

All around the peak was forest, regions of spruce alternating with the more open aspen trees, and all permeated by a maze of open glades, or "parks," of all sizes and shapes, and connected more or less. The air, rarefied by our near approach to heaven, and perfumed with the fragrance of evergreens, was a constant cocktail; and the sun, through that clear atmosphere, had a radiant glory which made one want to shout and sing. I found no disagreeable symptoms result from the great altitude, except that one couldn't stop breathing, say to whistle a bar, without having to gasp a little to catch up with his supply of oxygen. The stimulating air made one feel equal to any exertion, but experience showed that uphill work must be taken slowly to avoid extreme though temporary exhaustion.

A good supper and the heavy and dreamless sleep of fatigue made another man of me next morning. Baxter himself was assigned to take charge of the tenderfoot and insure him a shot. There was an inch or so of snow on the ground when we started, though it did not lie there long. Following the stream downward for half a mile, we turned to the west, climbing the mountain through a succession of beautiful little parks. Not a mile from the camp we came on the first game, a blacktail doe and fawn cropping the grass at the edge of a little glade. The breeze blew from them to us, for one must hunt up wind, and we stood for two or three minutes and watched the pretty things at not over 50yds. off, and the clearness of the air made them seem much nearer. I do not shoot does myself, and even a less scrupulous hunter would have found it hard to pull trigger at that family party; so, after having gazed our fill, we started them with a shout, not a shot, and they bounded off none the worse for us. We kept on into a heavy spruce forest, and I soon lost all sense of direction, and followed blindly in the guide's footprints. Soon he began to seem interested, but said nothing, which was one of his habits, till he beckoned me up, pointed to the left and said, "There's an elk. Shoot it." I could not make out anything that looked like an animal in that chaos of tree trunks and fallen logs, all gray and brown, but strained my eyes in the indicated direction and finally made out that a grayish-brown ridge, just showing over a fallen tree, was the back of a cow elk, and that a dark knot just beyond was an eye turned full on us. The rifle went to my shoulder; I took one step to the left for a clearer view; the ridge and knot vanished; there was a tremendous crash in the timber, and I had missed my first chance. How I did mentally kick myself all the way back, for we saw no more elk, nothing but blacktail does and fawns, and that day's hunt was a failure. It was some consolation, however, to find that the others had done no better.

The next day the guides took care of the other two hunters, and I only tramped round near the camp, trying to catch some trout out of the little stream, which falls below prevented, as I afterward discovered. Within half a mile of home I saw a dozen or more deer, all does and fawns, for the bucks were lower down, as we found later. The day after was one of great experience. Baxter and I traveled over nearly our former course and struck the trail of quite a band of elk. I was sent off to one side, leaving my horse with the guide, while he followed the trail. Presently came the crash among the trees, and a whole band of elk passed me at about 100yds. off, giving no chance for a fair shot. I determined not to let them go without an effort, and started to follow the trail, which was very distinct, and led me down the mountain for a mile or so through dense forest. This ended at a little brook at the foot of the slope, bordered by a wide park, at the other side of which I made out a solitary cow elk. There was no cover for a stalk, and I had to try the shot, though the distance was fully 600yds.; and I made a clean miss. Now, with all the confidence of a greenhorn, I determined not to again climb the mountain, but to follow the little stream until it intersected that on which our camp was located, as I knew it must, and then follow the latter home. This was well planned, but I did not know that the two streams ran nearly parallel, divided by a ridge, and came together five or six miles below the camp; so I started down the valley. It was a delightful walk through a succession of parks, but began after an hour or so to seem pretty long, and I anxiously looked out for the home stream. Suddenly, from among some fallen timber to the left and above my trail, there sprang to his feet a splendid buck aroused from his day sleep, and stood looking straight at me. In an instant the rifle was swung into position, and at the shot the buck simply let go everything and dropped in his tracks. It did not take long to cover the 80yds. of hill that lay between us, and I found him stone dead, with the bullet mark just between his eyes. It took some time to bleed him and tie a white handkerchief in a conspicuous place to find him by, and, when I had got started again and finally found the stream sought for, daylight had nearly gone and a strange country was all around me. It was evident that to get to camp in the dark was practically impossible, so reconciling myself to the inevitable I picked out a knoll where there was a supply of fallen aspen timber and prepared for a solitary camp. The first requisite was a fire, and I found only two matches in my box. These must be made to do the work. So I got together a lot of deadwood, carefully cut shavings and arranged the pile, lighted the first match with the greatest care, and made a success at the first try.

Soon there was a fine crackling fire, and it was good company as I perched on a pile of bush and began to figure things out. Here we were a long way from camp, but on the right stream, and able to get home when daylight came again. Good. There was no supper, but a couple of cigars were still on hand, and the buck would make a good breakfast; after which I was sure camp could be reached all right. Good again. There was abundance of fuel, and a big pile was soon gathered, a lot of bushes cut and piled for a bed, and into a mound to keep off the wind, and I settled down for the night. The sun went down and the stars came out, and there is no denying that it was lonesome, and that there seemed to be a great deal of space all around me. One could not help thinking that his proper place was in civilization, and what a fool he had been to travel 2,000 miles just to get lost in the Rockies; but the thing was done, there was no help for it, and one must just make the best of it. The hours crawled along, and the fire made me drowsy, so that somewhere about 11 o'clock I was at least three-quarters, possibly entirely, asleep. A little distance up hill from me ran a deep-trodden game trail, and suddenly I was started broad awake by a loud "Woof" from that direction. Nothing could be distinctly made out, but a big black mass a few yards away gave another "Woof" and then made off into the shadows. Did I investigate him? Not much! I hugged my rifle and my fire, and was only too glad to give him the rest of the State, and thankful that the grizzly did not need me also.

It was only a little while after this that I heard a rifle shot far up the valley and answered it; before long there was another and it was again answered, but when the third came, now not more than a mile away, my hammer clicked idly, for the cartridges were out. This was the lonesomest thing of all, but it was not long before my friends got within shouting distance, and Baxter and Percy arrived with horses and took me back to camp, which we reached somewhere about 2 in the morning.

It might only be tedious to describe the succeeding days, though they were far from tedious to us, being most delightful and fairly successful, both with deer and antelope, though we were soon met with the difficulty that we had all the venison we could use, and that killing any more meant useless slaughter. So, though the deer fairly forced themselves on our notice, we stopped killing them and devoted ourselves to the greater and rarer game. We were not lucky in striking elk for several days. Finally Wallace, Wolcott and I had climbed the mountain and were circling the peak when we heard a bull whistle below us and not far away. Instantly we were off our horses, let the reins trail on the ground and started on foot toward the sound, finally coming to the edge of a little park, when I heard Wallace give a sudden low call. Just in front of me was an opening like a port-hole through the last trees, and through this I suddenly saw, standing still in the middle of the glade, and under the full light of the sun, the most magnificent thing I had ever beheld. Imagine an animal with all the grace and beauty of a deer, and five or six times as big. He had heard a strange noise and was standing at attention, every muscle tense, and his head lifted until his splendid antlers seemed, allowing for excitement, to touch the sky. I did not stop long to admire, and my rifle boomed the instant the white bead showed against his shoulder. The smoke hung in the foliage so as to conceal everything in front, and I heard a second shot as I dashed through it. There was the elk in full run straight away from us, with our dog Queen close at his heels; but before I could shoot again there was another shot close beside me, and the great bull came down on his haunches, the ball having struck the spine and paralyzed the hindquarters. The dog leaped at his throat, and he struck at her with his forefeet and antlers. I do not know exactly how we got there, but just as we arrived the splendid head went down and the grand animal was dead, my first shot having struck just back of the shoulder and gone clear through both lungs. That was a grand moment; and, by the way, the very best seat in the world is the flank of a bull elk which you have just killed yourself, and the first one is much better than the second.

I have already told of the much larger head which fortune sent to me at the very end of our vacation, and will not try to give further details of our experiences, though I might go on indefinitely with tales of our later doings. How we chased the antelope over the plain, which is rather barren amusement; how I stalked a big buck, and he saw me through a hill and a grove of aspens, spoke contemptuously of me in antelope language, and cut his stick. How some bear hunters camped below us without advertising their presence, turned their yellow burros into the timber, and I took one for an elk, shot it, and had to pay for it. How the broncbos bucked when we came to break camp and of the means taken to subdue them. How we went down into cañons so steep that the horses had to sit down and slide, and how we climbed out again. How we fished the Yampa at Steamboat and got back to civilization. But all these details I spare the unfortunate reader, only urging him to go and try it all for himself.

I claim for this history the one merit that it is free from fine writing and poetry. The subject deserves them both, but is too large for any one but an essayist and a poet. If you doubt me, go and see.

A. ST. J. NEWBERRY.

CLEVELAND, O.

OREGON NOTES.

PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 20.—There is sorrow in the FOREST AND STREAM household. One of its brightest and most beloved members has passed over to that unknown and silent shore from whence no traveler has ever returned.

Osmond O. Smith and the writer were warm personal friends for many years and that friendship had ripened into an almost brotherly love.

On two different occasions he had gone far out of his way to spend a few weeks with me, and no one can now deplore his sad ending more than myself. I had been cognizant of his serious condition almost from the first and had urged him to come to Portland, where possibly he might have better medical treatment and the unselfish care and attention of those who loved him. But Smith was a very peculiar man and preferred to bear his burdens and distresses alone. And yet he was not alone, for, as I am glad to say, since his demise I have learned that there were those near him until the end came that had learned to know him and therefore to love him.

O. O. Smith was one of the most conscientious, honorable, manly men it has ever been my good fortune to know, and as a sportsman we must all concur in the sentiment of FOREST AND STREAM's editorial estimate of him: "He came as nearly as did any one we ever knew to the actual winning of what is best in field sportsmanship."

Years ago I knew all about the salmon and trout of the Pacific coast, in my own estimation. I was spoken of by my admiring sporting friends as "an authority" upon all such matters, and I almost felt that I was entitled to the distinction. I was always ready with an opinion backed up by quotations from all the best authorities, and particularly with copious references to the reports of the United States Fish Commission. But the boys commenced o ask me hard questions, and they seemed to derive so much satisfaction from my discomfiture that they have kept it up until I have about concluded that I don't know anything in particular, in fact, that I haven't even fair horse sense concerning these matters. First they embarrassed me with this interrogatory: "If all the various kinds of trout become salmon trout when they get into salt water and the salmon trout grow into steelheads, have we any true trout?" Then they wanted to know why it was that we caught 11b. and 60lb. salmon out of the same pool on the same day at Willamette Falls if they all matured at two years and then returned to fresh water to spawn and consequently to die.

Now Mead is asking me to explain why it is that among the rainbow trout of exactly the same size in Waldo Lake, on top of the Cascade Range, part are white-meated and part red or pink. Will Judge Cheney kindly come to the rescue of my fast fading reputation and answer Mead's question, and oblige?

After more than a dozen years of good, honest, conscientious attention to business my poor old dog Mike has gone the way of the world.

He had become nearly blind and deaf, was a rheumatic sufferer, and a burden to himself. So his old friend Billy Newman took him out among the hills he loved so well and shot him. I couldn't. He was a good dog, and I fear that no other can ever take his place in my affections.

It does beat all how close an attachment will grow up between man and a faithful dog, to be augmented by the rolling years and cemented by death.

We have been doing a rushing business in albinos in this neck of the woods lately. Three pure white crows out of a nest of four found near Corvallis, now in a bird store here in the city and properly authenticated. Also a pure white buck and a pure white fawn, killed in southern Oregon, and now on exhibition in the show window of one of our local drug stores.

Only fair shooting is reported by our duck hunters, except at the Jewett Lake on Sauvie's Island. There the shooting has been almost phenomenal and can be traced to a generous and judicial distribution of Oregon wheat—a temptation not easily resisted by the trash ducks. But canvasbacks are no longer killed hereabouts. Last Sunday at the Jewett three sportsmen killed 190 trash ducks, of which J. R. Mead got eighty-eight shooting alone.

Old FOREST AND STREAM is unusually interesting here of late, and while every line of it is entertaining from my standpoint as an angler, it seems to me that Fred Mather's "Men I Have Fished With" is remarkably fine. Permit me to compliment Miss Elizabeth Taylor also on "Fishing in Iceland" in the last number. It was unique and most delightful.

S. H. GREENE.

ANTLER.

GRAND VIEW, Tenn., Nov. 4.—The rain clouds drifted, dark and heavy, across the headlands of the beautiful Grand Traverse Bay, when we boarded the train and sped away southward. It rained all the way to Cincinnati, where I at once proceeded to look up the circumjacent Kingfishers. I had not met them for more than three years. I hoped last summer to "hear their faithful steel clash once (or more) around the board," but the fates were against it, and I submitted as gracefully as possible.

Then I had the further pleasure of shaking hands with other good fellows, including Br'er Starbuck, Ned, Capt. Tinker and Dr. Dewey, whose consummate skill as a naturalist and taxidermist of the first order is well exemplified in the magnificent collections at the rooms of the Cuvier Club; second, as I think, to none outside the Smithsonian.

Well, the boys made me free of the Cuvier Club, and would have treated us right royally had we given them a chance; but other engagements forbade our longer stay, and we were not long in reaching the glorious old Tennessee hills (mountains, as Old Hickory says of them, if one has not climbed the Rockies).

Eventually we "hived up" alongside our mutual friend Antler, who is as fine an example of the old-time hunter as one might wish to meet.

Now, Antler is one of the most modest of men, and would scarce thank me for saying about him all the good things that come to mind. No man is more respected than is he in the community in which he lives, and notwithstanding his eighty-five years he can still descend and climb the steep and rocky sides of a 100ft. gorge without assistance, and throw a tomahawk into a tree with unerring skill.

His memory is stored with a rich and varied fund of hunting incident and story, dating back even past the time when in the "twenties" he hunted with the old Seneca chief, Tanda Jimison, and it was estimated that during the first week of our stay here he and I told each other about 16,000 stories.

Mrs. Kelpie, being asked how long since she had heard me talk so much, replied, "About forty years."

She and I, while sitting of evenings before the great stone fireplace and listening to Antler's stories, have often wished that we could have present the coterie of good fellows we met at the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit at the World's Fair, and who gathered with us around the tables at Costa Rica and Brazil. If Reynolds, and Hough, and Hofer could only step in, wouldn't we have a jollification!

Well, we hadn't even a stenographer, so that I fear that most of these precious reminiscences will be lost to the world, though I may perhaps manage to preserve a few.

This place is situated on Walden Ridge, a spur of the Cumberland Mountains. It used to be a famous locality for game, but that was long ago. Deer are rarely seen; turkeys are not very plentiful; hares and squirrels seem to be the principal game. I have seen but one bevy of quail as yet, and hope no one will shoot them. There are a very few ruffed grouse here, and why they are not plentiful no one seems to know.

My wife asked Antler if there were many snakes about, to which he replied, "No, we've hardly got enough for our own use."

KELPIE.

IN THE CASCADES.—III.

The Waldo Lake Country.

WALDO LAKE was, on first impression, something of a disappointment to Mead and me. It was not so large superficially as we had anticipated, being little more than a mile long and half as wide. But a more intimate acquaintance increased our respect for it vastly. We found it very deep—no one knows how deep—and our observations inclined us to the belief that it was longer perpendicularly than horizontally. The rugged and stupendous surroundings, too, had a tendency to make it appear smaller than it really was, as we found by drawing our hats down low over our eyes, so that we could see only the lake itself. I hardly think that it is of crater origin, although it may be. It was encircled by bare, rugged peaks except on the east, where a tiny outlet crept off, we know not whither, while another tiny stream came in from the west, from whence we know not. Between these peaks and the lake was a strip of sloping ground perhaps a couple of hundred yards wide, covered with gigantic trees. Near the head of the lake is a pretty little meadow probably five acres in extent, where the poor horses found an abundance of sweet grass. A gentleman at Albany told us that not long ago he had counted fifty-seven deer grazing there at one time, but they told us both at Albany and Detroit that the deer had left these high altitudes for the lowlands, that the bears had left for the huckleberry patches, and that elk were at all times uncertain, all of which proved only too true. On the way up and even about the lake we saw tracks of elk, cougar and bears in abundance, but we saw very little deer sign, and at the lake we found some other sign that about dispelled our hopes of getting elk. We found that a small party of Indians, presumably Warm Springs, had but recently passed that way, and elk and Indians don't neighbor much. There were the beautiful, fresh tracks of a band of fourteen elk that had passed the lower end of the lake recently, and there were the correspondingly ugly, fresh tracks of a band of five Indians that had passed over the same trail more recently. There was but one really profane man in our crowd and even he wasn't able to do the subject justice.

Of course we had no dogs and the weather had been dry so long that still-hunting was a misnomer. Even when Mears and Christy passed the lake in August it was too dry for successful still-hunting. It had continued dry and our crowd had figured on striking the lake at the September full moon. You know that all weather sharps are ready to bank on full moon storms any month of the year. And then too Mead had discovered that the autumnal equinox and the September full moon traveled hand in hand, and everybody knows all about the certainty and severity of the autumnal equinoctial storms. Just think of it! full moon Sept. 21! Is it any wonder that our party should arrive at Waldo Lake on the evening of Sept. 21? It was simply because we were more shrewd and cunning than other hunters and kept track of the moon and the autumnal equinox—another exhibition of the superiority of mind over matter. We give the snap away now, for the reason that we are not at all selfish and desire to benefit the rising generation of sportsmen, give them the benefit of our superior knowledge, observation and scientific attainments. Of course it isn't often that you can catch the full moon and the autumnal equinox exactly together as we did, but they will doubtless be near enough together for all practical purposes.

The fact that it continued as still as death and as clear as a bell all the time we were there, and still continues so at this writing (Oct. 20), proves nothing except that there are exceptions to all general rules, and Mead insists that the September full moon storm and the great autumnal equinoctial storm will both yet put in an appearance if people will only be patient and not try to hurry nature.

There could be no prettier camping place than ours right at the head of the lake where the little stream came in. The giant pines, cedars and firs grew as thick as they could conveniently stand right up to the water's edge, as they did all the way around the lake, and so, with plenty of feed for the horses, plenty of good water and plenty of game sign, we were all disposed to be very happy and forgetful of trouble and hardship, even of the P. Warmer itself.

Having been compelled to leave most of our packs on the way in, there was no great variety of eatables for supper, but we swallowed our beans, bacon and coffee without a murmur. Mention of the P. Warmer made us all feel thankful enough for even what we had.

The lake was like a sheet of glass, and the boys said they had found it in the same condition when they were there in August and that they then fished by moonlight with black flies. So we decided to wait until the full moon got up where it could look down into the lake and then try the experiment. In the meantime we set everything to rights in camp, prepared our beds and lounged around smoking and telling yarns in that easy, happy-go-lucky way, the full enjoyment of which is only appreciated by a set of congenial spirits in the mountains.

When the boys were there in August they had for guide a young fellow by the name of Jim Wright, born and raised at Molalla. He still lives there. I know him and his people well. He is a thorough mountaineer and a great talker. What he can't tell you of the past history and future prospects of the Molalla country will never bother its historion.

Molalla is noted far and wide for the numerous personal encounters that have taken place there, and its death roll from violence is a stain upon its otherwise fair name. Jim proudly rehearsed all these to the boys and among other things reviewed in detail a recent encounter wherein Billy Patterson was the hero. "Billy Patterson! Are you quite sure that it was Billy Patterson?" asked Mears and Christy in the same breath. "Oh, yes," replied Jim. "You see it was like this;" and Jim proceeded to give them the story all over again of how Billy had cleaned out the whole gang, although pretty well used up himself. "Now, Jim," said Christy, "you may not be aware that the whole world is anxious to know the name of the man that struck Billy Patterson; can you tell us positively who struck Billy Patterson?" "Of course, I can tell you," said Jim, "you see, it was like this;" and then he would tell the story over again and implicate a half dozen toughs, but he couldn't just exactly tell which one actually struck Billy Patterson. Jim told the story a great many times in his attempt to fasten upon the guilty man and thought they were all more or less guilty, but he finally settled down upon Jack Maloney as the man who actually struck Billy Patterson. "All right," said Christy, "be sworn." Jim hesitated, and preferred to affirm. "Very well," said Christy, "you, Jim Wright, do solemnly affirm that Jack Maloney was the man who struck Billy Patterson, and this you do under the pains and penalties of perjury." "What is the penalty?" inquired Jim, now on the anxious seat. "Hanging by the neck until you are dead, dead, dead, and may God have mercy on your soul!" responded Christy. Jim weakened. He was pretty sure, but didn't propose to set either his foot or his neck in it for a doubtful notoriety, and so the world may never know positively who the man was that actually struck Billy Patterson. Jim is a conscientious boy, and for my part I think it was Jack Maloney.

By 9 o'clock the moon was on the lake. It was an entrancing sight. The lake looked like a sheet of molten gold fringed with emeralds and set among gigantic uncut stones—a fair and radiant jewel in sweet nature's imperishable casket. We had watched the lunar gilding of the jagged peaks from the rising of the moon; had seen it gradually—almost imperceptibly—melt along down the rugged walls and spread its spectral light out over the narrow valley, and doubtless every man of us appreciated the novelty of our environments and the beauty and romance of the occasion. It seemed as if nature was trying to entertain us with an unusual exhibition of gentle and pleasing effects, but we could not forget that, possibly, for thousands of years nature had thus silently and serenely amused herself in these solitutes and blushed unseen of mortal eyes, as the modest maiden toys with her charms and blushes at her own lonely loveliness in the reflecting glass. Oh, ephemeral man! how prone you are to appropriate nature's beauties and bounties as creations for your especial happiness and edification; forgetful of the fact that they were when you were not, and that they will be when you are mouldering, insensate dust!

Out upon the placid lake we stole in pairs, appropriating the log rafts which previous anglers, possibly Warm Springs, had conveniently left at our service. And never in our lives had we enjoyed finer sport with the finny denizens than we found that night on the silent waters of moonlit, spectral Waldo Lake. It was delightfully entrancing, such as I imagine the true angler sees when he dreams that he is dead and fishing over on the other side. I have fished for nearly forty years, but never before had I fully realized or appreciated the delights of ghost fishing.

We used dark flies. My string was made up of black gnat, black hackle and the Mead. The Mead, of course, is a light fly, but I desired to experiment a little, and while ordinarily the Mead is a very taking fly, the trout of Waldo Lake seemed to prefer black flies by moonlight.

They were all rainbow trout and run from 8 to 18 in., very gamy and fine. An hour and a half filled our baskets to overflowing, and we went to camp well satisfied with the prospects so far as trout were concerned.

S. H. GREENE.

PORTLAND, Ore.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

O. O. S.

Wife and daughter had gone on a visit, the house was empty and silent—save for the ticking of the clock—when I unfolded the FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 3, preparatory to enjoying my treat alone and without a fear of interruption.

Turning quickly to see who among the "Men I have Fished With" was to be my companion for the day, my eye fell upon the inimitable sketch of Geo. Raynor. From the tragedy of his introduction into the great world beyond his childhood home, I followed on with bated breath along the story of his sad life's journey, through all the record of his unfailing courtesy and patient heroism, and when the final leave was taken of the dear old gentleman, and he was left to the

"Calm for those who weep,
The rest for weary pilgrims found,"

I was glad indeed that no one was present to note critically whether my eyes were wet or not.

This is a story to cause one to think better of his kind, and to prompt him to resume his load and the journey of life more uncomplainingly. And how shall we thank this modern wizard who weaves so potent a spell? Name a bicycle club for him? Certainly. And count me a member, though I never mounted a bicycle.

And then came, like a bolt from a clear sky, the word of the passing of O. O. S. I had hardly the heart to break the news to my wife and daughters, to whom he had, a few weeks previously, sent a collection of the most beautiful sea mosses I ever saw, mounted on cardboard. Need I say how, henceforth, they will be prized in our home?

I had for a number of years been in occasional correspondence with him, and had learned to regard him as one of the truest members of the great FOREST AND STREAM family. We had begun to wonder at not hearing from him for some weeks, when all so unexpectedly the sad news came.

"For what is your life? It is even a vapor which appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away!"

ORIN BELKNAP.

Two Deer Apiece.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I returned last Tuesday from two weeks spent with Jock Darling at Saboois Grand Lake, and found Darling, although a sick man, a genial host during the time we spent at the home camp. After three days of bad weather we left the home camp, and taking tents, spent the balance of our time, on the 3d, at Grand Lake. We (Mr. E. D. Hall and myself) got what deer the law allows, but no moose or caribou, although signs were plenty and fresh. I saw some moose, but failed to get a shot at a bull.

Altogether I consider my first experience in Maine an entire success, though I did not get the coveted moose horns. Our guides, good fellows both, were courteous, skillful and indefatigable. In fact, hotel proprietors, teamsters and every one with whom we came in contact were of a very different stamp from men I have met with on some of my hunting trips in the West and in our own State.

PAUL E. BONNER.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Natural History.

LIVING MASTODONS OF ALASKA.

MINERS and Stick Indians who have come out this fall from the headwaters of the White River, in Alaska, where they have been prospecting for gold, bring almost conclusive evidence of the presence of living mastodons in that isolated region. For instance, the testimony of such veracious witnesses as those residents of Denver, Colo., who were interviewed as recently as Oct. 15 by editor Eugene C. Stahl, of the Juneau *News*, himself a conscientious naturalist of no mean abilities, is not to be flippantly disregarded; nor the collateral testimony, which is more than circumstantial, furnished by traders and intelligent Indians who profess to have seen the animals and their massive footprints. These Indians, who are indomitable hunters, have been stimulated of late by the demands for fresh meat by the 1,000 miners, who are now working the Yukon tributaries, to pursue their quests for game into isolated and inaccessible regions hitherto unknown to man, and until this year repeated attempts of prospectors to penetrate the country have failed.

The location of the Mastodon country, according to the sketch map of Wm. Ogilvie, of the Dominion Survey, is about midway between Mt. St. Elias and the Yukon River, and 100 miles due north from St. Elias, and less than that from old Fort Selkirk and the mouth of Stewart River and Forty Mile Creek, where hundreds of gold miners have been prospecting for ten years or more. The White River is an affluent of the Yukon, whose course is due north. That it should never have been visited is not remarkable, unless the trappers and wood-runners of the old Russian-American Fur Co. may by possible chance have gotten there in years gone by, and that mastodons may have chosen this inaccessible seclusion as their final stamping ground and still survive is also not improbable. Indeed, their actual living existence at the present day is essentially necessary to explain the phenomena of the numerous buried deposits of remains of this animal which have been discovered in Siberia and Alaska, not only of bones and tusks which Eskimos have made articles of barter for generations, but of well-preserved carcasses so fresh that the sled dogs of overland Arctic explorers have repeatedly been fed upon the flesh—carcasses which were supposed to have lain refrigerated and undecayed for centuries, but which it is more reasonable to believe, under the new testimony and revelation on the White River, have been buried within a comparatively recent period of historical time. Washouts along the deltas of the Lena, Mackenzie and other Arctic rivers are constantly revealing masses of mastodon tusks and bones; and deposits are often found in just such bogs as overlay the country adjacent to the White River headwaters, where the animals have been drowned and mired by hundreds by some flood or cataclysm which has overwhelmed them. On the heights of land which separate the tributaries of the Yukon from the affluents of the Pacific Ocean they would be quite exempt from such a catastrophe; and as they have moss, grass, browse and fodder in unlimited supply in their present habitat, and a temperature cold enough to suit and plenty of water to drink, credulous scientists will be ready to believe, from the evidence adduced, that a remnant of this huge creature, long supposed to be extinct, still exists within possible access of human habitations and a resident population of at least 1,000 miners, traders and furriers.

These are not empty fabrications or frivolous suppositions, forsooth, because the Stick Indians, who are the most wide-awake and intelligent aborigines on the border of British Columbia, have averred that not later than five years ago such animals had been seen by them. One of the Indians said that while hunting one day in that unknown section he came across an immense track, sunk to a depth of several inches in the moss, which was larger around than a barrel. Upon striking it he followed up the unusual trail, which to all appearance was very fresh, and tracking it from one gigantic stride to another for a distance of some miles, he came in full view of his game! And what game! In dismay the hunter gave one single look, and then fled as if pursued by the evil one.

Now the Stick Indians as a class are the bravest of their race, and with no other weapon than a spear have been known to attack and slay the St. Elias grizzly. But the immense proportions of this new kind of game, as told by the adventurer himself to one of the Denver prospectors already referred to, both startled the hunter and filled him with great fear, brave as he was, and he imagined that his only safety lay in swift and immediate flight. He described it as being larger than Harper's, the post trader's, store near Forty-Mile Creek (Harper & McQuestions), with great, shining, yellowish tusks, and a mouth large enough to swallow him at a gulp. He said the animal was undoubtedly the same as were the huge bones scattered all over that section. Mr. Harper says there is no reason to doubt the narrator's veracity, and he himself confirms the statement. Manifestly the whole Yukon country was inhabited by these animals at a very recent period. Hundreds of their massive skeletons are found along the creeks, projecting partly from the sands and mingled with jams of floodwood, with which they were no doubt simultaneously engulfed when the flood came. Below Forty-Mile Creek the skeletons are very numerous. Hundreds of tons of tusks have been carried from Alaska to Siberia by the Eskimos in the course of trade, and the deposits are by no means exhausted. The intense cold freezes the banks solid, and renders their exhumation a tedious task.

CHARLES HALLOCK,
Member of the Alaska Historical Society, and author of "Our New Alaska."

American Ornithologists' Union.

THE fourteenth congress of the American Ornithologists' Union convened in Cambridge, Mass., on Tuesday, Nov. 10. The reading of papers formed a prominent feature of the meetings. We shall have a report of the meetings next week.

Game Laws in Brief.

THE *Game Laws in Brief*, current edition, sold everywhere, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

Game Bag and Gun.

Our readers are invited to send us for these columns notes of the game supply, shooting resorts, and their experience in the field.

WATER KILLING DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the issue of this week my eye reverts again and again to Deerslayer's article under the caption of "Defends Deer Roping." At each returning glare the aforesaid optic grows wilder and more inflamed, for this communication is like the red flag to the bull to me, and must be so to thousands of my fellow readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

It is refreshing to learn from Deerslayer something of the true standard of gentlemanly sport in the effete East, where we are told that enlightenment and the ethics of sportsmanship are advancing in an exact ratio with the decrease of game.

We of the Middle and Western States are to be congratulated that our game supply is still so plentiful that we can afford to give the deer a fair chance for his life in the open, and we do not require our victims to be driven into ponds by hounds nor led up to us on the end of a string in order to be shot. Deerslayer assures us that "it is great sport and no error." If this be so he cannot have told us all; he should have dilated upon the invigorating excitement of the tyro who has never hunted in this way before. He could make another story of the mental strain undergone during buck fever. He makes it clear that after the exhausted deer has been roped and drawn up to within a reasonable shooting distance (in the case of Deerslayer I should think 6ft. would be about right), then "the good old 10-gauge" in the hands of "a man who is cool-headed and a fair shot" is sure to kill. Why, his "own boy, who is a chip of the old block, and only twelve years old, killed his deer the first time he went out." Now, I haven't any chip of the old block, but if I had, and if under similar circumstances he couldn't kill his deer the first time, I would disinherit him, but—I'd disinherit him if he did.

Ours is a new country and we have much to learn from the East. When we find dogs running deer in our woods we shoot the dogs. If killing 5,000 deer every season will increase the supply, we can let the dogs alone and bend our energies toward the deer. And further, to be consistent, when we have any feelings in this matter which we wish to express in public we will do so over a *nom de plume* of Deerslayer or Deer Butcher, or some equally euphonious synonym. FRANK CONGER BALDWIN.

MICHIGAN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"The man who is cool-headed and a fair shot is sure to kill the game." So says one of our "big game hunters" in your last issue, who tells us of his manner of killing deer—by roping and killing with a charge of buckshot. Need a man necessarily be a "fair shot" to murder a roped deer at a distance of a few yards? If this article in FOREST AND STREAM is perused by some of the "lawmakers at Albany" there will be some more laws to restrict such cold-blooded murders.

How a man can call this "sport" is beyond my comprehension. If you do not receive a good many letters condemning such practices I shall be very much mistaken. Bird hunting has no fascination for this man, for the reason, no doubt, that wing-shooting is too difficult, and the pleasure experienced in knocking down an old cock grouse is unknown to him.

He wants a "fair chance," but what kind of a chance has the deer got? None whatever.

Such men ought to run a slaughter house and kill cattle, as there is just as much pleasure in that as in killing a tethered deer. W. N. TAYLOR.

MAINE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As a general thing I don't approve of a cross-fire argument unless carried on in a proper spirit, but once in a while somebody will advance ideas which, while they may keep within the game laws, are wholly at variance with the laws of humanity. This, I think, is the case in the article by Deerslayer in your last issue. The methods of killing deer described by him are lawful (in some States), but there is a difference between butchery and sport. My boast is not how many deer I have killed, but how few. Those I still-hunted. I despise hounds, jacks and butchery, and will somebody with the same views answer Deerslayer as he should be answered? I can't put it strong enough. W. L. SKINNER.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been a reader of FOREST AND STREAM for nearly twenty years, and for many years have hunted every fall and have killed game, large and small, and thought I was qualified by years of experience to set myself up as a sportsman; but Deerslayer's article knocks the wind all out of my sails, and I find I must begin all over again in order to kill my deer in a "scientific way and with the best of appliances." Now, I learned years ago from Nessmuk and the other grand old sportsmen whom the old readers of FOREST AND STREAM are familiar with, that the best way to kill a deer was to still-hunt them without dogs, or watch for them on runways when hunted with dogs, and shoot them with a rifle. There is nothing I like better than being up to date, so I am always on the lookout for ways and means to improve myself. Being a mechanic, I find it necessary to be up with the times in doing my work, and I know of no reason why we should not avail ourselves of modern ways and ideas when the time comes to take our trip into the woods after deer. I have thought as I read the aforesaid article over and over that if the deer could only understand that they were going to be killed with "the best of appliances" it might be that they would not act so blamed wild and make such long jumps as they cross my runway. Then again, being a mechanic, the matter of dollars and cents enters largely into all my plans for deer hunting, and I discover that if I hunt my deer by this new and "scientific" way I may have more money in my pocket and stay longer in the woods, as I have owned for many years a shotgun, and for the "scientific" killing of deer a shotgun is necessary and not the new Marlin which I purchased this fall. And if one wished to economize still further he might leave out the shotgun and buy a good knife for $1, and after the "experienced guide" had overtaken the straining buck and secured him with a twitch-up he could cut his throat, and still the supply of venison would be sure.

Deerslayer says he does not care for bird hunting. I suppose the reason is, he has not been trained to hunt them in a scientific way If he will purchase the September number of *Scribner's* he will find an article on moose hunting; and one of the illustrations is that of a man with a fish pole, on the end of which is a noose; on a tree sits a partridge, and the "scientific" bird hunter slips the noose over the head of the bird, gives a yank, and the supply of birds is sure. I simply put this in, thinking that if Deerslayer would only hunt his birds in a scientific way he might come to enjoy the sport.

Fancy shooters are able to kill their deer with a rifle ball put where it will do the most good, and having got used to that way, and having provided myself with such an old-fashioned weapon as a 38 55 Marlin, I shall continue to follow the teachings of Nessmuk and others of that stripe. But as for the young hunter who has yet to kill his first deer, I wish to assure him that for a successful deer hunt, conducted in a scientific manner, that combination of strong and "experienced guides," "forked sapling," "bit of rope," and "10-gauge shotgun and buckshot" is hard to beat when the object is to make the supply of venison sure; and if I had a boy of twelve years who under such circumstances could not kill that deer I would have him study for a dressmaker. BULLETS.

MECHANICSVILLE, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In an issue of FOREST AND STREAM of October last I noticed an article alluding to deer roping as "sport." What conception can Deerslayer have as to the meaning of that word? To rope a deer in the water from a boat is most brutal, if indulged in short of actual necessity. There is no sport where the animal has no chance for its life; it is natural for the deer to seek safety in the water when hounded and it would be a poor oarsman that could not catch a deer with a boat, and a poor man that could not kill it at a short rope's end by means of a 10-bore double gun. If Deerslayer thinks it sport, why, there is an opportunity for plenty of sport of like nature that could be had at the Union Stock Yards of Chicago, could he get an engagement there. He would have in lieu of the lake the vast slaughtering pens; in place of the boat the plank walk over the stalls and pens; to remind him of the unsteadiness of a boat would be the planks, just wide enough to walk with ease; the 10-bore gun would give place to a stone sledge with which to hit them on the head; the rope, though used, would not be required in the narrow pen, though the actual work would have been accomplished by the "guides" (the boys on the plains). In place of hounds to drive he would have men to drive the "deer" (cattle) into the pens as fast as he could kill, and would that not be sport in his mind?

CLARENCE BARCLAY WARD.

LONG ISLAND.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My spirit has been refreshed and my soul uplifted by Deerslayer's letter in your issue for Oct. 31. From my boyhood up I have been a great admirer of Deerslayer. I met him in the pages of Fenimore Cooper, and at once knew him for a friend and brother; a sportsman who killed only so much game as he needed, and whose voice, even away back in the last century, was raised against the wanton killing which he saw going on all about him. You can imagine, therefore, the pleasure with which I discovered that my old friend was still living and still roaming the familiar woods. To be sure, Deerslayer's sentiments, as advanced in his letter, are not quite what I had expected from Cooper's hero, but surely some consideration is due to age and infirmity

Deerslayer doubtless is right. A "strong effort will be made to enact more laws to restrict the sport of deer shooting in the Adirondacks by prohibiting jacking and hounding." "Such things are always urged by a lot of fancy shooters with their high-toned ideas of still-hunting and wing-shooting," and "not by real old-fashioned hunters who go out for game and want a fair chance to get it."

No one can doubt for a moment that Deerslayer is a "real old-fashioned hunter" His letter shows that he "goes out for game" and wants a chance to get it. Who would have the heart to deny him that right? I may seem radical, but I go even further than Deerslayer. I would have the laws materially modified for the benefit of the "real old-fashioned hunter" and his friends, and I believe that the true sportsmen are with me.

Picture to yourself what these fancy shooters would do. They would take away poor old Deerslayer's "10-gauge shotgun loaded with buckshot," and give him a rifle. They would compel him to still-hunt his deer in the woods—compel him, perhaps, to walk several rods where there are no macadamized roads, no beer saloons, not even electric lights; compel him—but I will not pursue the subject. It is painful.

The pathetic thing about it is that Deerslayer, in his old-fashioned, honest simplicity, seems satisfied with the present laws. He seems to think that his rights are protected now, and he fails to see the difficulties by which he is surrounded. He says that when the guide has slipped a noose over the head of the swimming deer the sportsman "with the 10-gauge shotgun loaded with buckshot makes the supply of venison sure," and that "if he is cool-headed and a fair shot he is sure to kill the game." The dear old man seems not to know that all men are not, like himself, cool-headed and fair shots.

Now, certain slight changes in the game laws in the direction of greater license would undoubtedly be of distinct benefit to Deerslayer and the other old-fashioned hunters, whose rights ought not to be overlooked. The modifications I would suggest are these:

First—That all the deer be caught and painted with luminous white paint, so that they may be equally conspicuous by day or night.

Second—That a large cow bell be attached to each deer, so that his presence may be made known even before he comes in sight.

Third—That a conspicuous bullseye with concentric rings be painted on the side of each deer behind the shoulder, so that Deerslayer and other old-fashioned hunters may tell at a glance where to strike.

Fourth—That the deer be inclosed by barbed wire fences in small patches of woods near the camp.

Fifth—That when the hunters are ready the woods be set on fire, and Deerslayer and his friends furnished with axes. They can then stroll quietly up to the deer and have thrilling and healthful sport, with the risk of losing the game reduced to a minimum.

Sixth—That when other game grows scarce Deerslayer be allowed to take his old grandmother, or any other person unable by reason of age or infirmity to resist, chain her to a post, saturate her clothes with kerosene, set her on fire and then whang her with a crow bar. If he "have a cool head and take fair aim" she cannot escape.

Finally—That the State of New York offer a bounty of $1 000 on Deerslayer and all the "old-fashioned hunters" of his party, with no close time.

These few simple changes in the game laws, Mr. Editor, would doubtless afford our old friend Deerslayer much satisfaction, and the last one I have proposed would greatly please all the rest of us.

EDWARD WILLISTON FRENTZ.

BOSTON, MASS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been a reader of FOREST AND STREAM for a number of years and have never written anything for its columns, but I must have something to say in reply to Deerslayer's defense of deer roping. I sincerely hope the time is near when every State in our glorious Union where the noble deer ranges will see the necessity and wisdom of prohibiting all hounding and jacking, and put a heavy penalty in the statutes for the benefit of those who persist in following deer with dogs and killing them after they have taken to the water for safety. No hunter, be he old-fashioned or otherwise, in this learned and enlightened country would be guilty of such work, and I hope Deerslayer is not sincere in what he writes, but does so simply for the sake of argument. I cannot see where any science is brought into use in sitting around and waiting until the game is driven into the water, and, worst of all, literally tied up to wait the pleasure of the butcher. It is nothing more nor less than butchery, and how any man can become a participant in such an unsportsmanlike act is a mystery to me.

Now, Deerslayer, let me offer you a piece of advice: When you visit your preserve again, lay aside your shotgun; if not already in possession of a good, reliable rifle, purchase one; and if you understand still-hunting, go alone; if not, get the services of a guide who can still-hunt and trail deer. Take to the woods. Match your skill and cunning against that of your game. You may not get sight of your quarry so soon nor with as little fatigue; but, let me assure you, when you do look through the sights of the genuine deer hunter's weapon, the rifle, and when its report sounds the death knell of a noble buck, and you stand over him with the knowledge that his chances of escape were equal to yours of securing him, it is a moment that will bring to you the supreme joy of your life. I for one cannot agree with you that there is no pleasure in deer hunting except with the jack light or hounds. W. R. CLINE.

ILLINOIS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The leading article on the editorial page of last issue of FOREST AND STREAM was somewhat of a surprise to me, inasmuch as I learned thereby that the contribution in a recent issue of your paper signed Deerslayer was anything other than the product of some sarcastic sportsman inclined to write in a jocular vein.

The statement that "a cool head, a 10-gauge gun and a good load of buckshot" are requisites to kill a roped deer at a 5ft. range is quite humorous, to say the least. It strikes me that Deerslayer, if an adept in the business of water killing, ought not to have entirely ignored the glittering axe and the festive club, and let us hope that the twelve-year-old "chip of the old block" will not neglect the use of these handy weapons when he reaches the age of discretion, since much valuable ammunition may be saved thereby. If the party who signs himself Deerslayer really means what he says in his communication to FOREST AND STREAM, he can without doubt secure a steady job and good wages by applying at any abattoir in need of the services of a first-class butcher, one who is frank enough to let the world know that he is not above his calling. I did, however, and do still believe that Deerslayer is merely a candidate for a place on a funny paper, and trust that my view of the case may be a correct one and that the pages of your excellent paper have not been defiled by the real sentiments of any such a creature as the article in question would indicate its author to be. S.

TROY, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

So the New York *Mail and Express* took Deerslayer seriously. I was going to do so too, but after reading the article over the second time I said "Pshaw! There is no human being could have your sentiments," and I concluded it was a little sarcasm sent FOREST AND STREAM to stir up activity in favor of abolishing hounding. Really, do you want us to believe that a man wrote that article and that he wished his son to follow in his footsteps? I have heard of sportsmen who have hired guides to paddle them up to within a few yards of a deer swimming in the water to be shot at with a rifle, and I know of many cases of boasted moose hunting by calling and then shooting at the big fellow, who does not know enough to run when hit. I have heard of your ex-president out jacking and of other folks crusting, hounding in deep snow and all other questionable methods, but for supreme brutality this man Deerslayer takes the lead. Oh! Mr. Deerslayer, let us have your real name, that it may be emblazoned on the pages of the history of brave men. Ugh! Have your guide noose a deer in the water and hold him while you place your 10-bore shotgun at his head and fire slugs into him. Ugh!

I am glad to inform you that in Ontario we have laws that prevent all shooting in the water, jacking, etc., and we hope to do away with the dogs next year. There is a license fee of $25 asked of foreigners who hunt, and I am sure it was caused by our being imposed upon for so long by a class of which Deerslayer is supreme grand master.

F. E. GALBRAITH.

ONTARIO.

MILITARY RIFLES AS BIG GAME GUNS.

ST. PAUL, Minn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The introduction of the long-range military rifle into use as a hunting rifle—a purpose for which it was never intended—has added a serious menace to life and limb in such sections of country as are both hunting grounds and the abode of man whenever the long-range military rifles are used therein. When used as a hunting rifle it is not only a deadly danger to all hunters within the great circle of its range, but to all others whose business or pleasure takes them into the highways and byways of the woods and fields, and to those also who may be following their peaceful vocations of life anywhere within the deer region, or even within three or four miles of it. And bear in mind that the deer region is not necessarily in the wilderness. It may be in a settled community. Deer may be and often are killed within short rifle shot of houses, and such is the great power of the military rifle that its bullet will pierce a tree or a house, so that against it the ordinary safeguards avail nothing. It will pierce about 50in. of pine.

In Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan earnest protests have been made against its use on the ground of its terrifying power and great danger; while others, more passive, say that they will remain at home, foregoing their big game hunting, rather than run the risk of death or wounds where the military rifle is used. Of these it is said that many are old hunters, men who valued their vacation for the pleasure it afforded them; for the relaxation from business and the recreation to be found in the great woods where roam the big game, but who, knowing the dangers to be run where the military rifle is used—dangers put therein by their fellow men—decline to take the chances. And it is a real danger, not an imaginary one.

The military rifle, having a range of about three miles in every direction from the shooter, which is the radius of a circle of about six miles in diameter, commands an area of about twenty-eight square miles—surely a most startling danger scope all centering about one man; and if we multiply this by hundreds of others (as we may readily do, the weapons being alluring and exceedingly cheap, and therefore within the means of all hunters), the danger area would be many times multiplied, and as the hunters would be constantly on the move the danger area would be constantly shifting as the hunters moved about, and would necessarily include many dwellings, schoolhouses, towns and people.

But it may be retorted that the shooting of deer is done in the woods; that the trees would stop the bullets before they could go far, thus preventing them from reaching the extreme ranges, and the trees being so numerous would act as a constant safeguard to the people.

By way of rejoinder it may be said that the trees are no more numerous than are the spaces between them, and the spaces are much greater in magnitude than are the trees. Any one in the woods can see long distances between the trees, the view never appearing as a mass of wall, and the bullets will pierce where the eye cannot. Even if the bullet at last strikes a tree, such is its power that it may pierce it and even then go on a long distance in its flight.

But deer are not always shot in woods. Many a deer has been shot in places where the woods have been cut away and a second growth of tender trees have started. Shots are fired at deer from within the edge of woods toward the open fields when opportunity offers, or on the margin of lakes, and again the rifle may be fired at a deer as it skips nimbly over a hill; and if the shooter shoots from a hollow his bullet may go soaring over the hill and tree tops and strike miles away from the firing point.

Nor is this objection against such weapons without good and sound precedents. The firing of all firearms, even those of the extremely short range, as pistols, is strictly prohibited by law in all corporate communities, for the reason that such firing endangers the life and limb, and disturbs the peace of mind, of the members of the community. Now consider that the long-range weapon, commanding such a vast area of the country, is a deadly menace to the dwellers in the country, and disturbs their peace of mind and threatens their safety, and you will have a case in which the precedents fit like a glove to the hand, waiving for the moment the common sense of the matter, the fundamental principle of self-preservation and peaceful enjoyment. The long-range weapon used in the country is more of a deadly menace than is the short-range weapon of the city, the latter being prohibited therein, and therefore is harmless.

I write in opposition to the use of the military rifle as a hunting rifle because it is an improper rifle to use on big game, since, having a flat trajectory of about 800yds., and a range of about three miles, it shoots much further than any hunter could see a deer; and seeing a deer, no hunter would shoot so far as he could see it; yet the people in all the superfluous distance it flies through are in danger from it.

Its long range is particularly unnecessary when it is considered that the average ranges at which deer are killed are from 50 to 150yds., and that there are numbers of other rifles of approved makes, styles, sizes and calibers, all sufficiently deadly and fit for the purpose, and so proved by years of trial. Indeed, many of these rifles have an unnecessary long range and are therefore a danger to a community too, but so weakly so when compared with the military rifle that the danger from them sinks into insignificance. These rifles, moreover, are too deadly—in fact, when it is considered that no more deer should be killed than what is the surplus not needed for breeding, and with the rifles already used and approved, there is danger that the needed numbers of deer will not be maintained. Therefore, whether the matter is considered from the standpoint of the sportsman or that of the market shooter, the exceedingly long range of the military rifle in deer hunting is unnecessary.

Now as to sportsmanship, let us understand first of all that these small caliber military rifles are designed for military purposes, to wound or kill men far away or near by. No consideration of sportsmanship enters into their design, purpose or use, as originally contemplated. To kill or wound an enemy by design or by accident is the purpose of the gun, and the longer the range and the flatter the trajectory the better the purpose is served; for it is self-evident that a bullet going several miles through the enemy's country will command a greater field and do more damage than will one whose range is measured by yards.

But it also has been demonstrated that the killing powers of their bullets are not instantaneous enough for sporting purposes. The high velocity and small caliber do not communicate the necessary shock to kill or bring down the game, so that much of it will escape sorely wounded, to die a lingering and painful death, or fall a prey to ravenous wolves. Aside from the cruelty of it, no sportsman would use a weapon which disturbed the peace of mind or safety of a neighborhood or of his fellows by creating fears of bodily harm or loss of life. A true sportsman would not take pleasure in a sport which caused fears of loss of life or maiming to others, or which endangered life if the danger was unknown to anyone but himself.

No doubt but what the novelty of the gun and its long range are the qualities which attract so many, rather than its fitness for practical work. It serves to excite wonder amongst those who have not seen it, and the owner gains a distinction by the ownership and parade of it which he might never have as a hunter.

Again, there are many who are thoughtless, and take for granted that a gun which will shoot further than any other gun is the gun for all purposes.

Even with the best of care, lamentable accidents are constantly happening from the use of firearms; and it seems like tempting fate to make a departure which has in it so much of jeopardy to the lives and limbs of others, without the shadow of reason or necessity to justify it.

The annual report of Gen. Flagler, Chief of Ordnance of the United States, criticises adversely the stopping power of the .236 and .303cals. of the navy and army rifles, a matter of much more consideration to the hunter than it is to the soldier, since the purpose of the hunter is to secure absolute possession, while that of the soldier is to put his enemy out of the fight, a very severe wound serving the purpose quite as well as one that is fatal. The report mentions that the small caliber and high velocity of the new bullets do much less damage than the old .45 bullets. When the small-caliber bullet hits a man, so great is the velocity that it makes a clean round hole, imparting no shock, and even bones are drilled as if bored with a gimlet, instead of being smashed, as the older and larger calibers acted, with of course a greater corresponding shock and stopping power. The report further mentions that medical men have demonstrated that small bullets, regardless of velocity, are not so effective as the larger ones.

The attempt to secure the effects of the larger bullets by using a soft pointed small-caliber bullet, so that it would mushroom when it struck an object, proved unsatisfactory, since accuracy was impaired. And as to accuracy, when the new guns were first put in the hands of the troops they did inferior work with them and questioned their accuracy, for while they would shoot accurately a few times, there were wild shots betimes.

Now, as the stopping power of a rifle is a vital consideration in its purpose and use on live game, and as the highest authorities in the army admit its lack of stopping power, and as in actual use on big game many writers who have tried it complain of its inferiority in this respect, it is no doubt very weak in the very feature that it should be strong in, that is, stopping power.

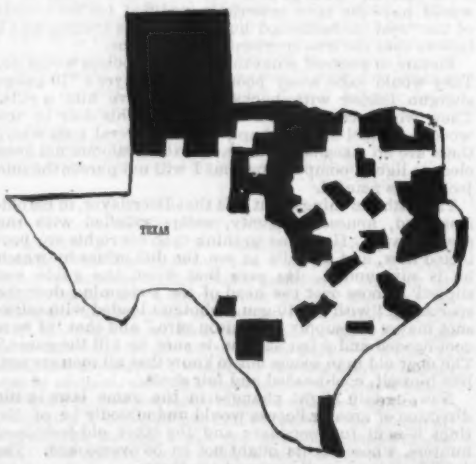
It is yet unsatisfactorily tried in all the other conditions to which rifles are subjected—high and low temperatures; wear and tear from use, the hard metal jacket being very destructive to the rifling; economy of expense, etc., so that any claims for its excellence are more speculative than real.

To sum up, the military rifle is an unfit weapon for big game shooting in an inhabited country, since it endangers the lives of people in the country in which it is used.

It is an unsportsmanlike weapon, since it wounds much game without killing it and therefore inflicts a lasting loss and cruelty; and, more important yet, it destroys the peace of mind of a neighborhood and deters sportsmen from hunting in a country in which such dangerous guns are used.

Lastly, it is not necessary to use it at all, as there are many kinds of rifles already perfected which are much more effective and far less dangerous to the community. The gratification of the individual is as nothing compared to the safety of the community. A single life is of far more importance than the pleasure of all the hunters in the land, and the peace of mind of a community far transcends the importance of any man's pleasure.

That accidents do occur with deplorable frequency with the less powerful guns of shorter range, even when used with the greatest care, we all know, and it is a certainty that guns with such extreme ranges as the military rifle will when shot recklessly add greatly and needlessly to the death list if their use is tolerated. .44.



A Texas Crazy Quilt

Sketch map of the State. The black portions indicate the sections exempt from the game law.

Two Stays.

FOREST AND STREAM is my "mainstay," and taken in connection with my "stay in Maine" manages to pull me through the year. C. H. A.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Down in Arkansaw.

CHICAGO, Nov. 6.—Mr. Joseph Irwin, of Little Rock, Ark., advises me that bass fishing is very good in the "old river," near the mouth of Scott's Bayou. Messrs. Bateman Bros. and Alvin Johnson took seventy-five bass Oct. 31, and Mr. King and his party, all of Little Rock, fished there three days, using spoons and live bait, and had very good luck indeed. Mr. Irwin says:

"Quail shooting has been limited owing to the warm prevailing weather, and few large bags have been made. The ducks are here in limited numbers, but only a few have been bagged so far.

"Large numbers of deer came into market three weeks ago during a cold snap—mostly yearlings, however.

"I expect Harvey McMurchy here this month some time. Nancy, the old pointer, is still able to do good work on quail. I have an English setter in training that I expect great things from."

Game Law Matters.

The members of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association have never for years been satisfied with the statutes covering fish and game protection in this State. The disgusting fiasco over the Blow bill is still fresh in the mind of the public, and it is the intention of the sportsmen to make further effort in the way of legislation of the proper kind. The secretary of the Association, Mr. F. R. Bissel, is sending out the following circular to the members of the clubs composing the Association:

"It is the intention of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association to present at the next meeting of the State Legislature a fair and equitable game bill, one which will commend itself to all who desire to see the game, game birds and fish protected from extermination—a point not very far distant under present conditions.

"Every true sportsman should co-operate with us in our efforts, and we beg to ask if you will appoint a committee of say three members from your club and have them interview your Member of the Legislature, whoever he may be, and bring such influence as they may be able to aid in insuring the passage of the bill.

"This bill will soon be drafted by our law committee, and we will endeavor to have a copy sent you for your perusal and approval."

Meantime we are to have a change of governors and possibly a change of wardens in the State of Illinois. So far as the condition of the game of the State is concerned, no change could exist which would not be for the better, for there has been no intelligent conservation of the game of this State for the past ten years.

The short season for deer in Wisconsin has now been ended for nearly a week, but I hear that hunting is still going on in parts of the State in spite of the fact that the legal season is closed. It is too often the case that the so-called sportsman gives himself the benefits of all the doubts, and there are a few of these persons who construed the trouble in the Wisconsin law to mean that they should go out as early in October as they heard of the change in date, and hunt as late in November as was allowed by the old and invalid law. I hear that there will be an attempt made at the next session of the Wisconsin Legislature to establish a license law.

Speaking of license laws brings up for attention the stringent measure recently passed in Louisiana which bars the parish of Caddo absolutely to non-resident hunters. It is thought by some residents of that parish that the police jury of Caddo Parish had in passing this law some animus against the Shreveport Rod and Gun Club, and there are some discrepancies pointed out in the law, which it is claimed is passed for reasons other than those of rigid sportmanship. For instance, it is pointed out that in eighteen States of the Union the hounding of deer is prohibited, whereas it is left wide open in Caddo Parish. The more interesting points of the law are Section 7, which reads: "It shall be unlawful for non-residents to hunt within the limits of the parish of Caddo, or to carry out of the limits of said parish any game for sale or otherwise after same has been killed;" and paragraph 3 of Section 5, which states "that it shall be unlawful in the hunting of ducks, geese, brant, swan or any other wild water fowl, to use as decoys any live ducks or live geese, or artificial decoys made of canvas, rubber, wood, cork or any other material."

The startling decrease in the game supply of the country must be keenly felt indeed when such startling measures as the above come from the hospitable South.

Small-Bore Rifles.

Sportsmen have been much interested in the question of the utility as sporting weapons of the modern small-bore smokeless rifles, and there has been the most interesting diversity of opinions in regard to the merits of these arms. Some say that the .30cal. is the most deadly and destructive weapon on game ever devised, and others say they would not have it as a gift. This week I have two reports from Chicago hunters in regard to the effect of these weapons. Mr. E. C. Carter, assistant engineer of the Northwestern Railroad, recently returned from a hunt in Colorado near Pagoda Peak and along the West Fork of Williams River. He killed a very large number of blacktail deer, but got no other game, though he saw some elk and bear sign. In his shooting he used a Winchester .50cal. single shot, with 140grs. of powder. This weapon would kill a deer like a rabbit. He varied its use with a .45-90 rifle. One day he killed a big buck, and his companion, a ranchman of the country, discovered on skinning the animal that it had been shot through the shoulders with a small caliber bullet. This shot passed directly through both shoulder blades, a location which should have dropped the deer at once. At the point of entry the bone was shattered but little, the hole being but about ¼in. across. On the opposite side the ball passed out, leaving a clean, small hole. The flesh about the wound was green and unwholesome, but the wound was healing and the deer was lively and able to run. Several Männlicher rifles had been used on deer in that vicinity earlier in the fall, the guide said.

The second case of the use of one of these small-bore rifles is reported to me by Dr. C. B. Sayre, of this city, who recently returned from an elk hunt in Montana. Dr. Sayre, being advised that one of the small calibers was the correct thing, took along one of them and did not take any other rifle. He killed three elk with this gun, using in all cases the soft nosed bullet. The first elk he shot was struck in the neck, and it fell as if hit by

a thunderbolt, the wound being very large and deadly in its nature. Seeing the killing of this animal, all of Dr. Sayre's friends wished that their rifles were the same as his. Before the trip was over they were glad that they were not the same, and Dr. Sayre reports that he considers that the weapon is absolutely unfit to shoot such large game on account of the irregularity in action of the bullet. His next elk was shot several times with his small caliber rifle, but no shot stopped it. It was shot in all twenty-two times, being finally finished with a six-shooter. Dr. Sayre told me that he wanted to kill a bear, and that had he stayed a week longer he could undoubtedly have had a shot at a bear, as they saw signs of bear feeding at some of the elk carcasses, but he said he had so little confidence in his gun that he was afraid to tackle a bear with it and so came out of the mountains. This report is quite contrary to the glowing accounts given by some hunters who have had nothing but good luck with these guns. Dr. Sayre says that the mountain men advised him to shoot a .45-70 Government cartridge. All big game hunters will know that was good advice. He was advised against the .45-90, and again wisely, for there are very few old hunters who would not tell him that the .45-70 is by far the better arm for big game than the .45 90, facts being much better than theories.

The party of which Dr. Sayre was a member consisted of himself, Dr. J. P. Letts, William Gee and Charles H. Whitcomb, of Chicago, and Mr. T. A. Caauthers, of Lincoln, Neb. They went to Red Lodge, Mont., and hunted north of the park, having the well-known hunter, Ed. Van Dyke, as their guide. They were out seventeen days and got nine elk, all good specimens. Dr. Sayre killed three, Mr. Whitcomb three, and the others killed one each, Mr. Whitcomb getting also a deer and Mr. Gee two deer. They met fifteen inches of snow the first week they were out, and had to lie in camp two days. They had a pack train of seventeen horses.

Luck of the Chase.

It is reported that the party among which were numbered General Miles, Mr. Vanderbilt and Mr. Webb, of New York city, returned from the West without having killed a deer or any other head of game.

Mr. J. V. Clark and Charlie Spalding have returned from a short deer hunt in Wisconsin, Mr. Clark with a 200lb. buck.

Mr. F. H. Lungren, the well-known artist of New York city, whom I mentioned lately as having gone for another trip to his favorite field, the Navajo country of Arizona and New Mexico, has returned from that region and is spending a little time in Chicago prior to his return East. He reports a trip full of hardships of the physical sort, but also full of artistic results. Mr. Lungren says that the big tribal hunt of the Navajos, their annual antelope round-up, did not take place as scheduled last month, as the weather was unsuitable; so the body of native hunters, something like 400 or 500 of them in all, moved off to other country where the game was more abundant. He describes these great annual drives of the Southwestern Indians as grand spectacles of life and action, but disastrous to the antelope, which are nearly cleaned out over the country by such a hunt. They are driven into pens or over cañon walls, much after the fashion the Northern Indians had of hunting the buffalo.

Among the Wildfowl.

We have had a second snowstorm here this week, and as a result the flight of ducks is the best seen here this fall. It is now thought by some of the old shooters here that the birds have not been down at all before this, the weather north of here being too warm and mild. This storm no doubt means the closing of the waters above here, and will end up the Northern wildfowling within the next ten days.

At Koshkonong the ducks are reported in abundance this week. Mr. R. B. Organ and Mr. B. Dicks go up as guests of Eddie Bingham on the old Bingham homestead on Koshkonong, leaving here to-night. They should have shooting.

At Water Valley the duck shooting has been better the past week than at any time for years. Mr. R. W. Rexford last Monday, shooting on the Kankakee Marsh, near Lowell, Ind., bagged twenty-seven mallards at one hole, and came out, saying he had enough, though he thinks he could have killed seventy-five had he cared to do so.

Mr. F. R. Bissell, of this city, goes to Water Valley, Ind., to-morrow for a try at the ducks, and should have some shooting. Mr. Bissell has a nice little cottage at Water Valley, and he and his wife have frequent shooting trips there.

Mr. J. J. Dickey, superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph Co., at Omaha, Neb., reported a very good week of sport on ducks in South Dakota east of the Rosebud country on a series of lakes he and his friends have discovered. They got 150 ducks of different varieties, but only one canvasback.

Mr. Harry Loveday is back from his Minnesota ducking trip, which he thinks was planned for too early a date. On the last day he shot the birds worked better than at any other time, and, singularly enough, it was on a northbound flight that they got their shooting then. On that day Mr. Loveday got forty fat mallards, and his friend, Mr. Ed Hughes, got twenty-eight mallards. Other members of the party were Maj. Sanborn and Messrs. C. D. Gammon, S. M. Sutherland and John Grey, of this city, and Mr. R. R. Street, of New York city. Of these the high bags, all however of mixed ducks, were: for Mr. Street fifty-one, Maj. Sanborn and Mr. Grey fifty-three each. In the last few days of their shooting they bagged 326 birds—not a very great number, they thought. Last year the same party killed 1,500 on their fall hunt, and four years ago the party killed 2,900 ducks. They shot in each case in Ottertail county, on Dead Lake, the headwaters of the Red River of the North. In this locality they found a great many sharp-tailed grouse migrating from the North to the timbered region near by, and of these they killed a number.

Messrs. Fuller and Morris, of the English Lake Club house on the Kankakee River, came very nearly entirely redeeming the reputation of the old river a little over a week ago, for between them they bagged 103 mallards in one day, which certainly is enough to satisfy anyone on earth.

Mr. T. P. Hicks is back from his trip to Redwood, Minn., where he did not work hard for shooting, but got 150 ducks at odd times.

Mr. Bissell, secretary of the State Sportsmen's Association, says that his trip to North Dakota, at Dawson, was most satisfactory. He had fine shooting at ducks and geese, as earlier mentioned. He saw the weird dance of the sandhill cranes for the first time on this trip. He reports no chickens in that country, and the local hunters say the extensive fires of the last spring entirely burned out the birds.

Mr. Walter Dupee, who has hunted every week until this week since the first of the season of this fall, says that the duck shooting has been very poor over this part of the country. He has been going out into North Dakota for several years along the Soo line, and says he saw a great many ducks at Kenmere, on that road, though at that time he was not out after ducks, but chickens. He thinks that was the best chance for ducks he has seen this year.

Shooting at Swan Lake Club this fall has been very rocky, though one does not know nowadays what a night may bring sorth in late mallard shooting, for which these waters are noted.

Mr. Abner Price has been out for a little trip at Duck Island Club, below Peoria, but at this writing we do not have word of any very great shooting at that locality as yet this fall. It is very likely that this week and the one just past are to be the record weeks of this year for this vicinity.

Among the Quail.

It is a trifle early as yet to speak of the quail shooting for this season, but it is already clear that we are to have the best shooting in Illinois and Indiana that has been known for some time. No one who can take time to run south of this city over night need lack for opportunity to enjoy the pleasant sport of quail shooting. Of course, it is always desirable to know good country. It is a mistake to think that one is obliged to go south of the Ohio River to get good shooting on quail, but really the closer one can get to the Ohio the better are his chances. In Illinois anywhere down the Illinois Central R. R., say as far as Champaign, one is sure this year of finding birds. If he go to Mattoon, better yet to Effingham, on that road, he will be in the center of the best sort of quail country, and can moreover get cross roads to take him east and west into the little towns lying in that part of the State. As far south as Vincennes the birds are abundant this year. If one go to Newton, Ill., he will be well located, or at Mt. Vernon he will have splendid country. Any of the little country towns of that part of the State, such as Dubois, Ashley, etc., will be good headquarters. Around Centralia there is good country, and near Arcola. In fact, anywhere below the upper half or two-thirds of Illinois the quail are numerous enough this year to offer all the shooting any one need want. Moreover, the water is abundant this season, so that the birds are well scattered and offer a varied day's sport in a walk across country, not being confined to the water-courses, as they have been in the last few dry seasons. These points on the quail I have from my friend Charlie Antoine, who shot all over that part of the country last year and the year previous, and so knows what the situation is; so the news can be held safe as any advice can be on shooting grounds, always subject of course to local conditions of change such as too much market shooting.

Mud Hens and Rail.

The veteran duck shooter, Abe Kleinman, answering the queries of some novices the other day in my hearing, said that in his belief mud hens were as good to eat as mallards, and that before long all the shooters would be glad enough to get mud hens to shoot. He was explaining that the mud hens migrate by night, coming down in big flocks from the North, and he added that the rail migrate in the same way, always by night. He says a rail can fly as well as any bird when it tries.

Mixed.

Mr. C. N. Souther, city ticket agent of the Milwaukee & St. Paul road, did not get any ducks on his trip to Wisconsin a week ago, but found some good squirrel shooting. He and his friends killed fifty-one fox squirrels, and moreover discovered what they state to be some very good ruffed grouse country.

The largest deer killed in Wisconsin this season, so far as I have record, is one killed by Mr. Boyce, of this city, near Ashland, Wis., a buck which weighed 264lbs. dressed.

Mr. H. D. Nicholls, a member of the Cumberland Gun Club, a shooter well known in Illinois State Association matters, has just been elected to the State Legislature. The sportsmen are therefore sure of at least one solid friend in the house, and an effort will be made to use Mr. Nicholls's influence in the passage of a better game law.

Mr. N. H. Harris, of this city, has recently returned from a trip to Arkansas, where he killed a deer and a turkey and had a very pleasant time.

Mr. J. W. Upsall, of Watseka, Ill., tells me that his father and some friends went to Arkansas for a shooting trip, but never unpacked their stuff and turned around and came back home. They found they would be obliged to pay a license, and would not be allowed to ship any game out of the State.

Messrs. Walter Dupee and Oswald von Lengerke, of this city, started yesterday for Trenton, Tenn., where they will have a week's quail shooting with W. B. Stafford, who handles Mr. Dupee's dogs.

Although it is very late in the season, the bass fishing in the Kankakee River is better now than it has been any time this year. The small-mouth bass are biting finely, and large strings are being taken at different points of the river from Koutts on down.

For woodcock shooting in season I am advised by one who knows that the country along the Mississippi River, above La Crosse, Wis., is as good as any in the West. Take the train at La Crosse and run up one or two stations. This to be borne in mind for next year.

On his last trip to the Kankakee Charlie Antoine made the mixed bag of fifteen jacksnipe and four prairie chickens. He also saw three bevies of quail, though the law was not yet up.

A bull pup belonging to Mr. J. G. Bushnell, of this city, went on the war path this week and bit four persons—Joseph Whitford, Marcus Smith, Edward Howe and Dr. Thwaite. On the supposition that it was a mad dog it was killed. It would have been the making of the pup if they had let it alone.

Luck of the Colored Hunter.

While in my office this week, my friend Tom Divine, of Memphis, was looking over the various bear trophies from Mississippi, and blowing all the horns in the office, including Tom Glover's E flat Texas horn, all of which reminded him of big game matters in Mississippi; and he told me a story, which has the merit of being true, in regard to the luck recently had by a negro hunter in the canebrake country south of Memphis. The negro, it seems, was watching at a water hole for a shot at a bear, and was lucky enough to get it. He killed the bear, which weighed 450lbs. He sat down and waited for his partner to come up, and while sitting there quietly he heard a cracking in the cane not far from him. Thinking this might be another bear, he kept still, but in a few moments found the animal was not a bear, but a panther. The latter seemed to think he could make a square meal off the bear, but as he began to snuff around the bear the negro shot and killed him also, the two animals lying close together. A few moments later the negro's partner came over that way, following two hounds, which were trailing. As luck would have it, the hounds put their game up a tree near the water hole. It was a big wildcat, and the same negro killed it almost from the same place where he stood when he shot the bear and panther. It must have been his busy day. Mr. Divine personally saw the panther, which was shipped entire to Memphis, and says that it measured 8ft. from tip to tip, one of the largest he ever saw. If I should see this story in any paper but FOREST AND STREAM, I should think it wasn't so, but the odd part about it is that it is true.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

The Neaville Boys.

AN old friend from Ashland, Wis., sent me a copy of FOREST AND STREAM containing the sketch of Charles Guyon, not knowing that we get the paper here. He writes: "I send it because I know it will interest you very much, as you know all the characters mentioned in the story and I can imagine you reading it to a group of friends, who will also enjoy it because it is so well written."

I am not surprised that he was pleased with that article, but what will he think when he reads of Henry and Frank Neaville? This last is fine; it is a perfect portrait of each of the boys and their manner of speech at that time. Frank was a bright young man, and was a clerk in a store until he enlisted and went in the army. Henry, as Mr. Mather says, was not so bright on the exterior, but was a sort of "singed cat, better than he looked;" and lazy! Oh, my! He was the perfect picture of ease and present enjoyment. No doubt he enjoyed having his feet frozen, as it gave him rest, and had they been taken off would have insured him perfect felicity. He could work and endure discomfort, and the heroic words he expressed about his frozen feet are a key to his character. I liked him very much. He was a noble boy, and his early pathetic death in his country's service proved his devotion to his friends, flag and country.

Mrs. Neaville, mother of the boys, thought she had a presentiment of their death that summer. After her roses had all faded two more white ones came upon the bush, one after the other, bloomed for a time, then drooped and fell. The old people never recovered from the loss of their two good boys. Mrs. Neaville died last year, near Brodhead, Wis. She was an excellent woman, and Mr. Mather's article would have comforted her if she could have lived to see it.

I hope the author, who was well known here forty years ago, may live long and continue his interesting articles on "Men I have Fished With," and put them in book form, so that when he is taken from the stream of time his friends may receive a royalty from them that will be sufficient to rear a monument that will perpetuate his name and fame as a second Izaak Walton to all time.

W. S.

POTOSI, Wis.

A Successful Maine Trip.

CAPT. JOSEPH B. TAYLOR, of the Albany-Bath ferry line, has returned from his annual hunting trip to the Maine woods, and reports a glorious time and game galore. During his stay in the woods he saw several moose, many caribou and deer without number. Joe Francis, the well-known guide, looked after his welfare, and the results of the hunt are a huge moose with 53in. spread of antlers, with very broad palms, showing him to have been an old-timer; one caribou and two deer. The dilapidated condition of the ears of the moose, including a bullet hole through one of his ears, shows that the old fellow had had many a brush and at least one hairbreadth escape. Crosby, the Bangor taxidermist, who has the heads, pronounced the caribou head one of the finest Maine heads he ever handled; in fact, says that it is seldom equaled by any brought from Newfoundland.

The party arrived in the woods in the last few days in September, and enjoyed several days of excellent trout fishing before the hunting season opened.

Capt. T. reports that lumbering operations have been begun in the forests of the West Branch waters on lands that were lumbered about twenty-five years ago, the dilapidated dams are being rebuilt, and operations will be prosecuted on a large scale for the next few years. This will be unwelcome news to very many of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, but let us hope that the vigilance of the Maine game warden will be equal to the occasion, and that we shall not have a recurrence of the wholesale butcheries of a quarter of a century ago.

Judging from the number of very fine negatives obtained, the Captain seems to have been quite as successful with the camera as with the rifle.

My congratulations on the result of the vote on the forestry amendment.

S.

TROY, N. Y., Nov. 4.

Moose in the Ox-bow Country.

NEW YORK, Nov. 4.—We have just returned from a trip to Ox-bow, Me. Got a fine 1,000lb. bull moose and several deer. Had the best guide and moose caller in the woods, Ed. Junkins. He did what many claim to be impossible, called up a moose on a hardwood ridge at noon on Oct. 17. That's rather late in the season for calling too. Deer we could have got almost any day. Caribou signs very plenty, but didn't get a chance at any. We only hunted nine days. Am going again next year and stay longer. If any one wants Ed for the first snow he could make arrangements, I think. If one is a pretty good shot and can stand hard traveling all day, I'll bet a hat he can get a moose in two weeks with good tracking weather.

F. W. K.

THE LONG ISLAND DEER SEASON.

It is estimated that at least 150 deer were killed on Long Island Wednesday, Nov. 4, which was the first day of the open season. Twenty-nine deer were brought into Sayville as a result of this one day's shooting, and about forty are credited to Patchogue hunters. This of course does not include the deer killed by the Smithtown, Hauppauge and other parties who came down from the north of the deer grounds, and it is safe to say that the large estimate given above is not exaggerated. This is a remarkable showing, and it is a question whether, from the standpoint of numbers, there is any better deer hunting in the United States. The entire deer country only occupies an area of about twenty-five square miles, and much of this is included in the grounds of the South Side Club and those of Messrs. Vanderbilt, Cutting and Roberts, where no shooting whatever is permitted. The open territory is therefore extremely limited, and at the best points twenty or thirty deer are killed in a day. On a good stand the hunter will see more deer before 8 o'clock in the morning than he will see in open season in a month in some parts of the country that have reputations as deer hunting sections. But whether he kills a deer or is killed himself is beyond human forethought to predict.

There are three more days of open season on Long Island this year, the 11th, 18th and 25th. Judging from previous experience it is safe to predict that the total bag of these three days will not exceed that of last Wednesday. No doubt some deer will be killed in the close season which intervenes, and local papers hint that there were hunters who did not wait for the opening day to begin the slaughter.

But the main reason why the other open days will not be so good as the first is that most of the deer that were then started were killed. Very few indeed escaped to the refuge afforded by club grounds or posted property, and those killed hereafter will be animals that were on safe ground when the first gun was fired. J. B. BURNHAM.

With the Quail on Long Island.

Nov. 2 dawned bright and clear, an ideal day for the first of quail shooting. After a hearty breakfast at Harrison Rogers's, my guide and I jumped into our wagon and with guns and dogs hastened to our shooting ground, about a mile and a half east of Eastport. We were accompanied by a well-broken English setter, over anxious to get in the field again after a lazy summer. Upon arriving at our destination we tied the horse in the woods and started out with high spirits for our first quail of the season.

Unfortunately we found that a party of sportsmen had already covered the ground near by and had flushed a bevy only a short while before. Our luck during the forenoon was rather discouraging, as we only flushed three single birds, killing two of these in spite of the dense woods in which they rose.

By 12 o'clock the bracing air had put a keen edge on our appetites and we decided to lunch. After emptying a good-sized pail of good things and enjoying a cigar we drove a mile further on and started out with fresh hopes to try another section. After covering considerable ground with no success our dog came to a grand point at the edge of a field of stubble. We flushed a bevy of about thirty birds and surely it was a sight worth going miles to see. We killed three as they rose and marked the rest down in an adjoining field of low brush.

During the remainder of the afternoon we had fine sport, flushing singles and pairs all around us, with very little walking, as the birds lay very close. I soon had my hand in again and made good scores, including two very neat doubles. The birds were all large and fat, and with a bag of seventeen quail and one partridge I was well content.

I had to return to New York next morning to vote, but hope to have another day or so with these fine game birds before the season closes. G. P. GRANBERY.

Our Native Fur.

LANSING, Mich., Oct. 18.—Yesterday a young man from Delhi called at my office and showed me several skins of the fox squirrel and rabbit and woodchuck, which he had tanned himself, and I was greatly surprised to see such fine large skins, and find them so tough and so strong and well furred. In Europe the skin of the squirrel is used extensively in the fur trade, and in this country the rabbit of Australia is used largely in the manufacture of caps and gloves and mittens under the name of Australian bear. It is a wonder to me that there is no home market for such fur as that of the fox squirrel and the different rabbits which are so abundant in this country. Certainly the skins of the Northern squirrels of the larger variety, and the rabbit, especially the big white rabbit of Michigan, is as fine for manufacturing purposes as any animal's of its kind in the world. And then, too, they are so abundant and so many of them are killed that if the fur could be used it would be a matter of great commercial importance. Can you give us any light upon this subject, and its relation to the fur trade?

JULIAN.

[Tame rabbit skins average 2 cents, wild 1 cent; woodchuck and American squirrel skins have no market value.]

In Ontario Covers.

PETROLIA, Ontario, Oct. 26.—Ten years ago everyone said there would soon be no partridges around here to shoot; but this year there are more than there were ten or twelve years ago. Last summer was a good season for everything around here; the rain came on about June 1, and we had nice rains all summer which seemed to suit the rearing of young birds. That is the only reason I can give for such an abundance of birds. I was very much interested in your article on the ruffed grouse; I have had many of the experiences mentioned therein. Quail are scarce in this locality for some reason unknown to me.

A friend while out one day last week for partridge shot a white red squirrel; it was pure white all over. One of my men informed me that his little boy also saw a white squirrel. Please let me know if they are common or not. By the way, coons appear to be quite plentiful this fall, also black squirrels. Shot what I thought to be a gray squirrel, others said it was a fox squirrel, but I do not know what the difference is between a fox and gray squirrel. I know I never saw anything like it in this locality and I have shot here for years.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

[White or albino squirrels have been recorded. The fox squirrel was not named for Ontario in the recent report of the special game commission.]

BELLEVILLE, Ont., Nov. 7.—Ducks have been quite numerous, but so shy that hunters have done poorly.

Plover have been with us in large numbers and many good bags were made.

Squirrels—black and gray—and partridges have been more than usually plentiful this season and afforded fine sport. Partridges are generally got in this district by treeing them with dogs.

Deer hunters have gone forth to the woods in legions, but the weather has been too warm and wet for sport, and reports are consequently unfavorable.

I imagine that Antoine Gardapee, of whom Mr. Mather has written so entertainingly in your columns, was named "Gardapui"—a name quite common among our French-Canadians and the metis of our Northwest. R. S. B.

A Maine Game Record.

BANGOR, Me.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you the record of game shipped over the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad during the month of October, 1896:

Shipped from	Deer.	Moose.	Caribou.
Fort Fairfield	1	1	..
Easton	..	..	1
Mars Hill and Blaine	1	..	..
Island Falls	5	..	..
Crystal	2	..	..
Patten	41	7	7
Ebermas	21	3	1
Stacyville	52	4	9
Grindstone	71	6	4
Millinocket	34	2	3
Twin Dam	26	4	2
Norcross	220	12	4
Perkins's Siding	22	..	..
Ingalls's Siding	39	1	..
West Seboois	22	1	..
Seboodic	19	1	..
Brownville	15	..	..
Milo	2	..	..
Lagrange	2	..	..
Ashland	17	1	2
Masardis	27	14	9
St. Croix	6	1	..
Katahdin Iron Works	35	..	..
Brownville Junction	7	..	..
Monson	6	..	..
Greenville	506	10	15
Shirley	6	1	..
Guilford	1	..	..
Sebec	1	..	..
Total game shipped	1,029	79	57

The totals for October of this year compared with the same month in 1895 and 1894 are as follows:

	Deer.	Moose.	Caribou.
Total for October, 1896	1,029	79	57
Total for October, 1895	669	53	37
Total for October, 1894	479	24	10

The above statement, compiled from records kept by station agents, comprises only game shipped by visiting sportsmen, and does not include that killed by native hunters, nor the large quantity consumed in camps.

There were also shipped during October, 1896 eleven bears, one lynx and a large number of ducks and partridges.

GEO M. HOUGHTON,
Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent.

Deer in Southern New Jersey.

EGG HARBOR CITY, Oct. 31.—The deer season opened Oct. 25. My brother, myself and four others placed our dogs in the wagon and drove to Reed's Neck, where signs of deer were plenty. As soon as the men had their stands the drive was commenced, one man working the dogs until game was started. This was not done until near noon, when the deer were started in a point of a large cedar swamp. The wind began to blow pretty hard in the afternoon, making it impossible to hear the dogs; but one doe headed straight for the water about five miles from where she started, Lake Lenape, near May's Landing, where were another party of hunters, who shot some ten or a dozen times at the deer, but failed to kill her.

This ended our first day's hunt, all the rest of the week being too dry to do anything with them. Another party killed a nice buck, this buck being one of the largest killed here in several years.

Our next trip was more successful. We started a fine large doe, and after a pretty long chase it was killed by Jacob Green. This ends deer shooting in New Jersey, as our season was only ten days long. R. B. P.

Rhode Island Notes.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov. 6.—Officers Smith and Tobin, of Georgiaville, arrested last Sunday a band of hunters, equipped with ten hounds and a keg of beer, for hunting on Sunday, and with ferrets at that. The man who had a ferreted rabbit in his pocket paid a fine of $5.

It is probable that other arrests will follow, as the remainder of the party are known, and the town authorities are determined to put a stop to further infringement of the laws in regard to Sunday hunting within its borders.

Two gunners started off a few days ago, guns in hand, to shoot gray squirrels. Having arrived in the woods and tramped the entire forenoon without any success, they sat down to eat dinner. While they were busily engaged in satisfying the inner man their attention was called to some object away from the log on which they sat, and they went to investigate. When they returned to their dinner, behold their surprise at seeing the only squirrel of the day running away with one of their doughnuts, which they had laid by the side of the lunch pail. W. H. M.

Black Game and Capercailzie for Vermont.

SHELDON, Vt., Nov. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have received from Sweden twenty black game and fourteen capercailzie for distribution in this State. We believe that our Green Mountain forests are specially adapted for this kind of game.

We are trying to get a law passed making a penalty of $20 for Sunday-shooting, which will put a check to the work of the Sunday shooting young French pot-shooter who shoots everything that comes in his way with his cheap breech-loading shotgun. W. P. LEACH.

Massachusetts and Maine.

BOSTON, Nov. 6.—Mr. C. H. Cook and Mr. A. J. Norwood are off for a moose hunt. They will go to Big Fish Lake, in Upper Aroostook county. Orcutt's camps are their destination. A. S. Sleeper, of Chelsea, and Arthur Bucknam are at home from the neighborhood of the Katahdin Iron Works with a deer apiece, for which they had to work very hard indeed. The leaves were particularly bad in the rustling qualities, and but little rain fell in the section they visited. They were absent for nearly three weeks, and it took two weeks of hunting to get their game. E. M. Gillam started on his annual vacation and hunting trip to-day. He will go to Vineland, N. J., there meet his brother, and hunt quail and partridges in the best section of that State and Pennsylvania. They also talk of a trip to North Carolina for more quail, or to Maine for a deer.

Late Bangor reports seem to show that more big game is coming, though there has been a lull in the slaughter, with the hunting reported to be bad by reason of the fallen leaves. The report says that the shipment of game on Monday was the largest ever received in that city. There were sixty-three deer, two moose and five caribou. The largest previous shipment was on Monday, Oct. 19, when sixty-five deer and four caribou were received. I learn from the express people that nearly one-half of it does not go out of the State. A good deal goes beyond Boston. But after all Boston sportsmen get their share of Maine's big game. It is easy to make up the following record of big game brought here: H. B. Wellington, F. H. Talcott, two deer; Oliver P. Hoyt, one deer; G. K. Russell, one deer; N. S Manson, one deer; Edward Salley, F. P. Smith and John Martin, six deer; G. H. Lanphier, one deer; R. D. Jones and E. Dana, two deer; F. A. Mann, one deer; H. A. Wood, A. R. Van Tassel, E. D. Van Tassel and J. L. Richards, seven deer; N. M. Conant, one deer; D J. Flanders, one deer; W. S. Coggin and S. Matherson, Jr., two deer; L. D Cameron, of Amesbury, one deer; James Sargent, of Waltham, one deer; C. S. Thrasher, of Taunton, one deer; S. Elmer, of Sherbern Falls, two deer; A. H. Sargent, of Haverhill, two deer; Geo C. Beeson, Jr., of Lawrence, and E Frank Lewis, two deer: H. E Eustis and A. P Hendrick, of Brookline, three deer; E C. Whitney, of Orange, two deer; N. A. Belcher, of Brockton, two deer; N. M Jones, of Ipswich, two deer; Dr. F. A. Townsend, of Worcester, a moose; L. L. Martin, of Winchester, a caribou.

H. S. Fisher and E. J. Mitton are out of the Maine woods with a moose apiece. This is Mr. Fisher's second moose, and his many friends among sportsmen are pleased with his remarkable success. Mr. Fisher and Mr. Mitton are both interested in the Dry Goods Club at Sebago Lake. SPECIAL.

Ruffed Grouse and Rifle Range.

STATE OF WASHINGTON, Oct. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In an article in FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 26 you speak of the ruffed grouse being able to take care of themselves in Minnesota and Wisconsin. They can also do so here in this northwest corner of Uncle Samuel's possessions, as was proved to my satisfaction the other day, when I took my .22 rifle to go up the creek and get a few ruffed grouse. My old dog Frank is at a neighbor's some 125 miles away, and I have a youngster I call Dick, who is good for ruffed and blue grouse, but of no account for the sharp-tails.

We had not gone more than 100yds. before Dick flushed a grouse; but he could not tell where it went, and he will not bark unless he sees the bird alight; then if he flushes the bird by his barking he will quit unless he can locate it. We could not start the bird the second time. We kept on up to the base of Mount Bonaparte and hunted for over an hour before we started another, and it was like the first. Then I turned and came down the main creek, and soon flushed four, not one of which treed. Soon I flushed a single, but it went off down the creek for at least a quarter of a mile. I marked it down and we flushed it again. I kept count of those I flushed until I came to where the cows were, which I had to drive home, as it was nearly sundown. There were nineteen birds, and not one could I get a shot at; so you see they are pretty well educated even here in the backwoods of Okanogan.

LEW WILMOT.

Florida Game Season.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Nov. 2.—Ducks were reported numerous at Ft. Thompson, Lake Flirt, on the Caloosahatchie River, Oct. 19. They were the first flight from the North, which always pass over the upper part of the State and settle in South Florida. A few bluebills or raft ducks are reported in the creeks around Jacksonville, but none stay on the river at this season. Later in the season there will be plenty of them on the river.

The open season for quail and turkeys commenced on the 1st inst., and they promise to be very plentiful, especially the former.

The hammocks are full of squirrels. I shot thirteen last Saturday afternoon, with a dog, and a boy to shake the vines on the trees. In this State the squirrels hide in the luxuriant Spanish moss that fills the tree tops, and it is very difficult to see them after the dog has treed them; but with a boy to shake the vines that generally cover the the trees they run out of their hiding places, and can be seen and shot. Without a good dog, a person might hunt all day and hardly see one. J. F. LE BARON.

Maine and her Game Resources.

BOSTON, Oct. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In looking over the pages of the November issue of the *Maine Central* I was astounded at the quantities of large game now passing through Bangor almost daily. It seems almost incredible, and it just made me wonder how long, even under the most fostering conditions, this region could stand such a tremendous drain. I quote from the above journal items picked up at random from Oct. 1 to 15, giving a general idea for the whole month: Monday, Oct. 12, was a record so far as the amount of game which passed through Bangor is concerned. The exact figures for the day were 63 deer, 6 moose and 3 caribou. Tuesday: 51 deer, 3 moose, 1 caribou. Wednesday: 36 deer, 2 moose, 3 caribou. Friday: 58 deer. 10 moose, 1 caribou. Saturday: 67 deer, 4 caribou. Total: 275 deer, 21 moose, 13 caribou. And that is only a five days' record of what passed through Bangor.

Well may Maine legislators and conservative sports

men ponder over these figures. The good Lord and artificial propagation combined will be powerless against such slaughter as this. Unless more stringent measures are speedily enforced the child is born who will roam this vast tract and not encounter a deer, moose or caribou. Mr. E. C. Farrington, secretary of the Maine State Fish and Game Association, sizes up the problem well when he says: "If the State is to retain its great game preserve and keep it adequate to the demands that surely will be made upon it, something must be done more far-reaching and effective than ever has been in the way of legislation."

Now then as to remedies. First and foremost FOREST AND STREAM'S platform plank: Stop the sale of game. Second, have the open season for all kinds of game the same date; have its close the same. Third, limit each sportsman to one moose, or one deer, or one caribou for the season. Fourth, make it an offense, under penalty of seizure and confiscation, for any one to carry rifle or shotgun into the woods during close season. J. W. B.

In New Jersey.

ASBURY PARK, N. J.—Advices from the game quarters of this (Monmouth) county are most encouraging. I am in receipt of a letter from a friend, who writes: "Be sure and come on the first day, which is Nov. 10; I have plenty of quail and more than enough rabbits on my grounds." Perforce I will lay aside my work and make a ten days' trip through old Monmouth covers, and will report what I find to our paper, FOREST AND STREAM.

LEONARD HULIT.

The Arkansas Outlook.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Oct. 27.—The weather is too warm and cover too heavy for quail shooting. A big flight of ducks passed South last Friday, few remaining with us. In November and December we shall have plenty of sport.

J. W. IRWIN.

Quail Around Omaha.

OMAHA, Neb., Oct. 28.—Quail are quite plentiful this fall in the Missouri valley. With a few hard frosts to lay the weeds and thin out the leaves, there will be good sport to be had near this city.

W. D. KENYON.

Sea and River Fishing.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XX.—First Sergt. Frank Neaville.

THE snow had left the south side of the hills and there were evidences of spring overhead and underfoot when I parted with Antoine, he to visit some friends up the river and I to settle down in Potosi to a civilized life. To get shaved again, to sleep in a bed and renew acquaintance with a potato after a winter in the woods, was an agreeable change. Few men who have once lived the life of a hunter and trapper ever care more for civilization than to keep on its outside edge, and they move on as it drives them to seek new fields. I imagine such men find it dull in summer, for they are seldom reading men, and when fur is not in season their lives must be monotonous. I soon dropped into my old way of life in the quaint little mining village of Potosi.

"Goin' a-fishin'?" asked Frank Neaville, as he saw me selecting some fishing tackle in one of the stores. "Henry has a new boat and he's goin' to take it down to the landing soon, maybe you can get him to go to-morrow; you know he's always ready for a fish or a hunt, no matter what's goin' on."

We walked down to the hotel kept by the father of these boys and found Henry in the back yard putting a painter into a ring in the bow of a new boat and making a neat eye-splice in it, for Henry could do many such things when he chose. "Hello, Henry!" said I, "you've got a nice sharpie there, but in our talks since I came down from the Bad Ax you haven't mentioned it."

"What's that name you called the boat?"

"A sharpie. What do you call it?"

"I call it a skiff, and it is a skiff; sharpie is some of your New York language, I suppose; did you ever hear of a skiff?"

"Yes, and they are two different boats in the New York language, but we won't fight about that. I want to go fishing to-morrow, and if you want to try the new shar—skiff, I mean, just fill her full of water to swell the seams and get her on the wagon in the morning, that's all."

Frank called attention to the fact that there was room for three, and intimated that he would go if his company was earnestly desired.

"Frank," replied his brother, "you know that you're the durn'dest fool in a boat that lives in Wisconsin. Last year you upset us when we were coming down Swift Sloo by grabbing a branch to look after some wounded bird and we had to stop all night on the island and be eaten by mosquitoes because Fred's rifle was in the bottom of the sloo. We don't want any more of that funny business and you had better stay home." Then turning to me, Henry explained: "Frank's all right to weigh out sugar and coffee in a grocery and he can figure up how many papers of tacks would balance a pound of nails, but you had a sample of him last year; he hasn't got good, sound sense, like a mule, for a mule can take care of himself any time and wouldn't dump us all in the drink to look at a pelican. If you can stand him, all right, I won't object."

Then it was Frank's innings. He was the younger but larger of the two, and he replied: "Henry is the bright boy of the family, and very few families have more than one bright boy, if they're so fortunate as to have even one. He is the oldest and there are several little fellows growing up, and if I'm not as brilliant as Henry I can't help it, but I hope some of the little fellows may come near his high standard. I don't want to go if I'm not wanted." And he turned off and went into the house.

This was the first time that I had seen Frank resent Henry's good-natured chaff, and I hurried after him and brought him back. Said I: "Henry, I want Frank to go with us, and, confound you, you want him to go, but your temptation to roast him over that upset is fun for you, but Frank doesn't like it. As a student of Shakespeare, you will remember that somewhere he says that a joke requires a good listener, or something of the kind, to make it go. Frank thinks you are bearing too hard on him for his mistake and it's time to let up."

Henry laughed and said: "Frank never knows a joke when he hears it; wouldn't know one if he found it in his soup. That thing of Shakespeare's just fits him; he said something about a joke being lost in the ears of some men, I cant recall it now.*

"Of course, if Frank wants to go fishing with us, all right, I've no objection, and in fact would like to have him go; but since the time when we slept out on the island I have gone fishing a dozen times and he has never asked to go. I think he likes your company. Come along, Frank, I only wanted to knock a little fun out of you and you go off mad." Frank winked at me; he was not angry the least bit, but this was his joke on his brother.

In the morning we walked behind the wagon which carried the boat to the river, for it had a load of lead. I took my rifle along because I wanted some meat either of duck or hog, or both. As related in my sketch of Henry four weeks ago, there were hogs on the islands and I had bought an interest in them. I also had several cane "poles," as we called them, and loaned one to each of the boys. I was inclined to be a "dude" sportsman in that early day, if we interpret that abused term to mean a man who likes to own the best things that he can get and who will pay a quarter of a dollar for a light natural cane in preference to using a heavy sapling cut in the woods to be thrown away after using. In fact, I would to-day, if not then, rather be a "Sunberry Fisher" than his opposite. The London *Punch* created "Ye Sunberry Fisher" many years ago, and in order that a generation which has grown up since its publication may know just what kind of a fisherman he was I copy from my scrap book the poem from *Punch* and send it to the editor, who may possibly think fit to print it. In these days of game hogs and of men who fish for count and brag, I say with due deliberation and with full knowledge of the ridicule to which a man with fine fishing tackle is subjected if he is unsuccessful in a day's fishing, that I would rather be in his place and own tackle to be proud of than to be the proverbial boy with an alder pole, a "letter in the post-office," and a big string of trout.

With the man who loves fishing for itself and not for the fish, the capture of a record-breaking string is of no consequence. The old story of the "funny man" catches the popular fancy. To-day when I fish for trout I use a rod which cost $35, and it is worth every cent of it. My reel, line and book of flies cost as much more, and on a trout stream there is no bare-footed farmer's boy with his alder pole and worm who can, day after day, take more trout than I or thousands of other anglers can. He might on an odd day where he knew all the trout holes—but not as a rule. And if he did? Still I say: I would prefer to be the Sunberry Fisher who "caught nothing at all," for why do we prefer a gold watch to a silver one? It may keep no better time. We like elegant harness on our horses, but they pull the carriage no better than if tied to it with bits of rope! Now you young anglers can see just what I mean. There is pleasure to the sportsman in cleaning and caring for his rod or gun; he has a feeling of companionship for it—he gets to love it for the memories it brings, and to throw it aside after a fishing or shooting trip would be base ingratitude. There is a high and noble affection for old companions in the forest and on the stream, and the man who truly loves the sport for sport's sake, and not for the amount of meat he gets, cherishes the implements which aided him. Even a savage will ornament his pipe and his war club—but my pen is straying again and has led me off from the story of this particular fishing trip. Let it go; the editor will probably "blue pencil" all the extraneous matter, and so we get back to the mouth of Grant River, Wis., in the spring of 1856, with the Neaville boys.

Henry watched the boat after it was launched and seemed satisfied with its balance in the water, and we rowed off to one of the islands which are so numerous along the great Mississippi at this point. When we pulled up on the island Henry asked: "Where do you want to fish? Here you can get swift water or still water, just as you want it." A bend where water plants were just struggling to get to the top of the water caught my eye, and it looked like a good spot for pike, so I replied, "I've got some small minnow hooks, and if we stop right here and get about fifty small fish, we may get some good pike over in that bend among the weeds. The result was similar to that recorded in sketch IX., "The Brockway Boys." Skittering for pike or pickerel was a new thing, and all new methods are distrusted. The old woman who saw a patent machine for milking cows looked at it and declared, "The old-fashioned way is the best;" and in this case she was right. Henry did not say a word against it, but, like William Brockway, he thought there might be a thing or two that he had not learned, but Frank said:

"When you put one of these little fish on your hook, and let it down in the water where the big fish live, you may get one; but to 'skitter' a little fish over the surface and scare all the big ones below looks like foolishness, but if you say it's a good plan we'll try it. Mother will expect some fish for breakfast, and I want to go over in a tree top and get some crappies. I don't want to go back without a thing."

Henry had listened to all this, and after some deliberation said: "Let's land Frank in a tree top, and then go over and try for the pike. Mother can't have any of our fish for breakfast to-morrow, because we've got provisions for two days and we propose to stay and eat 'em up if Frank doesn't see another wounded pelican and upset the boat. Yes, Frank, you get in that tree top and fish for crappies, and we'll stop and get you day after to-morrow. We'll leave you grub enough, and there's a good big limb to straddle, so you'll be comfortable until we come back. The mosquitoes are not out yet, and you'll be very happy. If the limb gets to be uncomfortable, you can change and sit on it side-saddle fashion."

Frank looked at me and asked: "Are you going to stay out to-night and not go home until Saturday morning?"

"That was our arrangement and I thought you understood it; when the axe was put in the wagon you asked what it was for and Henry told you it was to cut wood for camp, and we would not need a fire if we were going home to-night; I'm sorry if—"

"No, don't be sorry about me, I'll stay out as long as any of you if you'll only make Henry let up about that accident last summer. If he doesn't stop it I'll duck him again when I can do it without wetting you. Every man, woman and child in Potosi knows about that upset of the boat and that's enough. I don't care about it since I said I was sorry, but all winter, while you were away, he would grin as he passed me and quote from Byron:

"Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave;
Then some leap'd overboard with fearful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave."

"He used to spout that in school and he thought it would annoy me, but it didn't—well, not as much as he thought it did."

Frank was more sensitive to Henry's exasperating nagging than he would own. It was not so much Henry's quotation from Don Juan as the "grin" which accompanied it, and by constant repetition Frank had become sensitive, as "the touched needle trembles at the pole," and this sort of thing is not conducive to congenial fishing. I told Frank that Henry would find some other outlet for his humor. When Henry came back with some minnows, after we had landed, I took him one side and Frank's peace of mind about the upset was undisturbed afterward.

We caught some minnows and skittered for pike, or "pickerel," as we called them in New York, and took six or seven that day—fish that would weigh from 3 to 6lbs. We had no reels, we weren't up to that in those days, but we had a ring on the top of the rod and gave line, or hauled in through it. Once Frank struck a big one. He yelled: "Come and help me! He'll get away! The line is cutting my hand," etc., and I took his coat-tail in my palm and checked the fish. When it was safe in the boat Frank drew a long breath and said: "Well, I'll be durned if that fish won't weigh 20lbs. If you hadn't helped me he would have broken something or I would have been pulled overboard. Yes, by Jing! He'll weigh 25lbs.!"

My own estimate was that the pike might weigh about 10lbs., but what was the use of putting a damper on the boy's enthusiasm? My new mode of skittering a minnow on the surface had won, his skepticism had vanished, and it was a triumph for both. We went ashore, rolled a log down to the water and dug out a basin behind it, where our fish could be kept alive, their splashings in the water serving to circulate it through the small openings at each end of the log; for we didn't want to kill our game until we started for home.

The day was a fine one and the fishing was fair for those days; it would be called excellent, grand, to-day, and considering the high state of the river we did well. The bend where we fished was comparatively still water, just the place for pike, which prefer quiet nooks and ponds and avoids the quick waters. The geese had passed North, and so had the great bodies of swans and pelicans; but to our surprise a small flock of sandhill cranes went over us, high in the air and glistening in the sun. Most likely the last flock of the season. Frank called attention to them and wondered what they were.

"Sandhill cranes," said Henry.

Frank grinned and replied: "I never saw such a fellow to know everything as Henry is. That flock of birds are too high up to see their shape and he'll tell you just what they are. He thinks he can play anything on me. What do you think they are?"

"Just as Henry named them. Henry is more of a hunter, naturalist, or whatever you are a mind to call him," said I. "He notices things which you don't see. Watch the flight of that flock. See! They all flap their wings in unison and then all stop at once and sail, seeming to follow the 'stroke oar.' Did you ever see any other birds do that?"

"I never noticed them. It is queer, though, how they all work together that way. Don't geese fly like that?"

"Oh, no; a goose is a heavy-bodied bird that couldn't sail a minute up there; it's hard work for a goose from the time it starts until it stops. If you watch the flight of different kinds of ducks and the way they flock you will soon be able to tell what they are. There goes a dozen mallards; see how differently they fly from the bluebills coming up behind them. I can't tell you the difference, but you can see it."

"Well, by jing! That's so. I thought all ducks flew alike. I can tell ducks from crows by the way they fly, but never noticed them as close as that. Henry, old boy! you know a heap more than people think you do; they haven't found you out yet."

Henry made no reply to this, but suggested that it was time to go ashore and make camp. It was quite a job to find a camping spot on the island. It had been well soaked in the spring freshets, and the lower leaves of the underbrush were covered with dried sediment where they had been submerged. Henry knew these islands well, and led us to a knoll near a pond which was dry in summer, but was filled now, and afforded a good feeding place for ducks. We had hauled the boat well up and tied it fast in case the river should rise in the night. We made a little bough house and a bed of dry leaves, made a pot of coffee and ate supper before dark.

As I remember the geography after an absence of forty years, it is some five or six miles from shore to shore near Potosi, the main channel of the river being on the Iowa side. On the Wisconsin shore the Grant River came in and there was a lot of wooded islands along there with channels of all degrees of swiftness between them. In the days of which I write the ducks congregated here in great numbers in spring and fall. We were well out and preferred to stay on the island than to row over to the main land. After supper I told Henry that I had never slept on any of these islands in duck time, and if he did not object we would not light our night fire until after dark, so that we could see the ducks come in. It was about half an hour before sundown, and some of the flocks began to arrive, and such a babel! The heavy mallards would come in, back wind with their wings and drop down with a splash, and then the loud-voiced females would raise a din. Swift bluebills and butterballs would rush over our heads, circle around and settle down. The swiftest of all ducks, the little green-winged teal, would suddenly appear from nowhere and splash down into the water without circling about, coming into it much as a

* We could not quote from memory. The sense of the thing had been retained, but the words would not come at call. What we were skirmishing around was the speech of Rosaline, in "Love's Labour's Lost," when she says:

"A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him who hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it."

A man with a keen sense of humor meets this truth—oh, so often!

stone would. The high-voiced widgeon, the bass of the frogs, the heavy quack of the mallard and the lighter one of the bluewing, which sounded like an echo, and the curious *burr!* of the bluebill made a concert to be remembered. The pond might have covered three acres, and 2,000 ducks, at least, rested on it that night. We did not try to shoot any, for we thought we could get what we wanted any time. After dark we lighted our fire, but it did not seem to disturb the ducks. Our talk was not heard in the racket they kept up, and we turned in on our bed of leaves. Frank said that several birds or flocks flew around our fire in the night, but Henry and I slept too soundly to hear them. Such life was new to Frank, and he didn't sleep much.

A rifle shot awoke me in the morning and there was a thundering sound of rising ducks. Henry had killed a mallard, and then the problem was to get the bird. The shore was soft black mud, deep and treacherous, and although the duck was not over 30ft. away, and stone dead, it was no easy matter to get it. Frank and I advised him not to attempt it, but he vowed he'd have that duck "if it took a leg." He began to gather driftwood, brush and limbs and threw them in to make a bridge, and as he was in earnest we helped him. When he thought his bridge was long enough, so that from its end he could reach the duck with a pole, he started. I whispered to Frank a caution not to speak to him, and we watched. The passage was a success; he reached his pole for the duck, something rolled and he was floundering in the mud. There was only a couple of inches of water where he was, and as he struggled he sank to his waist. We could not tell how much further he might sink if he struggled.

I called to him: "Don't move or you may go deeper; keep perfectly still and we'll get you out. Is there a grape-vine on this island?"

"Not a vine," said he, cool as a cucumber. "Take your time, I won't stir."

He was over 20ft. from sound footing, and we cut a sapling and shoved the end to him and pulled until he could hold on no longer. He let go so suddenly that we sat down. He had bent forward so that the mud covered his breast. Frank began to fear for his brother, but I had another plan. I cut a green cottonwood, or perhaps it was an aspen, which had a fork at about 25ft., and these two limbs were of an inch or more in diameter. These limbs I crossed and twisted, making a loop big enough to go over Henry's shoulders, and lashed them firmly together with strips of bark at several points. With this around him and the grip of his hands, together with the use of his legs, we pulled him to solid ground, the mud being plowed up by his shirt collar so that his clothing was filled inside and out. I remained to get breakfast, while Frank went with Henry over to the cleaner waters of the sloo, where he washed himself and his clothes, while Frank returned for breakfast for himself and brother. When we reached him his garments were all hung in the sun, but he was shivering, for the morning was cool. Frank gave him his trousers and sat in his drawers, and I loaned a coat.

After he got some hot coffee and breakfast he said: "The hogs gobbled all our fish last night, Frank's big pike and all," and we found it to be so. Hogs' tracks were numerous in and about our pool and portions of fish were scattered about. Frank said: "Well, I'll be durned! That pike would weigh about 40lbs., and was bigger than one Bill Patterson shot up in Grant River last fall."

"Yes," said Henry, "Bill's fish weighed 11¼lbs. on Mallet's scales; I saw it weighed, and if yours weighed 40lbs. there was a little difference of 28¾lbs.; not much, to be sure, but still a difference."

"Don't you think my fish was as big as Bill's?"

"Not quite," said Henry. "I think your pike would weigh nearly as much as his if you fed him half a dozen pounds of shot when no one was looking."

Frank appealed to me. I replied: "I am not as good a judge of the weights of fish as Henry is, and I didn't see Bill Patterson's pike. I am of the opinion, however, that if your fish was bigger than Bill's the scales would show that it weighed more, but as the hogs have eaten it there is nothing left but the memory of it, and you know that we can't weigh memory. Still I remember thinking at the time that your fish would go full 20lbs. if he had been left to grow for a few years."

"I see," said Frank; "if Henry was as wise as Daniel Webster he would know just as much. All right! We are three great sportsmen and have fished one day and shot a duck the next morning, and have only our memories to show for it. Not a scale nor a feather; 'though I s'pose Henry will count the duck he shot and the duck he had in the mud as two ducks, and both were lost. No; I'll be durned if we don't take home that mallard, for Henry said he'd get it or lose a leg. How's that, Henry, which leg will we take off if you don't get that duck?"

Henry was busy getting into his half-dried clothes and said: "Frank, you may have that duck."

We fished that day and shot ducks with my rifle in the evening, slept out next night and took home in the morning eight mallards and all the pike and crappies we could carry.

I regret that we cannot print portraits of these boys. I have daguerreotypes of them, taken in 1860, sent me by their younger brother, Carlos E. Neaville, now living at Brodhead, Wis. The photo-engraver says that they cannot be reproduced with any effect because of the lack of shadows. Henry was about 5ft. 6in., broad-shouldered; a long, oval face, with a profuse head of dark hair which came down to a point in the middle of his forehead. Frank, the younger, was larger. His forehead was broader and his ears were lower. What I mean by this is that my frequent comment on the picture of a man is: "There is much (or little) of his head above his ears." Just what ethnological value this has let others say. Frank did show evidences of the mercantile instinct, for Judge Seaton, now living in Potosi, speaks highly of him as an employee of his during the few years that he was a merchant. But Henry, he was the companionable fellow, no business for him if he could help it. He and I were alike in this respect. The woods and the streams were good enough for us, and the habits of their denizens were of more importance than dollars. What poet has ever written in praise of the slave to lucre? There I go again, off the track. A dollar is a big thing when you don't own one, it's like the boy who said, "Salt makes your potatoes taste bad when you don't put any on."

Once a drunken miner lost his purse in the streets of Potosi and Frank found Henry, John Nicholas, Frank and I were talking about it with the old postmaster, Mr. Kaltenbach, when the miner came up asking if anyone had found his money. "Yes," said Henry, "we found it. How much was there in it?" The man called Henry a thief and struck him. About the same instant Frank handed the miner one under the left jaw that paralyzed him. We took the man into Jo. Hall's livery stable and it took Dr. Gibson over an hour to bring him around. Henry scared Frank into thinking he had killed a man and Frank went over to Constable Darcy and gave himself up.

As the summer waned and the first chill days of September approached Frank asked me: "Did you ever eat a pawpaw?"

"No, what is a pawpaw?"

"They are a fine fruit and grow on a small tree. They are shaped like a cucumber and are like custard. There is a pawpaw grove down by the river. They'll be ripe now in a few days and we'll make up a party and go coon hunting. Coons like 'em and you can always start one in the pawpaws when they're ripe."

I had seen the trees when out after wild plums, which were plenty in that part of Wisconsin, and were large and excellent, but the pawpaws were merely wondered at and passed. I think there was a dozen in our party when we started for coons on a moonlight night. Except Frank and Henry, Charley Guyon, John Clark and Bill Patterson, the names are forgotten. Half a dozen dogs, some of no particular breed and others that seemed to be of all breeds mixed without regard to proportion, went along as a necessary part of the outfit.

I tasted my first pawpaw, but have yet to taste the second one. The others ate them with a relish. All I remember is that the fruit was shaped something like a banana, but shorter; and had the taste of a raw potato ground into a paste; its seeds were as large as a lima bean. Of course I might learn to like them, but Potosi boys acquired the taste in infancy.

Soon the dogs remarked that a coon had gone off, because it did not care to eat pawpaws while such a noisy crowd invaded the woods; for in hunting coons the more noise the better, as it puts them afoot, while if you are still they will squat on a limb at your approach. The coon soon treed and hid so that it could not be shot. John Clark's axe on one side and Henry Neaville's on the other soon dropped the tree and the dogs made a rush. We had a fire started to light up the conflict, but couldn't see a thing in that tree top but a mass of fighting dogs. Cheers and yells from the men encouraged the dogs. "Go in, Tige!" "Shake him up, Skip!" "Hang to him, Buster!" and such cries cheered on the dogs. "There's two of 'em!" yelled John Clark, as two knots of dogs were seen, but it turned out that one knot was merely a little scrapping of a couple of dogs among themselves, perhaps occasioned by one dog's jealousy of the other fellow. The coon broke away and ran up a limb, and a rifle ball dropped him. And then such a row! Every dog had hold of him, and a man had hold of every dog's tail, and each dog got a kick in the ribs to admonish him that a fallen foe should be respected. I thought of the old story: "Never strike a man when he is down," said Mulcahy. "Never," replied O'Hooligan; "just sock the boots to him."

The coon was not badly mangled after all this, the dogs were chewed up much worse. It reminded me of Corny Lannigan, one of my father's ship carpenters, when father said to him one morning: "Cornelius, you must have had some trouble last night; your eyes are blacked and your nose is all plastered over."

"Yes, Captain," said Corny, "there was a little misunderstanding, but you ought to go up to the hospital and see the other fellow," and I then remembered reading that the great General, Pyrrhus, once said: "Another such a victory and I am ruined."

Another coon was started, and was finally found in a tree by the water whose base had been so washed that it leaned out over Grant River. After lighting a fire and consulting as to the mode of attack, Frank offered to go up the leaning tree and shake the coon off, while the dogs were to be held so as to see him drop, and then be loosed to tackle him in the water. The plan worked well. The coon dropped at the first shake, and so did Frank. The dogs rushed in, but no man dared shoot, and after a short fight in the water and on the other shore the dogs came back and we went home.

"I tell you," said John Clark, "it takes an almighty good dog to whip an old he coon, and not one in a thousand can do it. Sometimes a little she coon will give a dozen such ornery dogs as we've got a good tussle and get away."

"Look a-here, John Clark," said Charley Guyon to his brother-in-law, "do you call my dog ornery?"* And so we talked on the way home.

In sketch No. XVI. I told how Frank and Henry went out with the Second Wisconsin Infantry, and both were killed in Virginia.

"Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."

FRED MATHER.

* "Ornery" in Wisconsinese for "ordinary," but has no such meaning. It implies baseness, it is a term of reproach. An "ornery cuss" means a low-down fellow, and an "ornery dog" is one of no possible account. If a man in New York should describe me as an ordinary man, he would hit it right; an every-day sort of man, not distinguished for anything in particular; but if a Wisconsin man stigmatises you as "ornery" he means another thing, and if he is not a corn-fed fellow you should "let go your left and follow it up with your right."

Will the correspondent who wrote of the Mather Wheelmen kindly send us his address.

A Stray Shinplaster

Comes to us once in a while for a copy of "Game Laws in Brief;" but shinplasters nowadays are scarcer than Moose in New York; and 25 cents in postage stamps will do just as well.

YE SUNBERRYE FYSHER.

"Ye Sunberrye Fysher" appeared in London *Punch* about 1875. We reprint it from a copy supplied by Mr. Mather, who writes: "He was a mighty good fellow, I believe, and I'd rather fish with him than with those who sneer at him. He had a mine of pleasure in his outfit which is unknown to the man who says: 'I can catch just as many trout with an alder pole as the dude can with a $10 pole.' These fellows always call a fine rod a pole."

Ye Sunberrye fysher uprose with ye day,
When ye meadows were sweet with ye smell,
And ye hedges were white with gossamere veils,
And ye gardens were livelie with slugs and with snails,
And ye birds did sing, and ye fyshe did leap,
And ye river was ollie with too much sleep;
Till glorious and golden the sun uprist,
And gentlie ye cheek of ye water kissed,
Which, modest and coy from its bed of rushes,
Sent forth a mist to hide its blushes,
A cold, gray mist; but it would not do,
For ye sun kissed ye mist and ye river too;
And crimson and rosie ye stream flowed on,
Crimson and rosie ye gray mist shone,
Redder and redder, higher and higher,
As if he had set ye Thames on fire.

Ye Sunberrye fysher to fyshe begins
For every fish that has scales and fins;
Nothing to him is out of its place—
Perch, eel, barbel, or bream, or dace,
Big-headed chub with crimson tails,
Red-eyed roach with their silverie scales,
Ravenous pike of fabulous weight,
Bleak and gudgeon, and minnow for bait;
Even a trout he would not despise,
If onlie a trout would happen to rise—
About as likelie, truth to declare,
As to rise a sturgeon in Sunberrye weir.

Ye Sunberrye fysher has all kinds of hooks,
In all kinds of boxes, in all kinds of books—
Limerick, Kendal, Kirby and Hammond—
All kinds of names by which fyshes are gammoned;
Broad and narrow, and oval, and round,
All sorts of shapes which ever were found.

Ye Sunberrye fysher has bait, live and dead,
Pellets of paste and pellets of bread;
Milk-white gentles, wriggling and fat,
Worms black and red, with tails spiral and flat,
Swivels and trimmers, and spinners and gorge,
Glass minnows, brass minnows, fresh from the forge,
And spoon-bait, of course, which—I mean no offense—
Ye fysher provides without any expense.

Ye Sunberrye fysher has flies of all feathers,
For all sorts of seasons, in all sorts of weathers:
Flies when ye springtime is blusterie and showerie,
Flies when ye summer is grassie and bowerie,
Flies when ye autumn is golden and grapie,
For hot weather, cold weather, mistie or rainie;
Red-spinner, Palmer, black-peacock and gray,
Yellow-dun, golden-dun, March-brown, and May,
Sand-fly and stone-fly, and alder and gnat,
Black midge and marlow bug—all round his hat.

Ye Sunberrye fysher has rods not a few,
Rods with a joint and rods with a screw,
Short top and stiff top, to spin and to troll,
Hollow butts, solid butts—rods in ye whole;
Twisted lines, spun lines, of hair, silk and twine,
Hair and gut casting lines, tapering and fine;
Double reels, single reels, quill float and cork.
Ye Sunberrye fysher is up to his work.

Ye Sunberrye fysher arose with ye day,
He fyshed and he fyshed when ye morning was gray;
He fyshed and he fyshed when ye noontide was frying,
He fyshed and he fyshed when ye evening was dying;
He bobbed and he jerked, he spun and he threw,
He tryed all ye dodges as ever he knew;
He fyshed till ye dews on ye river did fall—
Ye Sunberrye fysher caught nothing at all.

SMELT FISHING IN BOSTON HARBOR.

BOSTON, Oct. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Nowadays one meets a good many men with a short cane rod, a small basket, a pair of rubber boots and an old suit of clothes, and it's long odds that man is going or has been smelt fishing somewhere about Boston harbor, and for the purposes of that kind of sport all the waters adjacent to Dorchester, Quincy, Hull, Hingham and Nantasket come under the head of Boston harbor. It is great sport too, when smelt are plenty, as has been the case this season, and for several weeks the waters named have been thick with boats containing all the way from one to four fishermen. A friend told me that one day last week there were seventy boats out on the waters of Dorchester Bay from Thompson's Island up to the mouth of the Neponset River, and that same day that friend and a companion caught thirty-one dozen of the dainty little fish. A piece of luck came to me the other day in the shape of an invitation from Com. John N. Roberts to go down to his place on Peddick's Island, opposite Hull, and have a try at the smelts. I had been there before and knew all the charms of the place as well as the lavish hospitality of the owner.

Mr. Roberts is a sportsman from way back, an ex-commodore of the South Boston Yacht Club, a member of the Fish and Game Protective Association, and for many years chairman of the committee on the enforcement of the fish laws, in which he did excellent work, as I know, for I served with him. He was the first to obtain evidence and prosecute a party for illegally seining smelts, and it was his promptness in following up that case that put a stop to the practice for several years.

Formerly the Commodore designated his place "the shanty," but now it will have to be called "the cottage," in consequence of its enlarged and improved appearance. A large addition has been put on; the kitchen, dining room and chambers are models of neatness, and the beds are so comfortable that one is reluctant to leave them at the summons of the alarm clock, which was set for 4 o'clock the days I was there, as the Commodore is always on the fishing grounds with anchors down and everything ready for business by the time the sun is seen coming up out of the Atlantic in the vicinity of Minot's Light, as it looks to us. But to the fishing. There seemed

to be a scarcity of smelts just then. To be sure, we got what I was ready to call fair fishing, but it was tame compared to what they had enjoyed a week before. In fact, Capt. Seth Hartford, the Commodore's companion at the cottage, said it was very poor. That same Capt. Hartford, being a Provincetown man, is also an inbred fisherman and a very handy man to have around a camp. The Commodore went to the city to join a party of friends on a coon hunt in Middleboro, while I remained with Capt. Seth, who was always ready to go fishing whenever I desired. I made two trips to the island. We had all sorts of weather—too rough to go out one day and beautifully warm and pleasant the next—and altogether I put in some very enjoyable days; got some fish every time we went out; heard with satisfaction the Commodore's story of the coon hunt when they didn't get any coons, and came home with a firm determination to go again the next time I was asked. WILLIAM B. SMART.

VERMONT FISH COMMISSION.

COMMISSIONERS John W. Titcomb and Horace W. Bailey have submitted to the Vermont Legislature the thirteenth biennial report, ending with June 30, 1896. The document is illustrated with a set of the colored portraits of fishes prepared by Mr. F. S Denton, under the direction of Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, for the Pennsylvania Fish Commission; the plates were here supplied by the Vermont Fish and Game League.

The work of the hatchery shows for 1895 a planting of 195,000 brook trout. 210,000 lake trout. 35,000 rainbow trout; and for 1896 600,000 brook trout, 285,000 lake trout, 10,000 Von Behr trout.

In the spring of 1895 Hon. A. W. Hyde, of Sudbury, seined from Hinkum Pond 2.844 small-mouthed black bass and placed them in Lake Hortonia, with a loss of 68 fish. Of the 2,776 planted in good order one-third were 3 to 6in. long, one-third 6 to 8in. long, one-sixth 8 to 10in. long, one-sixth somewhat larger. He also took with rod and line 17 adult bass weighing from 1¼ to 2lbs., and planted in the larger lake. From Lake Champlain he purchased of a fisherman, under authority of the Commissioners, 111 adult bass and transported to Lake Hortonia. In the spring of 1896 Mr. Hyde took 506 bass from Hinkum, from 4 to 10in. in length, and planted them in Lake Hortonia. Hinkum Pond, the source of supply, was formerly inhabited by bullheads and perch. It was subsequently stocked with bass some years ago, but being of too small area for bass, the latter ate the smaller fish, exhausting their source of supply, and do not now grow to full size in the smaller pond. Hinkum Pond is for this reason used as a source of supply for stocking other waters. In the autumn of 1895 Ralph Garfield and others secured about 25 black bass from Wolcott Pond and planted them in Big Pond. These fish averaged about 1lb. in weight.

On May 27, 1896, F. H. Crandall, superintendent of the Burlington City Water Works, obtained from the Winooski River and planted in the city reservoir 88 wall-eyed pike.

April 26, 1895, Hon. Ira R. Allen and others obtained from Lake Champlain 110 wall-eyed pike, which they placed in Lake Bomoseen. In May, 1896, the same parties placed 58 wall-eyed pike in Lake Bomoseen from the same source.

The citizens of Berkshire and Franklin, being interested in the stocking of Franklin Pond, obtained from Lake Champlain adult wall-eyed pike to the number of 10 in the spring of 1895, and 52 in the spring of 1896.

With respect to other fishes handled by the Commission we quote from the report.

A table is given which shows fines and costs as paid by the offenders amount to about $2,000, with many cases pending in the county court. Violations are not increasing in number, although the table may indicate that more offenders have been brought to justice the past term than heretofore.

The case against Adalbert Bundy, who was arrested by Fish Warden Kipp with 244 short trout, has attracted considerable attention from the fact that Bundy was employed by several citizens of Hyde Park, who owned a private pond and wished to stock it by taking trout from the public waters of the State. The Commissioners have always maintained that, inasmuch as it was not lawful to use fish propagated at the State hatchery for the purpose of stocking private waters, and inasmuch as it was also unlawful for individuals to take fish less than 6in. long from public waters of the State, it is not proper or lawful to permit the taking of trout except of legal length and by lawful methods for the purpose of stocking private waters.

Referring to the case of State vs. Johnson and Waite, one justice refused to try the case. The accused plead guilty to catching 96 trout under 6in. in length and received a fine of only $5 and costs, or about one-hundredth part of maximum penalty. There were no extenuating circumstances in the case. The trial justice made the remark in court that "it is a very foolish law, but so long as it is on the statutes I suppose I must take notice of it."

The 6in. Trout Law.

The main argument in favor of a law placing a limit on trout as to length is in the fact that by thus protecting the small trout they have at least one opportunity to spawn and reproduce. This law is well observed by sportsmen throughout the State, although there are communities where sentiment is very generally opposed to the law, and where fishermen who fish for numbers rather than size, and regardless of sport, utterly disregard the law. It has its objectionable features in that the careless fisherman, not in sympathy with the law, will maintain that a small trout, once hooked, almost invariably dies. That this statement is not true may be substantiated by the fact that several thousand short trout were caught for stocking the breeding ponds at Roxbury, with no noticeable mortality as a result. Nearly all the New England States have followed the example of Vermont in placing a statutory limit upon the trout to be legally caught.

There has been a misunderstanding among many fishermen who were of the impression that it is legal to take trout of less than 6in. in length from public waters for stocking private waters. In cases of this kind the owners of the private waters have been allowed to restore the short trout to the public waters again without further action.

It is a notable fact that in communities where public sentiment upholds the law better fishing prevails than in more rural communities, where the fishing should be the best.

Sawdust.

It always has seemed strange that the farmers should oppose legislation against the pollution of streams, inasmuch as they individually suffer more than any other class of citizens. There are instances in various parts of the State where the riparian owners have secured injunctions against the pollution of the streams adjacent to their lands with sawdust during high water. A notable instance of the utility of such an injunction may be mentioned in connection with Moose River. This stream had been practically depleted of trout, but since the mill owners have begun to take care of their sawdust the trout have steadily increased from natural propagation with but little assistance from artificial propagation, and in spite of the fact that the stream has been fished almost daily during the open season. It is a notable fact that large mill owners, or those who operate most extensively, take care of their sawdust and refuse either by burning it or selling it. It is the smaller mills that do the most damage to the trout streams. [The Commission refuses to supply trout to sawdust-plagued streams.]

Landlocked Salmon.

This valuable variety of food and game fishes is not known to be indigenous to any of the lakes in Vermont. It is fast becoming one of the most popular varieties in Maine and New Hampshire, both as a food and game fish. Some years ago Lake Morey was stocked with them by the United States Fish Commission, and a few of good size have been caught there the past two seasons. In all probability the larger part of the salmon from the plants above referred to have escaped into ponds below Lake Morey, and thence into the Connecticut, and possibly some of them have returned into the ocean. In order to have some of the inland lakes of Vermont stocked with this valuable variety, Peacham Pond, or Onion River Pond, as it is properly named, has been stocked and closed by the Commissioners, the fish having been received from the United States Fish Commission and turned over to the State Commission before being deposited in the lake. It is designed that this lake shall be used as a source of supply for stocking other waters, if the first deposit proves a success. The United States Fish Commission will obtain spawn from the fish when mature for further work of propagation. It is not contemplated to keep Peacham Pond permanently closed, but simply long enough to give the salmon a foothold in the lake. After that time the lake will be restocked from time to time, by returning to it annually a portion of the fish produced from eggs previously taken from it and artificially hatched.

While these fish are naturally river spawners, it has been shown that they will spawn in lakes supplied by streams too small to admit of their use as spawning grounds. In such cases the salmon spawn on gravelly bottoms in the lake, very much like the lake trout. In such cases they select a spot where a spring bubbles up through the gravel. The brook trout of Caspian Lake have the same habit, as well as the brook trout of many other lakes not so well known.

In considering the suitability of our lakes for the introduction of the salmon, the question of fish food is of first importance, as it is in the attempt to increase the product of any water by the introduction of any other variety of fish. Many of our lakes are now well stocked with minnows. These make good food for the *salmonidæ*, but not so valuable as the smelt. State Fishculturist A. N. Cheney, of New York, recommends the round whitefish, called in New York frost fish.

Lake Trout in Lake Champlain.

To the older inhabitants of Vermont it will be recalled that Lake Champlain was once inhabited by lake trout, commonly called longe, and also Atlantic salmon, which entered Lake Champlain by way of the St. Lawrence and Richelieu rivers during their migratory period for the purpose of spawning, also that salmon entered the various rivers and tributaries to spawn. At that period the waters of the lake were undoubtedly colder than at present, and the condition of the rivers in which the fish spawned was also better. The water was not polluted with sawdust refuse or other sewerage; although the conditions have been much changed, the experiment has been made to restock the lake with lake trout, and in place of the Atlantic salmon, which is now prevented from entering the lake by dams and other obstructions, landlocked salmon have been introduced. Whether these fish will thrive and multiply is entirely an experimental question, which only time will decide. An occasional salmon has been taken in Lake Champlain. About one mile from Port Kent, N. Y., a salmon was taken which weighed about 12½lbs.; it was taken with a spear probably near the mouth of the Au Sable River. Hon. A. N. Cheney, fishculturist of New York, states that the fish above mentioned was probably a sea salmon from fry planted on the New York side of the lake; and the New York Fish Commissioner also states that a number of salmon were captured near Plattsburg, N. Y. He also makes mention of salmon being taken weighing 20lbs. The United States Fish Commission in 1894 planted 9,770 fingerling salmon under the direction of Mr. Cheney in some of the streams on the New York side of the lake. A lake trout weighing 15lbs. was taken on a smelt hook in Shelburne Bay, in April, 1895. Other trout are said to have been captured, of smaller size, but the reports have not been verified. These facts go to show that fish of the salmon family can still live in Lake Champlain, but it has not yet been proven that they can reproduce in sufficient numbers to make stocking of the lake a success. During the year 1895 the United States Fish Commission sent two shipments of fingerling steelhead trout to Lake Champlain from the station at St. Johnsbury. One consignment was planted in the vicinity of Isle La Motte, the other consignment around the reef off Colchester Point and Stave Island. The steelhead trout is indigenous to the waters of California, and resembles very much the salmon trout. It is believed that this variety will stand warmer water than ordinary lake trout. The steelheads above referred to were fingerlings of good size, and well able to take care of themselves.

The Rainbow Trout or California Trout.

Salmo irideus has been distributed to some extent with very satisfactory results. The Commissioners do not advise stocking natural trout waters with rainbow trout, but rather select streams which were formerly the natural haunt of the common brook trout, but in which the latter no longer thrives, owing to changed conditions which result in a warmer temperature of water than is agreeable to the speckled trout.

The lower and deeper waters of some of the large trout streams prove very acceptable to the rainbow variety. The cutting off of the forests has resulted in marked changes in the nature of many streams, and the rainbow may be the means of preserving the fishing in some of these streams. The following is an extract from a letter showing what the rainbow has done in four years:

"RANDOLPH, Vt., Aug. 24, 1896.—The rainbow trout that I put into Mad River four years ago have been heard from this season. I have heard of about twenty being caught, weighing from about 2 to 2½lbs. each.

J. E. ELDRIDGE."

Black Bass.

The law protecting black bass until June 15 was framed with especial reference to the spawning season of this fish. The bass protects its spawning beds and afterward its young. They do not leave their spawning beds in many instances before July 1. During the period of spawning the bass do not usually eat, but they are easily captured, because they will seize baited hooks dropped on their beds or dragged slowly over them, in an evident attempt to protect the latter.

As a matter of information, the following data are given respecting the size and weight of bass: A bass 10in. long weighs about 10oz.; 11in. long, 12oz.; 12½in. long, 14oz.; 17in. long, 3lbs. 1oz.; 19in. long, 4lbs. 2oz.

The figures will of course vary with the condition of the fish and in different waters, some bass being more stocky than others.

Pound Netting Disaster.

ASBURY PARK, N. J.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Ruin to some, financial embarrassment to all, is the story of the pound fishery of our coast for the season of 1896. Unheeding the advice of men of experience and opposing all law looking to the better condition of affairs, these men have persisted in their exterminating course until Nemesis has overtaken their affairs. Men who have heretofore been wealthy now stand with property assigned, or so badly in debt that years of hard work will be essential to their betterment of condition. Unmindful of the fact that fishes like chickens come home to roost, they have persisted in stripping the seas by their enormous nets of the early spawn-bearing fish, and against the warning of the men in the same pursuit off the coast of the Eastern States, they have used nets of so small a mesh that in the autumn the fingerlings of the season's hatching have been used as bait to entrap the fish of larger size. The extermination has been of the most pronounced type. In consequence the crews of the pounds have been discharged without their season's pay and have just cause to lament their employers' folly. Added to this condition of affairs the late heavy storms demolished every pound on the coast, causing a loss of at least $100,000 to the syndicate, for be it known the entire system of pound fishery of our coast is controlled by a trust, who fish and dictate terms to our legislators at their will. LEONARD HULIT.

A Trout Netter Fined.

DR. WILLETT KIDD, the fish and game protector, won another victory at Chester yesterday, and recovered the full penalty. The case was that of Stephen Garrison, an old guide, of Greenwood Lake, who was charged with netting a trout stream, Seeley's Creek. Garrison must pay $100, the usual penalty for such violation, besides costs of court. The waters of Seeley's Creek have been netted again and again by reckless violators along its banks. Dr. Kidd's victory will have a salutary effect upon them.—*Newburgh (N. Y.) Journal.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES

BENCH SHOWS

Dec. 1 to 4.—City of the Straits Kennel Club's local show, Detriot, Mich. R. H. Roberts, Sec'y.

Dec. 8 to 11.—Augusta, Ga.—Georgia Poultry and Pet Stock Association. J. W. Killingsworth, Sec'y.

Dec. 15 to 18.—Central Michigan Poultry and Pet Stock Association's show, Lansing, Mich. C. H. Crane, Sec'y.

1897.

Feb. 2 to 5.—New England Kennel Club's annual show, Boston.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 16.—National Fox Hunting Association's third annual trials, Bardstown, Ky. F. J. Hagan, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.

Nov. 20.—Thomasville, N. C.—Philadelphia Kennel Club's trials. Dr. Alexander Glass, Sec'y, 2125 Sansom street, Philadelphia.

Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Dec. 14.—Athens, Ala.—Dixie Red Fox Club's second annual trials J. H. Wallace, Sec'y, Huntsville, Ala.

1897.

Jan. 11.—Tupelo, Miss.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.

Jan. 18.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. winter trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

Nov. 3.—Carlisle, Ind.—Union Field Trials Club second annual trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

The Brooklyn Show.

MR. JAMES MORTIMER writes us that the first annual dog show of the Metropolitan Kennel Club, to be held in the old 13th Regiment Armory on Nov. 24 to 26, will have 140 classes provided, of which the open classes will have three prizes, $8. $4 and $3; while the challenge classes will have a prize of $3 to first, and a prize of $10 will be given to the best exhibit of four of a number of the more important breeds. Nearly all the specialty clubs have taken an active part in the contribution of cups and medals.

The judges are as follows, namely: Mastiffs and bloodhounds, Mr. H. W. Lacy, Boston; Great Danes and poodles, Mr. Charles D. Bernheimer, New York; St. Bernards and Newfoundlands, Mr. Alexander McKenzie Hughes, Brooklyn; Russian wolfhounds, deerhounds and greyhounds, Mr. H. W. Huntington, Brooklyn; pointers, Mr. Chas. Heath, Newark, N. J.; English foxhounds, English setters, Irish

setters and Gordon setters, Mr. John Brett, Closter, N. J.; Irish water spaniels, Clumber, field and cocker spaniels, Mr. A. Clinton Wilmerding, New York; beagles and American foxhounds, Mr. Herman F. Schellhass, Brooklyn; collies and sheep dogs, Mr. Jas. Watson, New York; bull dogs, Mr. E. K. Austin, New York; Boston terriers, Mr. C. F. Clarkson, New York; dachshunde, Mr. G. Muss-Arnolt, Tuckahoe, N. Y.; pugs, Yorkshire terriers, toy terriers, toy spaniels, Italian greyhounds and schipperkes, Mr. T. Farrer Rackham, East Orange, N. J.; bull terriers, fox terriers, Irish terriers, Scottish, Bedlington, Skye, Dandie Dinmont and Black and Tan terriers, Mr. T. S. Bellin, Albany, N. Y.

The club will open classes for any recognized breed of dogs not already classified in the premium list, provided there be not less than five entries of such breed. It will also make novice classes for any breed should there be three or more entries, and will divide by sex any breed for which but one class has been made, provided there be not less than five entries of each sex. The entry fee is $3. Entries close Nov. 16 with James Mortimer, Superintendent, Hempstead, L. I., to whom all checks must be made payable.

NEW ENGLAND BEAGLE CLUB'S TRIALS.

THE New England Beagle Club held its fourth annual field trials at Oxford, Mass., Nov. 2 to 6, and the meet was one of the most successful ever held in Massachusetts. The hotel accommodations and the hot lunches served in the field were all that could be desired. The beagles were well provided for, and each owner had a box stall for his hounds, so that it was not necessary to keep them on chain.

The judges were Charles Quynn and Bradford S. Turpin. They worked hard, as all judges must in such a country as Oxford, where the cover is heavy and the rabbits go quickly to earth. The awards were well received.

The entries were of a high order of merit, and the 13in. All-Age class was a particularly fine one. Most of the All-Age winners are well known from their work in former trials. The Futurity and Derby winners are all promising hounds and bred from the best field trial stock.

Among those present at the meet were: H. S. Joslin, O. F. Joslin, Geo. Appleby, Oxford, Mass.; Wm. Saxby, Ilion, N. Y.; Thos. Shallcross, Robert Hindle, Jr., Providence, R. I.; W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass.; C. J. Prouty, Scituate, Mass.; H. B. Tallman, Greene, R. I.; Herbert Merriam, Weston, Mass.; C. W. Quynn, Frederick, Md.; Geo. F. Reed, Barton, Vt.; G. A. Clark, Lowell, Mass.; Geo. E. Williams, Jr., Danvers, Mass.; Guy Whidden, A. D. Fiske, Worcester, Mass.; A. H. Morse, Quinnebaug, Conn.; H. W. Lacy, Boston, Mass.; E. C. Clark, Bradford S. Turpin, Roxbury, Mass.

The officers of the club were present throughout the week and did much to make the meet the success it was.

Monday.

The day was clear, but a stiff wind interfered with the sport. The judges measured the entries in the morning, and transferred Dixie R. to Class B and Drummer Boy to Class A. The Derby was the first stake run, and all the entries filled except Minnie and Whaler.

The Derby—13in. and Under.

First Series.

In the first series George F. Reed's b., w. and t. bitch Snifter R. D. (Wanderer—Triumph), handler, owner, ran with Mrs. A. H. Morse's b., w. and t. bitch Ida Novice (Clyde—Lady Novice), handler, A. H. Morse.

Wm. Saxby's w., b. and t. bitch Dime's Dolly (Clyde—Dime), handler, owner, with Awashonk Kennels' blue ticked bitch Trilless (Laick—Sweet Fern), handler, Thos. Shallcross.

W. E. Deane's w., b. and t. bitch Topsy Glenwood (Rove—Wenonah), handler, Thos. Shallcross, was to run with Howard Almy's b., w. and t. dog Clarionet (Clarion of Glenrose—Trill), but Clarionet failed to appear and was ruled out.

W. E. Deane's w., b. and t. dog Glenwood (Little Corporal—Frances), handler, Thos. Shallcross, drew the bye.

SNIFTER R. D.—IDA NOVICE.—They were put down in a brushy pasture on the Shepardson farm at 9:50. Neither was under control, and they were soon widely separated. Each holed a rabbit, and then with difficulty they were drawn together to a hot scent. Ida drove prettily, showing good nose and judgment, but Snifter would not hark, and took no part in the race. Up at 11.

DIME'S DOLLY—TRILLESS.—Cast off at 11:09 in a pasture. A rabbit was soon up and in the run Dolly caught two turns and Trill one. This rabbit was lost in a swamp, but another was soon afoot and Dolly drove well through the scrub oaks to a stone wall, leaving Trill far behind. Down 1 hour.

As Clarionet had not yet arrived, the bye was now run.

GLENWOOD.—Snifter was put down to run with him in the alder field near the Shepardson barn. Glenwood made a pretty run, but Snifter would not hark. Down 10 minutes.

The first brace of the 15in. Derby was next run and is reported below. This finished the field work for the day.

Annual Meeting.

President Joslin called the annual meeting to order at 8:15. Wm. Saxby, Ilion, N. Y., and H. F. Shellhass, Brooklyn, N. Y., were elected to membership. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, H. S Joslin; Vice-President, A. D. Fiske; Secretary-Treasurer, W. S. Clark; Executive Committee, Thos. Shallcross, C. J. Prouty. Adjourned.

Tuesday.

A fine hunting day. The Derby was finished and the All-Age 15in. class begun.

TOPSY GLENWOOD.—Clarionet, Topsy's running mate, was not at hand and was ruled out. Trilless was put down to run with Topsy. The latter was a babbler, very wild and unsteady, and Trilless was badly confused by her noisy rival. Down 30 minutes.

Second Series.

IDA NOVICE—GLENWOOD.—The race was a pretty one for some time. Then Glenwood took the back track in full cry and ruined his chances for winning. Down 25 minutes.

IDA NOVICE—DIME'S DOLLY.—Both were stylish, busy hunters, but Ida had the keener nose and was able to carry the trail where Dolly could not find it. A very pretty race in Ida's favor.

First prize was given to Ida Novice, second to Dime's Dolly, third to Trilless, and reserve to Glenwood. Ida also won A. D. Fiske's picture, "A Sporting Scene," and H. S. Joslin's pair of hunting boots, which were offered as special prizes.

The Derby—15 to 13in.

There were but three entries in the first series. George F. Reed's b., w. and t. bitch Scorcher (Wanderer—Triumph), handler, owner, ran with Awashonk Kennels' b., w. and t. dog Starlight (Zeno—Fanny Reed), handler, Thomas Shallcross.

H. S. Joslin's b., w. and t. dog Trick (Clyde—Lady Novice), handler, G. W. Appleby, drew the bye.

SCORCHER—STARLIGHT.—This brace ran several short, indecisive races, and were then put down one at a time and given a chance to show what they could do singly. Scorcher did not drive as well as Starlight, and was not under as good control.

TRICK.—Starlight was cast off with him, but was not quite as quick in catching a turn and was outfooted in a straight drive. Down 2 hours. Seven rabbits were run in this race.

First prize was given to Trick, second to Starlight, and third to Scorcher. W. S. Clark's special prize of a half dozen regulation bench chains was also won by Trick.

All-Age—15 to 13in.

The eight entries in this class ran in the first series as follows:

Geo. F. Reed's b., w. and t. bitch Nell R. (Ned—Haida), handler, owner, with Geo. A. Clark's cin. and w. dog Tweed (Jack—Fannie), handler, owner.

Awashonk Kennels' b., w. and t. dog Baronet (Daunter—Reckless), handler, Thos. Shallcross, with Wm. Saxby's b. tic. bitch Dime (Judge—Baby), handler, owner.

A. D. Fiske's w., b. and t. dog Phantom (Clyde—Brummy), handler, A. H. Morse, with H. S. Joslin's b. tic. dog Snyder III. (Snyder II.—Nancy), handler, Geo. Appleby.

Deane & Smith's b. tic. dog Drummer Boy (Rove—Wenonah), handler, Thos. Shallcross, with Geo. E. Williams, Jr.'s, w., b. and t. bitch Fannie (—— — ——), handler, owner.

NELL R.—TWEED.—The former was merry and stylish; the latter slow and indifferent. Three rabbits were run and Nell was an easy winner. Down at 2:27 and up at 4:20.

BARONET—DIME.—The latter won handily in a long chase. She was faster on a straight drive and quicker in catching the turn. Down at 4:29 and up at 4:55.

Wednesday.

A cloudy day and an excellent one for hunting.

PHANTOM—SNYDER III.—The latter was too slow for Phantom, and though true was outclassed. Down 30 minutes.

DRUMMER BOY—FANNIE.—Both were babblers and both ran heel during the race. Two rabbits were up and the beagles shifted from one to another. Fannie had the best of the heat, but was not thought good enough to go in the second series. Down 50 minutes.

Second Series.

BARONET—PHANTOM.—The first rabbit started by this brace was a "creeper," and could not be driven for any distance. The second, after running to a wall and being bolted, ran well and finally was put into the stone heap. The race was an even one, without advantage to either hound.

DIME—NELL R.—Both are snappy, quick workers, but Nell ran better than ever before, and won with something to spare. Down 24 minutes.

First prize was given to Nell R., second to Dime, third divided between Baronet and Phantom, and reserve given to Fannie. Nell R. also won a seven-shot revolver offered by W. E. Deane.

All-Age—13in. and Under.

But four entries in this stake filled, and in the first series Wm. Saxby's w., b. and t. bitch Bessie (Judge—Baby), handler, owner, ran with Awashonk Kennels' blue-ticked bitch Trilless (Laick—Sweet Fern), handler, Thos. Shallcross.

E. C. Cook's b., w. and t. bitch Dixie R. (—— — ——), handler, owner, with A. D. Fiske's w., b. and t. dog Blossom (Clyde—Brummy), handler, A. H. Morse.

BESSIE—TRILLESS.—The former was wild and under no control. After the rabbit was put up she used her eyes more than her nose. Trilless is a pretty little thing, and won the race without much difficulty.

DIXIE R.—BLOSSOM.—This brace ran a long, hard race, and finally drove the game to earth. Blossom was too fast for her competitor. Down 15 minutes.

Second Series.

DIXIE R.—TRILLESS.—This brace was put upon a rabbit which had been run to earth and dug out. Dixie gave a splendid exhibition of cold trailing, jumped the game, which had been given two minutes' law, and led in the longest race of the trials.

First prize was awarded to Blossom, second to Dixie R., third to Trilless, and reserve to Bessie. Two special prizes—Robert Hindle, Jr.'s, hunting coat and Henry Hanson's assorted package of Spratts dog medicines—were won by Blossom.

Champion Class—15 to 13in.

Geo. F. Reed's w., b. and t. bitch Nell R. (Ned—Haida), handler, owner, was the only entry. She made a pretty run and was awarded first prize and title of field champion.

Thursday.

A severe southeaster swept over New England and the rain put an end to field work for the day.

Friday.

A good hunting day. The Futurity stake was run off and proved very interesting. The trials were finished.

The Futurity.

There were six starters in the stake, and in the first series Joe Lewis's w., b. and t. dog Ringwood (Ringleader—Spinaway), handler, W. S. Clark, ran with A. D. Fiske's w., b. and t. dog Clyde II. (Clyde—Lady Novice), handler, A. H. Morse.

Awashonk Kennels' b., w. and t. dog Starlight (Zeno—Fannie Reed), handler, Thos. Shallcross, with George F. Reed's w., b. and t. bitch Scorcher (Wanderer—Triumph), handler, owner.

Geo. F. Reed's t. and w. bitch Mag R. (Zeno—Nell R.), handler, owner, with H. S. Joslin's b., w. and t. dog Trick (Clyde—Lady Novice), handler, Geo. Appleby.

RINGWOOD—CLYDE II.—They were an evenly matched brace in driving, but in hunting Clyde was the better. Down 35 minutes.

STARLIGHT—SCORCHER.—The latter ran in better form than he displayed at Hempstead, and won after a long, tiresome race. Six starts were made and five of the runs ended at the nearest burrow. The other gave an opportunity to judge the hounds, and Scorcher was found to be quicker on the turn and faster on a straight drive. Down 3 hours.

MAG R.—TRICK.—At first the former did some fast, beautiful work, while Trick was evidently having an off day and worked poorly. Then, at a loss, Mag grew tonguey and babbled here and there. Down 1 hour.

Second Series.

MAG R.—The judges thought it best to give Mag a chance to show what she could do alone. In a long race she drove prettily and holed her game. She was, however, too tonguey.

CLYDE II.—SCORCHER.—Scorcher's superior speed made him a winner over Clyde II., who is only 12in. in height. The little fellow ran well and in his proper class will make a good showing. Down 25 minutes.

STARLIGHT—TRICK.—The latter had the advantage in a long race, but neither hound did the best work of which he is capable.

SCORCHER—MAG R.—Merely a formal heat to comply with the rules.

First prize, $43.20, to Scorcher; second, $27, to Mag R.; third, $16.20, to Trick. To breeder of the winner, C. Staley Doub, $10.80; to N. E. B. C., $10.80. Total value of stake, $108.

Special Prizes.

Nell R. won $10 in gold offered by H. S. Joslin, and a box of cigars offered by Howard Almy, for best combination of speed and nose. She was also judged to be the most stylish worker, to have the best voice and to show the greatest sustained speed.

Wm. Saxby won the ribbon for most wonderful story told during the trials, with Geo. F. Reed, reserve.

Dixie R. won service of Baronet, offered by Awashonk Kennels for best trailer. She also took club special for best trailer.

Clyde and Blossom won the shipping crate offered by Thos. Shallcross for best brace of field beagles owned by one kennel.

Starlight won service of Harker, offered by Geo. F. Reed, for best marking his game to earth. He also carried off the gun case offered by Dawson & Co. for best 15in. beagle owned in Rhode Island.

Blossom won service of Laick's Roy, offered by C. O. Smith for best 13in. bitch.

Scorcher was judged to be the best starter, and Dime's Dolly the best Derby entry bred by owner. J. A. B.

UNION FIELD TRIALS CLUB'S TRIALS.

THERE were sixteen dogs entered in the All-Age stake, and thirteen started.

The winner of first, Awline Rex II. (Antonio—Columbia), owned by C. P. Mingst and handled by J. T. Mayfield, is a dog any sportsman ought to be proud of. His range and pace are first class. He uses good judgment in seeking birds, and very seldom comes in to handler. He maintains a uniform pace, is under good control. A great dog to go shooting over or win a field trial with.

Cracker Jack, placed second, is a liver-colored pointer (Lord of Rush—Cyclops), owned by J. L. Adams and handled by Blankenbaker. He hunted under a great disadvantage, owing to an accident to his foot. He, however, ran a game race.

Forzanda, black, white and tan, third, handled by J. H. Johnson, is a rapid worker; ranges and hunts with good judgment, but is somewhat inclined to do as he pleases.

Daisy Rip Rap ran a good race. She is a handsome pointer bitch of medium height, and very stylish on point. She was trained and handled by Tom Richards, and her owner, Mr. Richard Merrill, thought she deserved higher honors.

All-Age Stake.

Tuesday morning, about four miles from town, the first brace was called. Chance, an orange and white setter, owned by Mr. Churchill and handled by Mr. Blankenbaker, and Forzanda, described above, were put down in a big field. Chance started off at a gait which he very likely expected to maintain for a day at least. He is a pretty hunter and undoubtedly a good shooting dog. Forzanda ranged wide and fast, but not finding birds in 40 minutes they were taken up.

Anne of Abbotsford, black and white setter bitch, owned by Edw. A. Burdette and handled by Frank Richards, and Lady Peg II., liver and white pointer bitch, owned by Richard Merrill and handled by Tom Richards, were cast off in an open field heavy with ragweed. Both dogs showed good range and pace, but failed to find birds. Down 35 minutes.

Toney's Gale, black, white and tan English setter dog (Antonio—Nellie G.), J. H. Johnston, agent and handler, and Joe. Becker's black, white and tan English setter dog Mark, handled by Harvey, started out to try conclusions. Mark had cut his foot and did not go out at his accustomed pace, consequently Tony made rings around him. Tony went at an extraordinary pace, but was hard-headed. He started in by a false point, was lost from handler, and when discovered was hunting a subbie quite a distance away. Brought in, he made two more false points. Mark's handler now called point in a gully thickly grown up with weeds. Tony pointed same bevy, and was steady to shot. Mark broke shot. Sent in direction of scattered birds, Tony pointed new covey; steady to shot. Tony pointed single. Brace ordered up. Down 35 minutes.

Norris T. Harris's black, white and tan bitch Bonnie Bell (Thiers—Lillie B.), handled by Blankenbaker, and C. F. Hartmetz's cream and white bitch Columbia (Gath's Mark—Queen Blade), were put down on scattered birds, and the spectators were treated to a sight worth going to see. It was point, back, steady to wing and shot, both

dogs demonstrating that they were well broken, but lacked pace and range to get in the money.

After lunch Cracker Jack and Daisy Rip Rap were launched forth as usual in a big field covered with ragweed. Both dogs hunted wide and fast, perhaps a little in favor of Jack. After quite a run the judges discovered Jack on a point with Daisy backing, and right here is where the owner of Daisy takes issue with this statement, he claiming that Daisy found and pointed and that Jack came up and stole the point, but spectators who were within a few yards of the dogs say that such was not the case. Birds were flushed, but not followed. Jack, ordered on in opposite direction, pointed about 30yds. from his first point; his handler, thinking it was the trail of the bevy just flushed, took him by the collar and pulled him away. Jack took a cast to one side and came right back to same place and resumed his point. Blankenbaker then went back and flushed a covey of birds. This little act of Jack's won him many friends. Down 30 minutes.

Prince, black, white and tan dog, owned by N. T. Harris and handled by Blankenbaker, and Awline Rex II. were next. Rex soon demonstrated he was not an ordinary dog. Prince might have shown up better if he had not been in such hot company. After drawing two big fields blank the judges ordered the handlers to work south. Mayfield replied that Rex was working on birds and if given a few seconds' time would locate them, which he did 100yds. in the woods in fine style. A few more points by Rex and the brace was ordered up. Down 30 minutes.

Cincinnatus Pride, black, white and tan setter, owned by Edw. A. Burdette and handled by Frank Richards, and Forzanda were now put in a field to show their pace and range. Pride is a beautiful dog, is a great bench winner, is of good size, evenly marked, and in the pink of condition. His owner evidently believes that a dog can be a field trial dog and a bench winner too, as he has entered Pride in other trials. With more work Pride will very likely push to the front. He made a point on covey and was steady. Forzanda made two points on singles. Down 38 minutes.

Columbia and Lady Peg after running thirty-two minutes were ordered up, neither having shown merit enough to win. Toney's Gale and Anne of Abbotsford went their usual rapid gait. Toney, after repeatedly false pointing and disobedience, was ordered out of the race, and Anne given a trial on some scattered birds, where she dispelled all chances of winning. With more handling she will be a good dog.

Wednesday morning Cracker Jack and Rex II. came together. In very heavy cover Jack acted a little unruly, finding a bevy and not standing as stanchly as was his wont. Drawing a large field blank, Rex jumped the fence and pointed a bevy stanchly, then moved and pointed again. The birds were evidently running. Jack pointed the same bevy from the opposite side. Down 20 minutes.

Pride and Daisy Rip Rap were the last brace called. In orchard Daisy was found pointing, with Pride backing.

Heavy growth of grass and weeds hindered dogs from doing good work on scattered birds.

Across the fence Daisy pointed a rabbit, backed by Pride. Circling in woods, Frank Richards called point as some birds flushed out of briers. The dogs were now worked toward the road, and not finding any more birds were ordered up and the trials declared ended.

The secretary was handed the decision of the judges and posted the same on blackboard at hotel.

In conclusion, I will say that the hotel accommodations were very good, plenty of horses, reasonable charges, and a clever lot of people.

First, Awline Rex II. (setter); second, Cracker Jack (pointer); third, Forzanda (setter); fourth, Daisy Rip Rap (pointer). X.

Union Field Trials Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Nov. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A meeting of the members of the Union Field Trials Club was held at Carlisle, Ind., Tuesday evening, Oct. 27, with the President, Mr. Norvin T. Harris, in the chair, and the following named officers and members present: Vice-Presidents Royal Robinson, J. L. Adams and Richard Merrill, and S. H Snowell, Joseph T. Akin, G. T. Kerr, Charles Fox and P. T. Madison, Secretary.

The inaugural trials proving so successful, the club decided to hold trials again next year at Carlisle, beginning Monday, Nov. 8, at which two stakes will be run: First, a Derby for all pointers and setters born on or after Jan. 1, 1896; second, an All-Age stake open to all pointers and setters that have never won a first prize in an all-age stake in any recognized field trials in America.

The forfeits in each stake will be $5, with $10 to start. After deducting the actual expenses the balance will be divided 40 per cent. to first, 30 per cent. to second, 20 per cent. to third, 10 per cent. to fourth.

The entries to the Derby will close Sept. 1, and to the All-Age stake Oct. 1. In former years objections to trials in Indiana have been raised on account of the small fields and the early date selected for holding the trials; the date now chosen (Nov. 8) and the location (Carlisle) overcome these objections, as the date will enable handlers to get their puppies ready; and the grounds are not surpassed by any in America, as the fields are large enough to test the range of any dog that ever started in a field trial.

The Union Field Trials Club is entirely social in its character, there being no membership fee or annual dues. Gentlemen desiring to become members can do so by having a club member present their names to the secretary.

All the officers, members and judges serve without compensation, and it remains with the dog owners and handlers to make the prizes as large as they wish.

The following named new members were admitted at this meeting: George D. Maxfield, of Indianapolis, recommended by Mr. G. T. Kerr; N. T. De Pauw, C. W. De Pauw, New Albany, Ind., Peter Lee Atherton, S. P. Jones and W. C. Churchill, Louisville, Ky., recommended by Mr. Norvin T. Harris; Allen Huston, Louisville, Ky., recommended by Mr. J. L. Adams.

P. T. MADISON, Sec'y-Treas.

In our advertising columns the Metropolitan Kennel Club announces its first bench show, under the skillful management of Mr. James Mortimer. The premium list is now ready for distribution.

Central Beagle Club.

SHARPSBURG, Pa., Oct. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following entries were placed in nomination for the first annual field trial of the Central Beagle Club, to be held at Waynesburg, Pa., commencing Nov. 10:

Derby—Class A.

For dogs and bitches 15 and over 13in., whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1895:

Theodore Boiljes's b., w. and t. bitch Lady (Driver—Topsy).

D. F. Summers's b., w. and t. bitch Miney S. (Clover—Lucy S.).

D. F. Summers's b., w. and t. bitch Bella S. (Clover—Lucy S.).

D. F. Summers's b., w. and t. bitch Summers's Fly (Clover—Lucy S.).

Derby—Class B.

For dogs and bitches 13in. and under, whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1895:

A. C. Peterson's b., w. and t. dog McKinley (champion Frank Forest—champion Snow).

Dr. S. W. Hartt's b., w. and t. bitch Madge (Streamer—Blossom).

Open—Class C.

For dogs and bitches, all ages, 15 and over 13in., that have not been placed first in any all-age class in field trials:

James McAleer's t., b. and w. bitch Pannic (Doc—Peg).

James McAleer's b., w. and t. bitch Kitty S. (champion Roudy—Music).

D. F. Summers's b., w. and t. bitch Lucy S. (Frank—Jip).

Dr. S. W. Hartt's b., w. and t. bitch Birdie S. (Spotty T.—Judy W.).

Frank Gollie's b., w. and t. dog Doc Weller (Dick Weller—Belva Loackwood).

A. C. Peterson's t. and b. dog Sailer (Royal Forest—Beauty C.).

Dr. George Gladden's b., w. and t. dog Ramroad (Black Joe—Flora).

Open—Class D.

For dogs and bitches of all ages, 13in. and under, that have not been placed first in any all-age class in field trials:

J. W. Simpson's b., w. and t. bitch Judy S. (Jack—Zoe Reed).

Dr. S. W. Hartt's b., w. and t. bitch Blossom (Spotty T. —Judy W.).

L. O. Seidel's b., w. and t. bitch Mollie Dean (Sam—Baby Dean).

Open—Class G.

For Bassets and dachshunds, dogs and bitches, all ages, 15in. and under, that have not been placed first in any field trials:

L. O Seidel's liv. and t. dog Jay S. (Jay—Princess).

C. Klocke's red dog Bismarck K. (Jay S.—Lovely K.).

C. Stearn's tan bitch Flora S. (Jay S.—Flora K.).

Continental F. T. C.'s All-Age Stake.

THE entries to the All-Age Stake number twenty-three, of which nine are pointers:

ROD'S CHAFF—Del Monte Kennels' b., w. and t. setter dog (Roderigo—Gladstone's Girl).

GLEAM'S RUTH—Manchester Kennel Co.'s b., w. and t. setter bitch (Count Gladstone—Gleam's Maud).

NOBLE LEO—A. L. Shonfield's b., w. and t. setter dog (King Leo—Minnie T.).

TONY'S GALE—R. V. Fox's b., w. and t. setter dog (Antonio—Nellie G).

FORZANDO—R. V. Fox's b., w. and t. setter dog (Gath's Mark—Countess Rush).

ANTON GLADSTONE—J. D. Poston & Co.'s b., w. and t. setter dog (Antonio—Florence Gladstone).

NABOB—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' b. and w. pointer dog (Rip Rap—Dolly D.).

INDIA—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' l. and w. pointer bitch (Rip Rap—Dolly D.).

FAIRY KENT—Paul H. Gotzian's l. and w. pointer bitch (Lad of Beaufort—Daisy V. Kent).

MARIE'S SPORT—H. B. Ledbetter's b., w. and t. setter dog (Gleam's Sport—Marie Avent).

HARROLD SKIMPOLE—W. H. Beazell's b., w. and t. setter dog (Whyte B.—Nettie Bevan).

HARWICK—H. R. Edwards's b., w. and t. setter dog (Topsy's Rod—Opal).

HARVARD—H. R. Edwards's c. and w. setter dog (Dan Burges— ———).

VIRGINIA—H. K. Devereux's liv. and w. pointer bitch (Little Ned—Pearl's Dot).

DAME DURDEN—H. S. Bevan's b., w. and t. setter bitch (Eugene T.—Dell Rivers).

SISTER SUE—N. B. Nesbitt's (Agt.) liv. and w. pointer bitch (Jingo—Rooney).

ARAPAHOE—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. setter dog (Eugene T.—Maiden Mine).

VON GULL—D. E. Rose's (Agt.) liv. and w. pointer dog (Kent Elgin— ———).

DOMINO—D. E. Rose's (Agt.) b., w. and t. setter dog (Antonio— ———).

FIREFLY—J. S. Crane's liv. and w. pointer bitch (Rip Rap—Clipaway II.).

GEO. CROXTETH—W. D. Henry's liv. and w. pointer dog (——— —— ———).

CRACKER JACK—J. L. Adams's l. pointer dog (Lad of Rush— ———).

ÆOLIA'S REX II.—C. P. Mingst's b. and w. setter dog (Antonio—Columbia). P. T. MADISON, Sec'y-Treas.

Western Massachusetts Fox Club.

THE ninth annual hunt will be held at Westfield, Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 11 and 12. The hunters' horn will sound at 5 o'clock on Wednesday morning for breakfast. At 6 o'clock carriages will be ready at the Park Square Hotel to carry the hunters to the grounds.

The annual club dinner will be served to members and guests at Beethoven Hall, Parks' Block, at 6:30 o'clock on the evening of the first day's hunt.

C. M. GOODNOW, Sec'y.

WESTFIELD, MASS.

Dogs in the City.

COMMISSIONER WARING, of the Street Cleaning Department, New York, took the initiative about a year ago against dogs running at large, with the result that recently the Board of Health passed a resolution which may be the beginning of a legal restriction compelling owners to keep their dogs on their own premises:

"*Whereas*, Complaints have been received from physicians and citizens in respect to the defilement of the sidewalks and streets of the built-up portions of this city by dogs, and dogs led and running at large, as well as the danger to life and health from the bite of dogs, and urging this board to take such action as may be necessary to abate the alleged nuisance; therefore

"*Resolved*, That the sanitary committee be requested to give due consideration to this subject, and to report whether in its opinion the uncleanliness of the sidewalks and streets is of sufficient importance to require the action of this board and the adoption of an ordinance requiring that dogs be kept upon and within the premises of their owners, and not be allowed to run at large upon the public streets and sidewalks, or to be led in any public street, without a permit from this department."

Mange Cure.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Oct. 27.—I heard recently of a cure for mange in dogs that I thought might be of benefit to brother sportsmen and worth trying. Two of my sporting friends here have tried it and they claim it a sure shot. They take the hot blood of any animal, obtaining it at the slaughter houses, and rub it into the dog's hair thoroughly, and let it dry on him for an hour, when they give him a bath, repeating the application twice or three times three or four days apart, and in less than three weeks the dog has a beautiful new coat of hair.

Clement Schaer has a dog that was given him by our mutual friend Jacques, of Buffalo, that he sometimes leaves at home when going to his business, and he will telephone his wife to put the dog upon a table where the trumpet will reach the dog's ear. Calling to him, the dog instantly recognizes his voice and jumps from the table and whines to be let out. Mrs. S. opening the door out goes Jack and makes a bee line for the office, ten blocks away, as fast as his legs will carry him, much to Schaer's satisfaction on showing this dog's trick to friends.

J. T. IRWIN.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Mr. James L. Little, Sec'y of the Bench Show Committee of the New England Kennel Club, informs us that the club claims the dates Feb. 2 to 5, 1897, for its bench show, which will be held in Mechanics Hall, Boston, and that Spratts Patent will feed and Mr. Oldham superintend it.

The *British Fancier* closed its journalistic career about the middle of last month. Though a bright and readable journal, of value to fanciers, it failed to win the support so essential to existence.

Our correspondent X. corrects an error as follows: "In my report of the heat between Rod's Gladstone and Ripple, Union Field Trials Club's Derby, your types make me say 'ten fields were drawn blank'—it should be two fields."

At the adjourned meeting of the Advisory Committee, held in the A. K. C. office on Oct. 2, the Metropolitan Kennel Club and the Butterfly Bench Show Association were admitted to membership. The Code of Procedure of the Pacific Advisory Board was adopted, which is a set of rules governing the actions of that body as a subsidiary body of the A. K. C.

The *Collie Club Chronicle* mentions the addition of three more members to the Collie Club, namely, Dr. A. F. Webster, Messrs. J. E. De Puyster and C. M. Thompson. The Lottery and Futurity Stakes will be left open till the next issue of the *Chronicle*.

In our advertising columns H. B. Vondersmith, Lancaster, Pa., offers setters. The Fashion Kennels, Hawarden, Ia., offer bull terrier pups. H. L. Kreuder, Nanuet, N. Y., offers beagles. P. O. Box 1814, Philadelphia, wants setter dog. Trainer, care FOREST AND STREAM, wants position. George L. Barnes, Otis, Mass., offers beagles. J. G. Morris, Easton, Md., offers Chesapeakes. Pacific Coast Kennels, Smithville Flats, N. Y., offer setters, pointers and foxhounds. Donald Cameron, Hillsboro, N. C., offers to train and board dogs. J. S. Paul, Waterville, Me., wants pointer puppy. Charles R. Coombs, Belfast, Me., wants Irish setter puppy. Muckross Kennels, Springfield, Vt., offer trained beagle bitch.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

Which Wheel Goes Furthest?

A SUBJECT which is sure to provoke discussion among wheelmen, and to find ready advocates for both sides of the argument, is that of which wheel of a bicycle makes the greatest number of revolutions in going a certain distance, or, in other words, which wheel goes furthest?

Many riders argue that the rear wheel covers the most ground, because the propelling force is applied directly to that wheel, and slipping or lost motion allow it more revolutions than are taken by the front wheel. These men adduce as proof of the correctness of their deductions the fact that carefully registered cyclometers placed on both wheels show a margin in favor of the rear wheel.

But they overlook the fact that this result is due to an entirely different cause, which is that the rear wheel for all practical purposes is smaller than the front wheel, owing to the fact that most of the weight of the rider is carried on it, and the tires therefore flattened out and their periphery reduced.

When riding, the front wheel turns in larger circles than the rear wheel, and consequently must cover more ground.

BEFORE TAKING A RIDE.

WHEN a new rider gets a new wheel he is often at a loss to know just how to keep it in the best condition. At the first introduction there is something alarming about a new bicycle. It is such a perfect piece of mechanism, so finely finished and delicately adjusted, and with such a "touch-me-at-your-peril" look about it, that it seems almost to belong to another world, free from the finite imperfections of this. However, the new soon wears off, and with each scratch or rust spot or dent which appears the rider gets on more familiar terms with his wheel, and soon he begins taking liberties that he would not at first have dreamed of.

He experiments with the adjustment of the wheels, takes the bicyle to pieces to examine the bearings, and tries all kinds of cleaning and lubricating compounds on the chain.

To paraphrase the Greek philosopher's favorite axiom, it is well to "know your wheel," and the man who has acquired a practical knowledge of the mechanism of his mount is sure to derive a greater amount of pleasure from his cycling experience than the other fellow who, through incapacity or laziness, or because he does not have to, knows nothing about his bicycle.

A beginner when starting out for a ride should attend to three things. He should see, first, that every nut is tight, as on a new wheel especially nuts sometimes work loose without much apparent provocation, and a loose nut may mean a bad fall or a crippled wheel. The screw that clamps the handle bars in position is perhaps the most important one to see to, for any looseness here is sure to result disastrously. Then it is just as well to see that all is right about the saddle clamps and cranks. But next to the handle bars the wheels deserve the most attention, for not only is there danger from loose nuts here, but the life and easy-moving qualities of the bicycle itself depend in great measure upon the attention paid them. When once the rider has assured himself that the nuts are tight, he has guarded against accident so far as is possible beforehand. Next he should ascertain whether the running gear works freely. A good way to do this is to lift the bicycle clear of the ground, watching the wheels meanwhile. If everything is right, they will both roll backward and forward several times till the center of gravity is equalized. The front wheel naturally revolves more easily than the rear, which has the additional friction of the chain to overcome; but if either wheel is sluggish and halts before the backward swing has begun, something is wrong. It may be that the bearings need oiling, and incidentally it may be as well to remark that one cannot oil his wheel too much, while it is comparatively easy to err on the other side of oiling too little. Too much oiling causes an overflow which collects dust, but this is easily wiped off, and aside from appearances is of no consequence whatever. It is said that once a week is often enough to oil a bicycle that is ridden short distances daily, and a few drops of oil carefully applied in the oil hole, and not around the outside, are sufficient in any case.

After the wheels are oiled, if they still refuse to revolve easily, the trouble may be due to a faulty adjustment. In the case of the front wheel, which is not hampered by the drag of the chain, it is sure to be due to this cause. The nuts should be loosened and the cones eased up till the wheels run freely; but care should be taken that the bearings are not too loose, in which case the wheel will have more or less play and the wearing surfaces of the bearings will suffer. The test for play, however, should be made after the nuts are tightened, as with the bearings properly adjusted there will always be play before this is done.

If the rear wheel shows no life now the trouble is with the chain, and this should be taken off and cleaned and each joint oiled, and the inner surface lubricated with some good preparation, such as graphite, till it loses its kinks and stiffness and runs over the sprockets as if it was a pleasure.

The novice now is sure of two things, for he knows that the parts of his bicycle are securely held together, and that the running gear is in proper working trim. Before setting off, however, it is just as well to put a little more air in the tires, provided they need it. Even new tires will not hold air under pressure for any great length of time, for no one has yet succeeded in making an infallible valve that cuts off the escape completely.

Regarding the proper amount of air to put into the tire there is a wide diversity of opinion. The manufacturers and professional repair men generally pump the tires about as hard as if they were solid rubber, and the benefit of the air cushion is altogether lost. At the other extreme are the riders who keep their tires so flabby that any sudden jar throws the shock on the rims. The happy medium lies somewhere between. As a general rule it will be found that soft tires make more comfortable riding, while hard tires will last longer and are faster.

Soft tires are not more liable to puncture, but wear on the inner edge next the rim.

The rider who has gone over his wheel something after the manner indicated knows that everything is in good working order, and he is sure to derive more pleasure from his ride than if this assurance was lacking.

Almost as Dangerous as a Porcupine.

FIRST CYCLIST—I always get nervous when I see a woman crossing the street ahead of me.

Second Cyclist—So do I. They have so many pins in their clothes that if a fellow collides with them he is almost sure to puncture a tire.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

REPORT YOUR LUCK
With Rod or Gun
To FOREST AND STREAM,
New York City.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday morning. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

As Others See Us.

THE New York *Sun* makes the following extracts from a review of cycling and the cycle trade which appeared in the London *Times:*

—"In many respects this is one of the most surprising developments that has ever taken place in the manufacturing industry of the United States within the same length of time. When it is remembered that less than eleven years ago there were only six firms engaged in the business, with an output of a few thousand bicycles, where there are now more than 500 leading firms, with a product of 1,000,000, and innumerable smaller ones, which will probably add 200,000 more, comment seems hardly necessary. As nearly as can be known, more than 3,000,000 bicycles are already in use in the United States, and some authorities make the number greater than this by nearly 1,000,000. Even the smaller estimate shows that nearly one person out of twenty-four of the 70,000,000 people have already taken to the cycle as a matter of business, amusement or health. In France, where the number is known because of the collection of a tax, the proportion is thus far only one in each 250 of the population. As the mountainous districts of the United States are not generally thickly populated, and the country as a whole is more level than in Europe, it is not difficult to understand the rapid development of the cycle as a means of travel; on the other hand, the fact that in many parts the roads are ill adapted to the use of cyclists during a considerable part of the year would seem to have a discouraging effect on this development. * * * In spite of the large domestic demand, such an unlooked-for growth as this is certain to have an effect upon the bicycle industry in other countries. The high price of labor, which some think a drawback, is really an advantage, because high-priced labor is so efficient, and its ingenuity in the devising and manipulating of machinery is so highly developed that the labor cost of the completed article is less than it is with lower-priced labor working under less favorable circumstances. * * * It would be idle to make predictions about the future of what is really a new industry, but in any event it is plain that whatever the result may be, the United States must be reckoned with as an element in it. Unless there is some check in the demand, it seems likely from the activity shown by transatlantic manufacturers that from 40,000 to 50,000 cycles of high quality and of American make throughout will be offered in the English market before the close of the season of 1897. * * * The one question of interest in a way to the user of the cycle, but of absorbing interest to the investor is, 'How long will it last?'"

A Sportsman's Bicycle.

NEW YORK, Oct. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Why don't some first-class firm get up a sportsman's wheel? I will try to explain what I mean by that. There are a few friends of mine who are old at gunning, but new to the wheel, or quite so, who claim that the large tire, say 2in., is best for country roads. I am too new a rider to give an opinion, but should think that their argument holds good. They also claim that a gear case is absolutely necessary for rough country riding, as, for instance, on Long Island, where the roads are mostly sandy.

I have a cheap wheel with 1¾in. tires, and find it not quite to my taste when I run off the path into the ruts along the roads. Next spring I want to get the best wheel in the market for just such riding.

GEORGE E. JANTZER.

Yachting.

THE new rule of the road originated by the Larchmont Y. C. last spring, and just adopted by the New York Y. C., is a most peculiar one, heretofore unknown in yachting. One direct result is to give official recognition to a practice that has heretofore been recognized as both unsportsmanlike and dangerous, that euphoniously known as "hogging the line." According to the new rule, in the case of a start down wind any yacht which may be so fortunate as to get a berth at one end of the line has the right to run the length of the line, no matter what risk or delay she may cause to the fleet at large. While nominally devised to prevent fouls and disputes in maneuvering, it is a direct means of producing them. While it is most difficult to frame a rule that will cover all the possibilities and contingencies involved in the start of a race, it seems to us that the new rule is entirely in the wrong direction, and that a far safer and more reasonable solution of the difficulty would be that advanced by us in connection with the Vigilant-Defender protests last year. This was nothing more than that some official declaration should be made to the effect that the rule now in force to govern the passing and rounding of marks applies as well to the marks at the starting line as it now does by inference. By this construction a yacht which is on her proper course to cross the line has the right of way over another yacht that is further from the mark than she is, whether the latter be close hauled or free.

Unless this new rule be passed by the great majority of American yacht clubs, and we see no reason why it should be save to preserve uniformity with the two clubs that have adopted it, a most undesirable degree of confusion must exist, a yacht sailing under one rule one day and another the next; a state of affairs which yachtsmen have labored for some years to escape from.

EVEN if the rule were good beyond question, it was a mistake for one club to adopt it; a rule of this kind should be adopted by at least a majority of the clubs, else matters should be left as they are. There was no pressing necessity for the passage of the rule last spring by one club without consultation with others, and the presence of two rules of a contrary nature in the same locality is plainly wrong. The whole tendency of the clubs about New York for some years, in the absence of an association or any specific agreement, has been toward uniformity and harmony in the rules, to the benefit of yacht racing. Any attempts of individual clubs at independent legislation are steps in the wrong direction.

A FIRST ATTEMPT AT YACHT BUILDING.

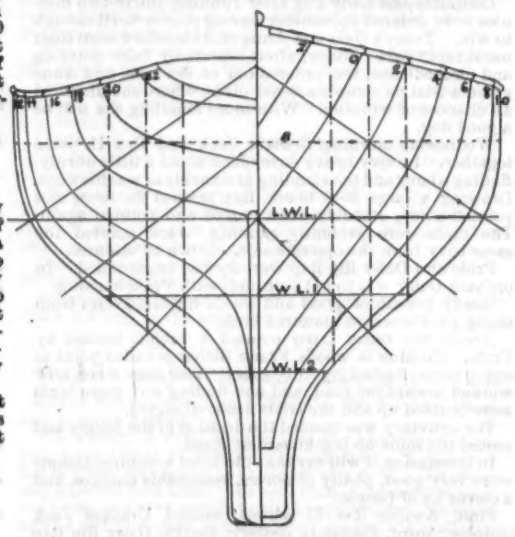
BY E. P. MORRIS.

IT has been for some years my special ambition, outside of the serious purposes of life, to own a boat of my own design, and, so far as it was possible, of my own construction. This summer the ambition has been realized, and I have thought that an account of the process and the result might be interesting to the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM who may be touched by a like ambition.

For the work of designing my only equipment came from Kunhardt's "Small Yachts" and from the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM, though before the boat was finished I read Dixon Kemp's "Manual of Yacht and Boat Sailing," and used some formulas from his larger "Yacht Architecture." I knew at first very little about mechanical drawing, but had perhaps a better acquaintance with mathematics than most men retain after leaving school or college.

I followed the course with which many readers of the FOREST AND STREAM are doubtless familiar, copying published designs on a different scale and making the calculations to see whether I could get results agreeing with those given in the books. I tried model making also, taking off the models and working backward and forward—that is, using the drawing to correct the model and the model to correct the drawing. For body plans I found it worth my while to make a complete set of curves, miniature frame patterns, which were cut out of ¼in. pine and worked down the edge with sandpaper into true curves. This method, which would be too slow for an expert designer, has two advantages: it enables one to get the exact curve by successive approximations, which can be tested by drawing on a separate bit of paper until all the curves are harmonious, and it also makes it possible to ink the body plan more neatly than I at least could do with battens. In these ways I worked out several designs, one of which I submitted to the yachting editor of the FOREST AND STREAM, with many questions as to the probable behavior of the boat. This was the only help I had, except from books.

When I came to the design from which I hoped to build, I redrew it half a dozen times, making slight changes each time and going through all the calculations, even to the



LAPWING—BODY PLAN.

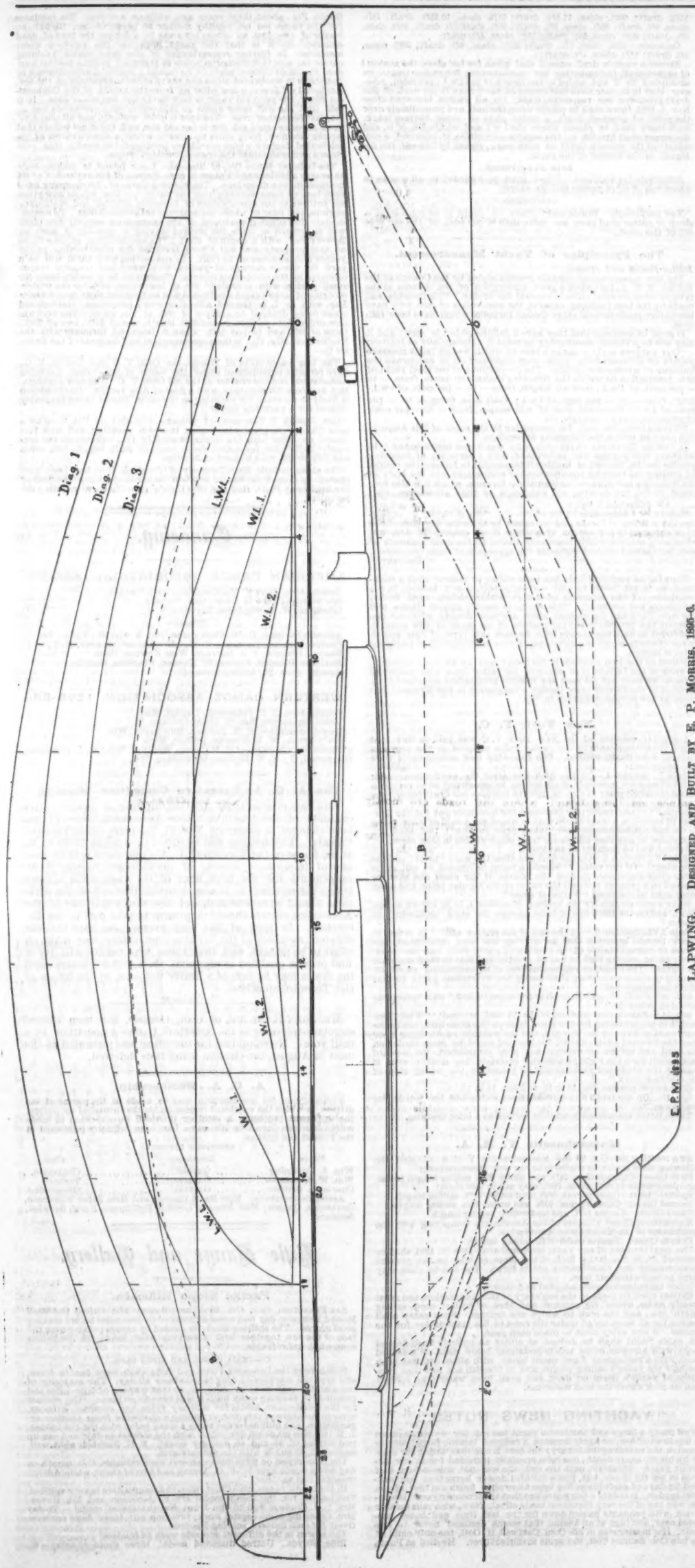
amount and location of the ballast. I also used different scales, ¼in., 1in. and 3in. The last was a waste of labor, for I could not get far enough away from my drawing to tell whether the curves were fair or not. The plans as they were made were pinned up on my walls, and this test frequently showed errors which had passed unnoticed before. For this plan also I made a complete set of moulds on a 1in. scale, and I went over the calculations two or three times, using Dixon Kemp's tables, the formulas in "Small Yachts" and a rough method of my own devising.

Finally a table of offsets was made and the body plan was enlarged to the full size. I had no convenient means of drawing a full-sized sheer or waterline (half-breadth) plan, and this enlarged plan was used for bending and setting up the frames without having been faired up. But it is easy to draw within $\frac{1}{16}$in. and even closer, and this when enlarged would be correct to ¼in. There was some risk in it, but in fact the work proved to be entirely satisfactory.

On the large drawing the planking was taken off and the bevels were drawn. For the latter I used a simple method, suggested by an acquaintance, which I have not seen described in the books. The frames were sided 1¼in., which is about one-seventh of the distance from frame to frame. For so short a distance as 1ft. the curves of waterlines and diagonals are practically straight lines. If then the distance, for example, between No. 6 and No. 5, measured along a diagonal in the body plan, is 3in., the distance from one edge of No. 6 to the other on the same diagonal would be ¼in. By establishing a number of such points I fixed the curve of the beveled edge and, to avoid confusion, marked it in red ink. This saved all bother with angles and was very accurate.

The dimensions were chosen after much comparison of designs and boats. The measurements are as follows:

Length over all	27ft.	9in.
l.w.l.	18ft.	
Overhang, forward	4ft.	6in.
aft	5ft.	3in.
Beam, on deck	6ft.	7in.
l.w.l.	6ft.	1in.
Draft	4ft.	
Least freeboard	1ft.	8¼in.
Sheer, forward		10in.
aft		4in.
C. B., from bow	9ft.	9in.
C. L. R., from bow (without rudder)	9ft.	9in.
C. E., from bow	9ft.	5in.
Displacement	6,425lbs.	
Ballast, iron on keel	2,440lbs.	
inside, about	500lbs.	
Sail area	404sq. ft.	



DESIGNED AND BUILT BY E. P. MORRIS, 1895-6.

LAPWING.

I attempted to calculate also the center of gravity of the hull and spars, but the task was too much for me, and I had to content myself with locating the iron ballast in such a way that its center of gravity would be directly under the C. B.; this gave exactly the right fore-and-aft trim when she was launched.

About the various problems of construction and size of timbers I felt so much in doubt that I again applied to Mr. Stephens for advice; without his full and careful directions I am sure that I should have fallen into error. As to rig and deck plan there is nothing unusual about the boat. Two jibs were chosen rather than the single jib, not because of fashion, English or American, but because it saves reefing; a rig that is largely used by fishermen is sure to have practical advantages. The floor of the watertight cockpit is 14in. below the deck and the space under this floor is ample for a wide berth. The two other bunks are 20in wide and 7ft. long. The seats are made by setting the coaming back on deck about 15in. from the cockpit. The headroom is about 4ft. 5in. and there is a large space for storage.

The boat was built at Pemaquid Point, Maine, during the summers of 1895 and 1896. The distance of this place from Boston, Portland and Bath, whence the materials were to be ordered, made it necessary to provide more than enough of everything and somewhat increased the expense and trouble. I had, for example, nearly enough planking left to cover another boat, and nails enough to build a schooner. Of oak, on the other hand, I had no piece left large enough for a tiller and scarcely for an extra cleat. I had a shed put up beforehand—which paid for itself ten times over in convenience and saving of time—and I built a long bench against one side. It had been my hope that I could do all the work myself, but the first lesson I learned was that the building of even an 18ft. boat is a long operation. It took me, I think, a week to shape the keel and cut the rabbet, and a whole day to fit the sternpost to the keel. This was partly because of my inexperience, but the heavier work would be slow even for a good workman. I remember one day when everything worked beautifully and I put up three pairs of frames and fastened them to the keel and floors.

I have always worked at cabinet making as a recreation and I enjoy hard manual labor as a change from my ordinary occupation, which is sedentary and bookish, but with my best efforts I seemed to advance very slowly. I wonder how many of my readers have ever bored a 1¼in. hole through 20in. of tough oak or a ¼in. hole through 38in. My equipment of tools was sufficient in most respects, but the bits and augers were poor and my muscles not yet hardened, and I think I spent half a day on some of the longer holes.

A fortnight's experience and a little calculation showed me that I must have help if the boat was to be finished within two summers, and eventually I had two men working with me. One was a very skillful carpenter, but with no knowledge of boat building; the other, though he was not a trained boat builder, had built some small boats and was a man of great natural ingenuity. During the first summer I was at work about six weeks, one man about four and the other two; with this work we set up the frame and planked her. The spars and rudder were made during the winter of 1895-6, and the caulking done early in the spring. With this start we began work July 20 and launched her Aug. 19. I suppose this would seem very slow work to a professional builder; to me it seemed very hard work.

As to the other side of building, the art of setting up a frame and fitting planking, I found that much easier than I had anticipated. There is no real difficulty in getting the frames right by the help of a line from sternpost to stem piece and the use of a spirit level, if one has an accurate full-sized drawing. The taking of a spiling can be learned from Stephens's book, "Canoe and Boat Building for Amateurs," and is really simple if one is patient and determined to be accurate. The planking, except the oak garboards, bent without difficulty.

It is true that one of my helpers had some experience, which was of great value to us, and it is true also that we had to do a good deal of thinking and planning, but that is a part of the pleasure, and I think I may fairly say, as the second lesson of my experience, that the art and mystery of boat building is a very easy art and a very small mystery. If I had the thing to do over again I should get some instruction from the nearest boat builder, paying him for the privilege of asking questions. I should watch carefully the plumbing of the keel, the setting up of frames, and the marking out and cutting of planking, but I should pay even more attention to the boring for rivets and bolts and the driving and heading up. Especially I should want to understand thoroughly the use of mechanical appliances like wedges and clamps for bending the pieces and holding them in place for fastening. Then I should practice with some odd pieces of stuff until I could clinch a nail and head a rivet

Perhaps I am too sanguine and underestimate the difficulties, but I am sure that the three of us together knew less when we began than one trained workman, yet we did not split a plank or spoil a timber, or find ourselves obliged to undo or patch up a single piece of work except a place in the deck where three or four strips had to be taken up in order to plane out a lump, and I think the boat has a very neat and well-finished look.

I ought not to forget our difficulties with varnish and glue. The "Directions for Use" sent with such things are always inadequate—sometimes absurdly so—and our varnish ran very badly in the first rain. I do not know the reason, but I suppose we put it on wrongly. As to the glue, which we used for the deck seams, the directions told us many interesting things which we did not want to know, but we were obliged to invent a number of ingenious ways of pouring it—none of which worked—before we found out that it made no difference how much we spilled over the seams, because the warm glue could be cut off with a chisel and melted again.

To an observer with an eye for boats it is pleasant to notice how frequently local types have survived or have been worked out in different places. The Block Island double-ender, the Connecticut River boat, the New Haven sharpie, are proof that we are not yet reduced to a dead level of monotony. The Pemaquid type is an able boat of about three beams to the over-all length, usually a centerboard, and about as long on the keel as on deck.

To men who knew no other type, and who were accustomed to judge a boat by length and beam on deck, and by length of keel, my boat was a strange experiment; all the stranger and more doubtful because she was planned by a man whose business is rather distantly removed from boat-building. She was inspected with many shakes of the head—even with much wagging of the head—by most of the men on the Point. They evidently wished me well, and they were too polite to discourage me by expressing an unfavor-

able opinion; but I caught a little of the talk and wished I could hear more.

"No bilge to her," "too short on the keel," "never 'll carry her sail," "she'll go straight to the bottom with all that iron on her," were some of the comments. The location of the iron at the forward end of the keel was a matter of frequent criticism, and it was generally prophesied that she would be "all down by the head." One old sea captain, who I am sure wished me all success, said, after seeing her launched, that he "wouldn't go to Portland in her for all the gold she would carry, for she wouldn't stand up under her sails, let alone any breeze."

One of my helpers, to whom I had loaned some copies of the FOREST AND STREAM, and who has a great deal of intelligence, "stuck to it," as his brother afterward told me, "that Mr. M. had got hold of something." I fancy he had to endure some friendly joking from his neighbors, and if his faith was firm all the time it was more than I can say for myself.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

The Y. R. U. Rules.

THE following amendments to the racing rules have been recommended by the Council of the Y. R. A., and will be passed upon at the general meeting next month. The original proposals have been materially modified in some cases in order to avoid a conflict with the new restrictions recently adopted by the Larchmont and New York yacht clubs. On this account the original proposal to measure all yachts with crew on board has been modified, the limit being placed at the 30ft. class, as in the other clubs, as only harm could result from any conflict between different clubs in the form of two methods of measuring the same yachts.

As the small yachts will hereafter be included under the regular rules, a new method of measurement for jib-headed mainsails has been proposed, permitting of the direct application of the Seawanhaka rule to this rig, as well as to the gaff mainsail. The classification is identical with that of the two clubs, being in fact the same as the Union has used for two years.

The abolition of time allowance between new yachts, with other of the proposals, we have already commented on in connection with other clubs.

RULE II.—MEASUREMENT.

Add to Section 2: All yachts in the 30ft. and lower classes shall be measured for l.w.l. length with the same number of persons on board as are allowed for crew in the yacht's class, and whose average weight shall not be less than 150lbs. each, or with a dead weight placed on board equivalent thereto.

Section 3, new par. 7: In yachts having jibheaded mainsail, the upper point of measurement in taking the perpendicular shall be the under side of the sheave in the highest jib halyard or spinaker block, and 80 per cent. of the distance from this point to the under side of the sheave in the highest halyard block on the mast, or, when a yard is used, to the end of the yard when hoisted in place, shall be added to the base line.

SUBSTITUTE FOR RULE III.—CLASSIFICATION.

1. All yachts shall be classified by racing length and shall be divided into classes as follows:

Schooners.—First class, all over 95ft.; 95ft. class, B, not over 95ft. and over 85ft.; 85ft. class, C, not over 85ft. and over 75ft.; 75ft. class, D, not over 75ft. and over 65ft.; 65ft. class, F, not over 65ft.

Sloops, Cutters and Yawls.—First class, G, all over 70ft.; 70ft. class, H, not over 70ft. and over 60ft.; 60ft. class, J, not over 60ft. and over 51ft.; 51ft. class, K, not over 51ft. and over 43ft.; 43ft. class, L, not over 43ft. and over 36ft.; 36ft. class, M, not over 36ft. and over 30ft.; 30ft. class, N, not over 30ft. and over 25ft.; 25ft. class, P, not over 25ft. and over 20ft.; 20ft. class, Q, not over 20ft. and over 15ft.; 15ft. class, R, not over 15ft.

Catboats.—30ft. class, S, not over 30ft. and over 25ft.; 25ft. class, T, not over 25ft. and over 20ft.; 20ft. class, V, not over 20ft. and over 15ft.; 15ft. class, W, not over 15ft.

2. Open yachts shall not be classed with cabin yachts.

3. Yachts launched prior to Nov. 1, 1896, in the 30ft. and lower classes not exceeding the class length by 5ft. and that have not increased in measurement since that date, shall be eligible to sail in their respective classes.

SUBSTITUTE FOR RULE IV.—TIME ALLOWANCE.

Time allowance shall be calculated on racing length according to the appended table, but yachts launched after Nov. 1, 1896, except in the 1st class of schooners and the 1st class of sloops, cutters and yawls, shall not be entitled to time allowance, and no yacht that has been increased in measurement for the purpose of sailing in a class above that in which she sailed prior to that date shall receive time allowance from other yachts in that class.

RULE V.—ALLOWANCE FOR RIG.

Change 94 per cent. to 93 per cent.

RULE VII.—ENTRIES.

Add to Sec. 1: "Entries must also state whether yacht was launched prior to Nov. 1, 1896."

Strike out Sec. 3.

RULE IX.—SAILS.

Add to Sec. 1, par. 2: "and clubtopsail."

Add to Sec. 1, par. 3: "and in the 1st, 70ft. and 60ft. classes, clubtopsail also."

SUBSTITUTE FOR RULE X.—BOATS AND LIFE BUOYS.

Section 1.—Yachts in the 1st, 95 and 85ft. classes of schooners, and in the 1st class of sloops, cutters and yawls, shall carry on deck a serviceable round-bottomed boat measuring not less than 14ft. in length, with oars and rowlocks or thole pins lashed in; and in the 75 and 65ft. classes of schooners, and in the 70ft. class of sloops, cutters and yawls a boat as above not less than 12ft. in length, and in the 60ft. class a boat as above not less than 10ft. in length.

RULE XI.—FITTINGS, WATER AND BALLAST.

Add to Section 1: "All yachts, except in the 1st class of schooners and 1st class of sloops, cutters and yawls, shall keep their galley fixtures and fittings on board and in their proper places. All yachts must carry one serviceable anchor and cable on board."

SUBSTITUTE FOR RULE XII.—CREWS.

1. The total number of persons on board a yacht shall not exceed the allowance in the following schedule:

Schooners.—1st class, 1 person to every 9ft. of R. L. or fraction thereof; 95ft. class, 25 persons; 85ft. class, 20 persons; 75ft. class, 25 persons; 65ft. class, 20 persons.

Sloops, Cutters and Yawls.—1st class, 8 persons to every 5ft. of R. L. or fraction thereof; 70ft. class, 20 persons; 60ft. class, 15 persons; 51ft. class, 12 persons; 43ft. class, 9 persons; 36ft. class, 7 persons; 30ft. class, 5 persons; 25ft. class, 4 persons; 20ft. class, 3 persons; 15ft. class, 2 persons.

Section 3. In Corinthian races, except in the schooner classes, and in the 1st, 70 and 60ft. classes of sloops, cutters and yawls, each yacht must be steered by the owner or other amateur, and must be manned by amateurs; but any yacht may carry and use her regular professional crew. Yachts in the 30ft. classes and under shall not carry more than one professional.

SUBSTITUTE FOR RULE XVI.—PRIVATE SIGNALS AND NUMBERS.

Each yacht shall carry the owner's private signal at the main peak, and display her racing number above the reef points at an equal distance from the luff and leach on both sides of the mainsail.

RULE XIX.—STARTING AND FINISHING SIGNALS.

Sec. 1.—Add to 4th par.: "A red and white ball for a fourth division, a white and blue ball for a fifth division, and a blue and red ball for a sixth division." Strike out 5th par.

RULE XXII.—SHORTENING OR REVERSING COURSES.

New Sec. 2: Should the regatta committee deem it desirable, on account of the direction of the wind, to order the course sailed in a reverse direction from that specified in the instructions, flag "B" hoisted over the blue peter (the preparatory signal) shall be the signal for so doing.

RULE XXIX.—DISQUALIFICATION.

Sec. 5: Strike out the words "or within ten days thereafter."

NEW RULE.—LIMIT OF DRAFT.

The maximum draft of any yacht when in racing trim shall not exceed that specified for her class in the following table, exclusive of centerboard, except as hereinafter mentioned; but these limits shall not apply to any yacht launched prior to Nov. 1, 1896, when racing in the class in which she was classified prior to that time. This exemption, however, shall not be so construed as to permit the increase of the draft of such a vessel beyond that allowed for her class.

Schooners.—First class, no draft limit; 95ft. class, 14ft. draft; 85ft. class, 13ft. draft; 75ft. class, 12ft. draft; 65ft. class, 11ft. draft.

Sloops, Cutters and Yawls.—First class, no draft limit; 70ft. class, 12ft. draft; 60ft. class, 11.5ft. draft; 51ft. class, 10.25ft. draft; 43ft class, 9ft. draft; 36ft. class, 8ft. draft; 30ft. class, 7ft draft; 25ft. class, 6ft. draft; 20ft. class, 5ft. draft; 15ft. class, 4ft. draft.

Catboats.—30ft. class, 7ft. draft; 25ft. class, 6ft draft; 20ft. class, 5ft. draft; 15ft. class, 4ft. draft.

Should a yacht's draft exceed that given for her class, the amount of excess shall, in computing her measurement for racing length, be multiplied by 2 and added to the length of the l.w.l.; provided, however, that in no case shall this excess be more than 10 per cent. of the draft given for her respective class. On all yachts launched after Nov. 1, 1896, there shall be placed upon the hull, and immediately over the point of greatest draft, a metal plate or other distinct mark. Such mark shall be placed above the l.w.l. and within 6in. of it, and the owner shall furnish to the regatta committee, if required, a certificate of the vessel's draft to such mark, signed by himself, the designer, or the builder of the yacht.

RULE XXX.—PRIZES.

Substitute for Section 1: Prizes shall be awarded in all classes in which one or more yachts sail the course.

DEFINITIONS.

New paragraph: Sloops and Cutters.—A yacht to be considered a sloop or cutter shall have not more than 80 per cent. of the sail area aft of the mast.

The Principles of Yacht Measurement.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The new measurement formula recommended by the Council of the British Y. R. A. furnished a good illustration of the defects in the type of measurement rules in general use to-day. This formula was made by the best yachting experts, the same class of men who have heretofore made several other similar formulæ which have been failures.

It must be assumed that they have a definite object in view; and it may not be a violent assumption to state it substantially as follows:

"Our purpose is (1) to make a rule by which we can fairly measure yachts of different form which race together; (2) to encourage the building of wholesome yachts. The proportions of the ideal yacht of this Association lie within the following limits, viz: beam, from — to — per cent. of l.w.l.; over-all length, from — to — per cent. of l.w.l.; draft, from — to — per cent. of l.w.l.; sail area, from — to — per cent. of l.w.l.; immersed area of mid-section, from — to — per cent. of circumscribing rectangle, etc.

"Yachts hereafter built for competing in the races of this Association shall be within the foregoing dimensions."

If this be the intent of the rule, why was it not better to say it in language that anyone can understand, with a certainty of receiving precise results, instead of making it impossible to foresee the results by putting the building specifications or restrictions into the body of the following complicated mathematical formula, which it is also proposed to use for figuring out handicaps or time allowances, viz.:

$$L + 1.2\,B + \text{Girth} + 0.5\,\sqrt{S}$$

This type of formula is by its nature especially designed to encourage the building of freaks and monsters by allowing any dimensions to be enlarged to any extent by cutting down others. It does not effectively control, within reasonable limits, all the main elements of size, but instead thereof regulates the aggregate of these elements.

SEXTANT.

Thus far no yachting body has been willing to indorse such a statement as is set forth by our correspondent, that it believes in the restriction of the elements of design within certain fixed limits, maximum and minimum. This is done in certain special classes, and the New York and Larchmont clubs are now dealing with one element on this principle; but the position of the clubs of this country and Great Britain has always been against this type of rule and in favor of one in which the individual factors are unlimited and only the total is limited.

Which of the two methods is the better may be an open question. In spite of the failure of so many of the latter type, with unlimited factors, we have not yet seen any feasible proposition advanced for a formula of the former type, though a suggestion in this direction was made by the British designers in 1894.

New York Y. C.

A SPECIAL meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on Nov. 5, at which the amendments to the racing rules adopted at the previous meeting were finally ratified. The following new amendments were also approved:

Rule I., Section 4.—On the fifth line after the word "time" add: "This exemption, however, shall not be so construed as to permit a vessel launched prior to Oct. 29, 1896, to increase her draft beyond the limit allowed for her class."

Section 6.—Any yacht that increases her measurement for the purpose of sailing in a class above that in which she would sail, according to the last official measurement taken prior to Nov. 1, 1896, shall not be entitled to any time allowance from other yachts in that class.

Section 6 to be changed to section 7.

Rule IV., Section 3.—On the first line after the word "prize" add the following: "Of full value." Should a yacht be obliged to sail alone in her class and should go over the course of her class she shall be entitled to a prize of one-half the value of the regular prise, and upon same shall be inscribed "Walkover prize."

Make a new section for the balance of section 4, to be known as section 5, and on the third line of same change the word "minimum" to "mean."

Rule XVI., Section 8.—At the end of the section add: "In order to prove beyond question that an overlap has been established, the owner or representative of the overtaking yacht shall hail the overtaken yacht, stating that he has an overlap and that he shall maintain his rights. The owner or representatives of an overtaking yacht intending to claim an overlap shall notify the overtaken yacht to that effect by hailing her."

Sec. 14.—On the fourth line, after the word "mark," add "except as provided in Sec 15."

Sec. 15.—Make a new section, to be 15 and to read: "When two yachts in maneuvering for the start, both on the same tack, one to the windward and one to the leeward, and the weather yacht, being freer than the leeward yacht, should the leeward yacht be close hauled on the wind, and before an overlap has been established, the leeward yacht shall have the right to hold and maintain her course, even if thereby the windward yacht should be forced on the wrong side of the starting mark."

Change the present Sec. 15 to 16, and Sec. 16 to 17.

Sec. 16.—On the tenth and eleventh lines strike out the words "or bear away."

These latter amendments must be ratified at a later meeting.

Massachusetts Y. R. A.

AT a meeting on Oct. 29 the Massachusetts Y. R. A. adopted the following class limits, to conform to the new measurement:

First Class: Cabin yachts, 94ft. and under 99ft. sailing length (existing open yachts of first class, 1896, may sail in this class).
Special Class: Open yachts, 30ft. and under 94ft. sailing length.
Second Class: Cabin yachts, 20ft. and under 94ft. sailing length.
Third Class: Yachts 17ft. and under 20ft. sailing length.
Knockabout Class: Yachts of the Association complying with the restrictions of the Knockabout Association.
Fourth Class: Yachts under 17ft. sailing length.

The measurement of any yacht launched after Dec. 31, 1896, shall be assumed to be the larger limit of her class, so long as the present measurement and classification are in force. The special class may carry no more than six men.

Other amendments were adopted as follows:

Entries must be made to the secretary of this Association, and must specify name, owner, rig, amount and kind of ballast, crew, sailing length, etc., and the club to which she belongs. Such entry shall answer for all races sailed under the rules of the Association for the season. A new entry must be made each year.

A cabin yacht shall be defined as either an entirely flush-decked yacht with suitable cabin accommodations below deck, or a decked yacht with a permanent fixed cabin house, with sides not less than one-half the yacht's sailing length, and in breadth not less than two-thirds of yacht's beam on deck, and shall have watertight cockpit with its deck above the load waterline.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Full many a large and handsome yacht has lost her owner because he has tired of her, or again because a reduced income forced him to abandon the extravagant luxury; but here is one that, losing her master by his untimely death, has been specially provided for in her declining years. Steadfast unto the end, she was not sold off at half price to get rid of her, but, like a faithful dog or horse that has outlived its days of usefulness, has been allowed to finish out her life in quiet repose. It is only a few years ago that the schooner yacht Dauntless was one of the very stanchest boats afloat. Now, with sails forever furled, with pennants hauled down for the last time and house canvased over, she tugs at an anchor that seems destined never to rise again. Her master was in life Com. Caldwell H. Colt, the only child of the late Col. Samuel Colt, the arms manufacturer. He died at Punta Gorda, Fla., about three years ago, while on a cruise. His fondness for the yacht led his wealthy mother to preserve her, though no longer of use, just as others lay away in a drawer the toys of dead children. So it is that the yacht idles her life away—a silent memorial. In further remembrance of the dead man's yachting career the new Colt memorial house in Hartford, costing several hundred thousand dollars, bears on its facade a beautiful reproduction of Dauntless in sculptured stone and many other suggestions of the sea. Anchored off Essex, a few miles up from the mouth of the Connecticut River, the good old yacht is now living out her life of ease. It is said that she will never again go into commission—certainly not so long as the mother lives. The spot is quiet, secluded and all that a retired favorite could ask for in her old age, and the same waters that lap her side flow, forty miles up stream, within a stone's throw of the celebrated factory whose machinery produced the wealth that purchased and maintained the boat.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The Daimler Motor Co., of Steinway, Long Island, is making very extensive additions to its plant in consequence of the expansion of its business in two directions. The building shops of the company have been located some distance from the water, but they will be now given up entirely to the manufacture of horseless vehicles and stationary engines, two lines of which the company make specialties. To accommodate the launch department of the business an entirely new plant will be erected at once, the ground having a frontage of 300ft. on Bowery Bay, with a depth of 275ft. The new building shops will be on this property, and will afford facilities for constructing power yachts and launches up to 150ft. In connection with them will be a yard for winter storage of yachts, with ways and transfer tracks operated by the company's motors. There will be a secure basin for small yachts, with a draft of 6ft. at low water, and for the winter mooring of large yachts a bulkhead will be built out 400ft into Bowery Bay, with an L at the end affording every protection, the inclosed space being dredged to a depth of 10ft. at low water. The firm has now orders for two launches of 80ft. length, one of 42ft., two of 35ft., three of 30ft. and two of 33ft. Chas. S. Desmond, formerly with the Racine Boat Mfg. Co., is the superintendent and designer of the Daimler Co.

The two yacht clubs of Toledo, the Ohio Y. C. and Toledo Y. C., have recently consolidated under the name of the Toledo Yachting Association, and the charter of the old Ohio Y. C. The new organization numbers 300 members, with a fleet of fifty yachts. Its formation is likely to do much for yachting on the lakes, Toledo being favorably located for a yachting center.

Gen. Joseph T. Torrence, of Chicago, who died on Oct. 31 after a brief illness, was greatly interested in steam yachting, and had just placed an order with the Racine Boat Mfg. Co., builders of the successful Pathfinder, for a steel steam yacht of 200ft. length, 19ft. beam and 10ft draft, with a speed of 26 miles.

The steam launch Gem, formerly of Flushing Bay, has been purchased by Com. Edw. Spott, and will be enrolled among the fleet of the Rockaway Point Rod and Gun Club's (the Cuckoos) yachting department.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1896-97.

Commodore, John N. MacKendrick, Galt, Canada.
Sec'y-Treas., John R. Blake, Galt, Canada.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, H. W. Fleischman, 1611 N. 21st St., Phila., Pa.
Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.
Northern Division, Francis H. Mannee, Kingston, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

The A. C. A. Executive Committee Meeting.

THE date originally set for the meeting of the executive committe of the American Canoe Association, Nov 18, has been changed to Saturday, Nov. 21, the place being Toronto, Canada. The meeting will be called to order at 10:30 A. M. at the house of the Toronto C. C. While there is little business of importance outside of the ordinary routine of arrangements for the next meet of the Association to come before the meeting, it is very desirable that all of the divisions should be represented, and also that a majority of the Association officers should be present to take part in the discussions. In spite of the long journey, we hope that the different members of the Division committees may make an effort to be present, and that those who cannot will try to find proxies qualified to represent them. All visitors from the States may be sure of a hearty welcome at the hands of the Toronto canoeists.

MR. JOHN R. BLAKE, of Galt, Ontario, has been elected secretary-treasurer of the American Canoe Association, by a mail vote. No candidate for the office was presented at the meet in August, the election being thus deferred.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Name.	*Residence.*	*Club.*
Wm. A. Cumming	Quebec	Cookshire.
Wm. W. Alexander	Ontario	Toronto.
Charles E. Brittlon	Ontario	Gananoque.

Associate members: Miss Maud Bigland and Miss Ethel Wilkerson, Cookshire, Quebec; Miss Eleanor Loetitia Phillimore, North Berwick, Scotland.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Pacific Slope Riflemen.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Oct. 25.—The riflemen who visited the Shell Mound Range to-day had some difficulties to overcome before making good scores. The shifting shadows caused by clouds passing over the face of the sun, together with a varying wind, made the conditions somewhat unfavorable.

COLUMBIA PISTOL AND RIFLE CLUB.

Members of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club were out in force, and kept the markers on four targets busy all day. The majority of the matches were re-entry contests, so that owners of both rifles and pistols kept banging away until it was time to go home. The contest for the Gilndemann medal for military rifles has received a boom, several members of this club expecting a challenge from another organization, and military rifles being a weak point with the Columbias. J. E Gorman made his first effort with the musket to-day, and ran up two strings of 44 and 45, military count. F. H. Bushnell shot well, scoring 45, 46 and 48 with the military arm.

The cash prizes on flags (inch centers) were valuable this month, a flag being worth over $5; F. O. Young had two of them, while Adolph Strecker had another.

In the 50yds. range, .32-caliber rifles, the competition is very spirited. The leaders for the men's medal are E. Jacobson and Ed. Hovey; Mrs. L. J. Crane is well to the front for the ladies' medal. To-day Mrs Crane did some capital work, bringing out three flags consecutively for inch centers, scoring 9 points.

The scores in the different contests were as follows:

Rifle, 200yds., Unfred diamond medal, three shots, re-entry—W.

Glindemann 11, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 12, F. O. Young 13, D. W. McLoughlin 15.

Military rifle, Glindemann medal, 10 shots—F. H. Bushnell 48, F. O. Young 47, E. Hovey 47, J. E. Gorman 45.

Rifle record, 10 shots—F. E. Mason 70. F. O. Young 81.

Most flags during the month—F. O. Young 3, A. H. Strecker 1.

Pistol, 50yds., Blanding medal, 3 shots re-entry—J. E. Gorman 8, 12, 14; F. H. Bushnell 9, 11, 14; F. O. Young 9, 11.

Pocket revolver, Carr medal, 5 shots, re-entry—A. H. Pape 65, 66.

All-comers, .22-caliber rifle, Rogers medal, 5 shots, re-entry—E. Jacobson 9, 10, 11; Mrs. L. J. Crane 9, 11, 12; Mrs. C. F. Waltham 23, 41; Mrs. M. J. White 12 17.

All-comers, revolver trophy, 6 shots—J. E. Gorman 41, 47, 48; H. J. Wicker 56.

Glindemann ladies' trophy, 10 shots, .22-caliber rifle—Mrs. C. F. Waltham 51; Mrs. L. J. Crane 32, withdrawn; Mrs. M. J. White 36, withdrawn.

NORDDEUTSCHER SCHUETZEN CLUB.

The members of the Norddeutscher Schuetzen Club had some lively competitions in the class medal contests. W. Glindemann was the winner in the champion class and now becomes the owner of the medal. Scores:

Champion class: W. Glindemann, 490 rings. First class: Not filled. Second class: A. Hagerdorn, 382 rings. Third class: D. Schnikel, 358 rings. Fourth class: Ed. Stehn, 302.

Best first shot: D. Schnikel 24. Best last shot: W. Glindemann 22.

GERMANIA SCHUETZEN CLUB.

The members of the Germania Schuetzen Club held their regular bullseye contests for cash prizes to-day. The winners, with their best bullseye as shown on the measuring machine, were:

1. C Thierbach	438	5. F H Bushnell	941
2. F P Schuster	502	6. D B Faktor	943
3. R Finking	640	7. W Garms	1094
4. Dr L O Rodgers	794	8. L N Ritzan	1165

SAN FRANCISCO SCHUETZEN VEREIN.

The bullseye contests decided to-day by the members of the San Francisco Schuetzen Verein resulted as below, the winners being given in order of merit, together with their best bullseye as shown on the measuring machine:

1. A H Pape	113	11. C Thierbach	609
2. J Tiedemann	372	12. H Stelling	685
3. C F Rust	402	13. H Zecher	707
4. F Koch	408	14. D B Faktor	758
5. H Huber	467	15. F P Schuster	758
6. A Mooker	538	16. Otto Lemcke	792
7. W Garms	540	17. H H Burfiend	830
8. L Haake	558	18. A Browning	841
9. R Finking	565	19. G A Schultz	953
10. A Jungblut	584	20. H G Hagerdorn	982

ROHEL.

Ross again Wins the Championship.

THE attendance at Cypress Hills Park, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Election Day, Nov. 3, was decidedly flattering to the management. It was not only a great shoot in point of numbers; the caliber of those who took part in the contests was beyond question. Ross again vindicated his claim to the championship by beating out all his opponents, although he was closely followed home by M. J. Dorrier. The Brooklyn *Eagle* of Nov. 4 gives the following account of the shoot:

"F. C. Ross won the 100-shot individual rifle championship which took place at Bookman's Cypress Hills Park yesterday under the auspices of the Zettler Rifle Club. All the local cracks were in evidence, including champion Fred C. Ross, Ignatz Martin, Geb. Krauss and M. B. Engel, while the New York contingent included Gus Zimmermann, Henry Holges, C. G. Zettler, B. Zettler, H. D. Müller, Dr. Boyken and Bernard Walther. New Jersey was looked after by G. W. Plaisted and M. J. Dorrier.

"The contest took place at the ring target, 800yds. range, off-hand shooting, and the number of entries was just twenty-six. The entrance fee was $5 and this money was divided half winners and half losers. As there were twenty-six entries, thirteen divided the money and thirteen got nothing. The two prizes offered were a handsome trophy, presented by Gus Zimmermann, and another by J. Bookman. Zimmermann's trophy was for the best score for 100 shots and Bookman's for the best 10-shot score. Another condition was that if the man winning the Zimmermann trophy also made the best 10-shot score, then the Bookman trophy should go to the man making the next best 10-shot score.

"The targets were thrown open for practice at 9 A. M., and an hour later the match began with M. A. Brendel at the score. Without any break the shooting was kept up till 5 o'clock, and then it was found that Frederick Ross had again won the championship and the Zimmermann trophy with a total of 2,225 out of a possible 2,500 points. Michael J. Dorrier was second with 2,184, while George Schlicht, the Guttenberg crack, finished third with 2,157. The other scores of those who finished were: George W. Plaisted 2,134, H. M. Pope 2,112, Chas. G. Zettler 2,099, Henry Holges 2,096, Bernard Zettler 2,066, H. D. Spencer 2,053, L. P. Hanson 2,051, Gustave Worn 2,015, H. D. Müller 1,998, Sam Scott 1,975, R. A. Busse 1,959, Joseph Blumenberg 1,954, A. Kromberg 1,929, G. P. Williams 1,837.

"In the contest for the Bookman trophy for the best 10-shot score, Ross headed the list with 231 points out of a possible 250, but as he had won the Zimmermann trophy the Bookman prize went to Mike Dorrler, who made 230 points, the next best score for 10 shots."

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 1.—The following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association to-day. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the Standard target, 7-ring black:

Wellinger.

9	10	10	6	8	9	9	7	5	8—81	9	7—80
8	7	8	6	9	6	6	9	10	5—74	7	8—77

Gindele.

10	9	7	7	9	10	10	8	9	10—89	8	8—88
8	8	8	7	9	7	10	10	9	10—86	9	8—85

A. Lux.

8	9	7	5	4	6	10	8	7	5—69	7	6—67
6	8	5	4	6	8	5	4	8	8—59	8	7—57

Topf.

7	10	4	10	6	7	4	10	9	7—74	8	10—82
7	7	5	9	7	10	9	7	5	5—69	3	5—64

Payne.

9	7	9	8	7	9	9	7	7	10—88	8	7—79
9	6	9	8	8	6	7	6	7	7—73	5	9—73

Hasenzahl.

10	5	8	10	8	8	9	8	9	9—84	7	9—76
10	7	7	5	7	8	6	7	8	8—73	7	9—73

† Herman.

7	4	6	6	8	3	8	5	5	4—54	5	6—55
5	5	8	5	10	6	5	6	8	3—61		

* Hake.

6	7	6	5	8	6	4	4	7	6—59		

* Pieper.

5	6	4	6	6	4	3	3	2	0—39		

Frank.

8	7	4	7	6	4	5	6	6	5—59		

† Rest.

* Military rifles, .45-70-500.

Dinner to the Team of the 13th Regiment, N. G., N. Y.

CAPTAIN J. A. H. Dressel, I. R. P. of the Thirteenth Regiment, N. G., N. Y., entertained as his guests on Saturday night, November 7, the members of his team in the recent matches shot at Creedmoor. The dinner took place at Wilson's, Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y., covers being laid for twenty. Of the twenty, all showed up except "U. M. C." Thomas, the expert of the U. M. C. Company, of Bridgeport, Conn., of which company Captain Dressel is president.

The list of guests present included the following officers, non-commissioned officers and privates of the Thirteenth Regiment: Col. W. L. Watson, Lieut.-Col. C. H. Luscomb, Captains J. T. Jennings and H. P. De Forest; Lieutenants J. T. Ashley, R. Fahnestock and T. Austin; Sergeants T. M. Harvey, Val Werner and William Donaghy; Privates James McNevins, F. P. de Vigne, George G. Constable, A. Gripel and W. T. Crane. Among the citizen guests was Ed. Taylor, of the Laflin & Rand Powder Company.

Lieut.-Col. Luscomb was toastmaster, and saw to it that nobody whom he called upon to speak was allowed to sit down without saying something. The tone of the speeches was decidedly complimentary to the Inspector of Rifle Practice, to whose efforts and attention to the work he undertook was attributed the better showing made in recent matches by the members of the Thirteenth Regiment's team. As usual with similar gatherings at Wilson's, the proprietor left nothing undone to make everything pass off pleasantly. To Lieut. Austin much also is due for the accomplished way in which he handled the piano. Taken altogether it is hard to realize a pleasanter gathering, or one more likely to create and foster good feeling among the members of the team, officers and men. If one-half the promises of assiduous attention to practice made on that night are kept, the opponents of the Thirteenth Regiment's team at Creedmoor will have to look to their laurels next year.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Nov. 18.—HAVERHILL, Mass.—Fifth tournament of the Massachusetts State Shooting Association.

Dec. 1-3.—TRENTON, N. J.—Proposed contest for live-bird championship; 100 live birds per man, $100 entry. Under the management of Charles Zwirlein.

1897.

Jan. 4-5.—PRESCOTT, Arizona.—Fourth annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Prescott Gun Club. Roy Hill, Sec'y.

January.—SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Second midwinter tournament, under the management of Oscar Guessaz, etc.

February-March.—HOT SPRINGS, Ark.—The Arkansaw Traveler's first grand annual live bird tournament; $10,000 in purses and added moneys. Souvenir programmes ready Jan. 1. Address all communications to John J. Sumpter, Jr., Box 111, Hot Springs, Ark.

March 23-25.—NEW YORK CITY.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

April 15-17.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Willard T. Simpson, Chairman Ex. Comm.

May 11-14.—OIL CITY, Pa.—Seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Black powder barred. Special event: 25 live birds per man, $25, $1,000 guaranteed. Send entries to H. C. Reeser, Sec'y. Oil City, Pa.

June (third week).—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

It seems that the present system of not allowing contestants in target handicap races to know their handicap until they have shot at the last target of their allowance has its parallel in certain bicycling races in Australia. The New York *Evening Sun* of Nov. 5 has the following item in its column of news for bicyclists: "The 'loafing' methods adopted by some contestants in cycle races," says a cyclist, "and notably in long events, where the real race does not begin until the last quarter is entered upon, when it is a dash for the tape, are frequently unfavorably commented upon by spectators at race meets. The leading event at a recent cycle meet held in Australia was a 'secret distance race.' The distance of the race was known to the track officers only, and was decided upon after it was started. The men raced around the track, and when the starter's gun was fired the race ended. The man in the lead at that point was the winner, and the other men obtained prizes according to their places. In a race of this kind the men are bound to keep sprinting from the start, each man striving to maintain the lead, as he can never tell when the race will end. The racing is therefore bound to be interesting to the crowd, as it does away with all pacing and time limits." The "secret distance bicycle race" is closely allied to the "secret handicap allowance target race."

We have received the following notice from the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, N. J., regarding the conditions under which the "amateur championship" cup, donated by *Recreation* Publishing Company, is to be competed for: "Contestants for the cup must be members of New Jersey gun clubs in good standing. There will be seven contests for the cup, held every other month, the first to take place Dec. 12, 1896. All contests shall be on the grounds of the Bergen County Gun Club, at Hackensack, N. J. The person winning the cup the greatest number of times shall be the champion target shot of New Jersey, and the cup representing the same shall be awarded to him. All contests will be at 100 targets, 50 at known traps and angles, and 50 at unknown angles. Ties may be shot off at the option of the club. $5 shall be awarded at each shoot to the second gun. The price of the birds will be remitted to third gun. Entrance $3, or price of birds. Optional sweep on each 50 targets may be arranged as desired. Gentlemen regarded as absolute professionals will be debarred, and their names will be announced in time to avoid any inconvenience." The trials of a trap editor are many! Up to date we have had professionals—expert and semi-expert. Here's another class—"the absolute!" The next should be the *Ultima Thule*. Trot him out.

We have received a programme of Charlie Zwirlein's big shoot at the Interstate Fair grounds, Trenton, N. J., Dec. 1-3. The first event is a 25-bird handicap, $25 entrance, birds extra at 25 cents each, handicaps ranging from 28yds. to 32yds.; three moneys, 50, 30 and 20, a forfeit of $10 to accompany each entry. Two sets of traps will be in operation, and extra events will be arranged to suit contestants. On the second day will be shot the championship event at 100 live birds, $100 entrance, birds free, 30yds. rise all, A. S. A. rules to govern, one money (high gun to take all). The Austin Cartridge Company will donate a challenge trophy to go to the winner. In regard to the purse in the championship event, we have grave doubts as to the wisdom of making only one money. One thing is sure, however: one money in such an event makes a purse worth winning.

A match is being shot to-day on the Westminster Kennel Club's grounds, Babylon, L. I., between George S. McAlpin, of the Carteret Club, and John L. Winston. The grounds of the club are as fast as any in the country, while George S. Mott, the club's manager, has the reputation of selecting and trapping remarkably fast birds; the boundary also has been reduced to one of 30yds. McAlpin has lately been shooting in much improved form, and his friends are confident of his success; he has done some good work on the Westminster Kennel Club's grounds, and in that respect will have a slight advantage over his opponent, who has never visited them. A lot of interest is shown in the match, Winston's victorious career since his arrival in the East having attracted much attention from the club men in this part.

Pigeon-shooters who aspire to championship honors should not forget that entries for Zwirlein's 100-bird race at Trenton, N. J., close on Nov. 20. If, as we are informed, Dr. Carver is shooting in such great form, he will not jeopardize his claims to the championship "of the world" by coming East and taking part in a race with such a solid money prize at the end of it. The prize in cash would be well worth winning, and the Doctor could shoot the race "under protest" so far as his championship was concerned. If he wins he will have further vindicated his right to that title. We have little doubt too that he could arrange a match or two on the side, if he will only come and spend a week or two in the East.

Nate Astfalk and Aaron Woodruff, both of Elizabeth, N. J., went to Class's grounds at Morristown, N. J., Nov. 6, to shoot a race with James S. Timmons and Hathaway, both of Morristown. The conditions of the race were 25 live birds per man, $20 a corner. Astfalk and Woodruff won by 2 birds. On the same day Winston shot at 25 specially selected birds, Class betting him the price of the birds that he could not kill 20 out of the 25; Winston made Class pay for the birds by scoring just the requisite number. The outcome of this race was an agreement between the two men that a similar race should be shot in the near future at 50 birds, Class to furnish them. A bet of $50 depends on whether Winston can score 40 out of the 50 birds. A forfeit was put up to bind the match.

Drivers and Twisters were a little scarce in our last issue, and we know just whose fault it was. One can't go climbing up and falling down the Jersey mountains in pursuit of ruffed grouse for a few days without running the risk of our pet column getting into disgrace. And anent those same ruffed grouse: It's no joke trying to get the best of a Jersey grouse on a Jersey mountain when the rocks are slippery and the leaves as dry as a chip, owing to two or three days of as fine Indian summer weather as ever fell to the lot of a hunter. No wonder Drivers and Twisters were scarce.

Bland Ballard, who won the championship of Kentucky a few days ago, did some good shooting before he became entitled to the name of champion of Kentucky. He ran 24 out of 25 live birds, and then ran 15 straight in the ties. He used, we believe, the old Greener with which he helped A. L. Ivins to defeat the Hoey-Murphy team at Elkwood Park about 14 months ago.

The annual meeting of the Interstate Association will be held at Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City, N. J., on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 17. The Association will have a lot of important business to consider, as its efforts in the line of creating interest in trap-shooting by giving a series of tournaments "for sport" have passed the elementary stage. The choice of a circuit for 1897 will be a hard nut to crack.

A. W. du Bray is bubbling over with joy at the way in which the Parker gun came to the front at the Kentucky Gun Club's shoot at Louisville, Ky., and at the Macon, Ga., Gun Club's all-day shoot at live birds. And, by the way, the boys at Macon seem to have the support of the shooters of that district; an entry list of 18 in a 25-bird race is not to be sneezed at.

Rolla Heikes has made a new record, breaking 100 targets out of 105 shot at in 3m. 7s. The feat was accomplished on the grounds of the Cleveland, O., Gun Club, and was made on targets thrown from a magautrap.

We have received a very interesting communication from Roger Van Glider, the popular secretary of the Knoxville, Tenn., Gun Club, giving in full his ideas as to "Programmes and Tournaments," and also telling in detail how to run one. Owing to the great pressure on our trap columns this week we are unable to give our readers the benefit of Mr. Van Glider's experience in the current issue. By the way, there's a comet on the trap-shooting sky; it's headed toward Knoxville, and will, if our calculations are not in error, reach there some time in May, 1897. That comet has a long tail, composed entirely of crackerjacks—about 150 of them too!

We understand that Winston has posted a forfeit to shoot Carver a race when the Doctor comes East on his way to Europe. Winston wants Carver to shoot him a race on the first Saturday in December at 100 live birds on Zwirlein's grounds at Yardville, N. J. If Carver accepts this offer Winston states that he will wager $147 to $100 that Carver will not take the "cast iron badge" to Europe with him if the ownership of that badge depends on the result of the above match.

John J. Sumpter, Jr., proposes to hold a big live-bird tournament at Hot Springs, Ark., during the months of February and March. The idea is a capital one, and Mr. Sumpter's efforts in this direction should meet with great success. In another portion of these columns we give Mr Sumpter's letter to us in detail. It is well worth reading by all shooters.

W. H. Woistencroft, of Frankford, Pa., has challenged Dutchy Smith for the Austin Tri-State cup, won by the latter at the shoot at Marion, N. J., Nov. 3. Dutchy has named Nov. 25, 2 P. M., and the Climax Gun Club's grounds at Fanwood, N. J., as the date, time and place for the shoot to take place. The conditions are 100 targets, expert rule, one man up, $25 a side, winner to take the cup and the $50.

Trap-shooting is on the boom in Richmond, Va., the efforts of some enthusiastic lovers of the sport having been successful in creating quite a lot of interest among the shooters of the capital of Virginia. A shoot was held in that city on Oct. 17, at which both English sparrows and pigeons were trapped; the attendance was sufficiently large to hold out hopes of better things to come.

The fifth tournament of the Massachusetts State Shooting Association will be held at Haverill, Mass., Nov. 18, under the auspices of the Haverill Gun Club. In addition to a long programme of 10-target events, there are also the 3-men team race and the individual prize match to be decided.

The second shoot for the cup presented by the American E. C. Powder Company to the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, N. J., took place on Saturday, Nov. 7. The cup was won by T. Bell, the president of the club.

The first of a series of three races between the Endeavor Gun Club of Jersey City, N. J., and the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, N. J., ten men to a team, takes place on Saturday, Nov. 14, at Hackensack.

Dr. Wynn, one of the veteran members of the New Utrecht Gun Club and Fountain Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and also a member of the Larchmont Y. C., made a record for the grounds of the latter club on Election Day by scoring 50 straight live birds from the 30yds. mark.

In the Yale-Princeton-Harvard team shoot held on Saturday, Nov. 7, on Soldiers' Field, Yale was the winner, Princeton being second, with Harvard third. The scores were respectively 87, 57 and 46.

There will be at least 10 entries in the main event at Zwirlein's tournament, according to figures furnished us. Zwirlein also writes us that he has to date (Nov. 6) 20 entries for the handicap.

Nov. 10. EDWARD BANKS.

Future Tournaments in the South.

VICKSBURG TOURNAMENT.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Nov. 6.—Some time ago the Hill City Gun Club, of Vicksburg, Miss., announced that it would hold a tournament on the 5th and 6th of this month. At the last minute the club decided to change the dates, owing to their close proximity to Election Day, and therefore chose the 10th and 11th. The programmes for this tournament are now out, and from the amount of advertisements contained in the same it is evident that an abundance of local interest is manifested in this shoot. The programme calls for ten events each day, 20 targets each, with a uniform entrance fee of $3 50; $10 added in each event makes up the $200 added money which the club promises. All events will be known traps and unknown angles; the Rose system of dividing the purses will be used, but how many moneys there will be it fails to state, though likely not less than five; 10-gauge guns and black powder will be barred, and Mr. Elmer E. Shaner will have charge of the traps and grounds. This assures those who attend that everything will pass off smoothly, and everybody knows how essential this is to help make things pleasant. This is the club's fifth tournament, and all the previous ones were enjoyable and successful affairs. Present indications are that this will be but a repetition of the former ones.

HOT SPRINGS BIG HANDICAP.

The commencement of the new year will doubtless see a revival of big tournaments. The Grand Midwinter will take place in January at San Antonio, Tex. In February there will be a big live-bird tournament at Hot Springs, Ark., the feature of which will be a big handicap race, 25 birds each, $25 entrance, and $12 50 added for each entry; if there should be 100 entries in this event the added money would amount to $1,250, and this with the entrance fees would make quite a nice purse—one well worth striving for. There will be four other handicap events, all with the same number of birds and the same entrance fee, and any number of sweeps. The shoot will last ten days or two weeks, which will probably be the last two weeks in February. The management of the affair will be in the hands of Mr. John J. Sumpter, Jr. (the only Arkansaw Traveler); this alone should insure its success, as all those who are acquainted with John know that he is thoroughly familiar with all the details of this great game of ours.

ANNIE OAKLEY AT HOT SPRINGS.

Miss Annie Oakley and her husband are now stopping at Hot Springs, Ark., as the guests of Mr. John J. Sumpter, Jr. They will remain until about the end of the month. On Thanksgiving Day Miss Oakley will give an exhibition at Hot Springs, and in addition to her fancy trick shooting she will give John J. Sumpter, Jr., an object lesson in the art of killing pigeons. They will shoot a little race, 25 birds each, and John had better look out for his laurels, or Miss Annie will walk off with his scalp. This is no phantom. PAUL R. LITTLER.

Country Club, of Westchester, N. Y.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—The Election Day shoot at the grounds of the Westchester Country Club was well attended. A full day's sport was enjoyed by those present, nineteen miss-and-outs being decided during the day. One or two of the events were allowance handicaps, those who stood at 28yds. or back of that mark shooting miss-and-out, 27yds. and under receiving a miss as a kill. Mr. Beaver Page, who has done very little trap-shooting since his severe illness last winter, was on hand and did some good shooting, especially toward the close of the day. The scores in the different events were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
W G Brokaw (29)	3	1	11	1	5	2	4	1	0	6	8
J Seaver Page (28)	2	3	8	1	1	5	5	1	4	0	6
W H Stafford (27)	2	4	9	4	1	5	0	3	3	2	6
A Hooper (28)	1	4	5	0	5	5	0	1	3	1	7
H B Gilbert (29)	3	3	11	3	4	2	3	2	4	5	3
H S Redmond (26)	..	3	1	4	0	3	3	3	1	3	1
P H Adee (27)	..	..	..	..	..	..	0	..	..	1	..
W S Eday (28)	..	..	..	..	..	0	3	..	..	..	..
H A Butler (28)	..	..	..	..	..	3	5	2	2	6	3

Other sweeps, all miss-and-outs, were divided as follows:

Stafford and Redmond divided the 12th event, Gilbert and Hooper divided the 13th event, Stafford, Hooper and Gilbert divided the 14th event, Page and Stafford divided the 15th event. Hooper won the 16th event, Page, Stafford and Hooper divided the 17th event, Page, Gilbert and Butler divided the 18th event, Stafford and Butler divided the 19th event.

Country Club, of Hanover, N. H.

HANOVER, N. H., Nov. 2.—The sweepstakes shoot of the Hanover Country Club brought out but few shooters, as the weather was very threatening. The scores made were poor, owing to the heavy wind that blew across the grounds. Mr. M. R. Beaudoin-Bennett, who acted as referee and scorer, is also an expert with the gun. Mr. Dean Murphy holds the club record of 96 out of 100, 21yds. rise, unknown angles. The club, although a young organization and devoted to fox hunting, polo, golf, etc., has also a large number of members who are much attached to the trap-shooting department. The shoots are held regularly on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays at 1 P. M. To-day's scores were as follows:

Thirty targets, 21yds. rise, unknown angles:

Dean Murphy	101111111111111111000111111111101—25	
	111111011011001111000011101111—21—46	
W Boetzkes	111010111110111111111011011100—23	
	111001101110010101100111111011—20—43	

In a 15-target race, same conditions, Murphy defeated Boetzkes by a score of 14 to 9.

Tournament at Ironton.

IRONTON, O., Oct. 28.—Yesterday, the first day of the Iron City Gun Club's tournament, opened in anything but an auspicious manner as far as the weather was concerned. A cold, steady rain fell during the morning and made shooting decidedly unpleasant. After dinner it cleared up nicely and enabled the club to throw about 2,500 targets.

Shooting was very difficult on account of the dark background and the rapid flight of the bluerocks. The excitement of the approaching election had the effect of keeping away dozens of sportsmen who had signified their intention of attending, but taking all things into consideration the shoot was a most decided success. All appointments were of the best, ample protection having been provided in the shape of a commodious club house and two large tents, one being used by the caterer and the other by that most efficient, handsome and obliging treasurer, George H. Gray. Everything passed off without a hitch of any kind, and too much credit cannot be given to those whose services and close attention in managing the shoot elicited so many profuse and complimentary remarks. Ezra Dean and Joe Rogers were constantly on hand working hard, but to Howard E. Norton belongs the greatest credit, he having visited numerous tournaments and individually invited his hosts of friends to attend this shoot. During the entire time he did yeoman work, always alert to the comfort and enjoyment of the visitors, among whom were: R. L. Trimble, of Covington, Ky., representing the Du Pont and Hazard powder companies; Milt. F. Lindsley and John H. Mackie, representing the King Powder and Peters Cartridge companies, of Cincinnati; Frank Alkire, of Woodlyn, O.; Dr. William Shattuck, of Cool Grove, O.; Capt. A. W. West, A. M. Glockner and P. Conley, of Portsmouth, O.; P. Schlicher and C. E. Verges, of Marietta, O.; L. P. Stevens and Robert Clark, of Parkersburg, W. Va.; E. E. Douthit, Dr. Vickers, Dr. Sample and L. A. Wolcott, of Huntington, W. Va.; F. Bibbee, of Elba, O., and others from this city.

The live-bird match between Capt. A. W. West and C. E. Verges on one side and L. P. Stevens and Robt. Clark on the other (for $200 per team) proved the drawing card of the second day, hundreds of spectators being present. Special attention must be called to the perfect work done by Verges; he made some difficult shots and succeeded in scoring 25 straight, landing his side easy winners. During this match all four gentlemen used Du Pont powder loaded in Winchester Leader cases. Mr. Verges also used a Winchester repeating shotgun, which he handled with judgment.

Of those present 7 used Winchester guns and did the most vigorous and effective work, viz.: Trimble (who won high average both days and killed all the pigeons he shot at). Norton, Wolcott, Glockner, Bibbee, Conley and Verges. All excepting 3 used Du Pont and Hazard Smokeless loaded in Leader cases. Following are the scores for each day:

First Day, Oct. 28.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		
Targets:	10	15	20	10	15	25	10	15	10	20	Shot at.	Broke.
Trimble	8	15	18	10	12	22	6	14	10	20	150	135
Alkire	9	14	18	8	13	21	8	13	9	18	150	131
Norton	10	14	15	9	13	24	7	13	8	18	150	131
Wang	6	13	17	6	12	22	8	11	9	17	150	121
West	7	15	17	6	11	17	5	12	8	15	150	113
Shattuck	9	11	18	6	10	18	6	12	7	10	150	105
Mackie	10	10	17	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	55	43
Pierce	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	6
Lindsley	6	11	..	7	11	..	6	12	8	15	105	76

EXTRA EVENTS.

Targets:	15	15	10	10	10	15	15	15	15		
Trimble	11	12	9	8	10	14	13	12	13	120	102
Alkire	11	14	10	9	8	14	15	13	14	120	108
Norton	13	12	..	8	..	..	..	13	..	55	46
Shattuck	11	7	7	9	5	8	7	9	9	120	72
West	12	13	8	10	5	12	12	11	13	120	96
Wang	8	12	8	7	7	13	6	9	10	120	80
Truby	..	..	7	8	5	10	8	8	..	75	46
Schlicher	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	10	7	60	34
Bibbee	..	..	..	..	..	11	9	12	7	60	39
Skinner	..	..	..	..	..	9	12	10	7	60	38
Verges	..	..	..	..	..	12	12	12	12	60	48
Clarke	..	..	..	..	..	13	7	7	7	60	34
Mackie	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	11	30	25

Second Day, Oct. 29.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13		
Targets:	10	15	20	15	20	25	10	10	15	10	10	15	10	Shot at.	Broke.
Trimble	10	15	19	14	19	23	7	10	13	10	10	13	9	185	172
Alkire	9	14	16	12	17	24	9	9	13	8	10	13	10	185	164
Shattuck	10	14	19	14	17	17	9	8	11	9	5	15	4	185	152
Norton	10	13	18	13	17	24	10	9	14	10	9	13	..	175	159
West	10	13	17	13	17	22	6	..	13	9	8	13	10	175	150
Lindsley	9	11	11	13	16	21	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	125	96
Verges	8	11	17	11	14	21	7	10	13	9	10	9	10	185	149
Mackie	7	9	16	13	18	..	6	4	13	10	7	..	..	185	103
Bibbee	7	6	14	9	10	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	90	52
Schlicher	8	10	12	12	10	17	6	9	11	..	..	..	..	140	95
Wang	9	9	13	..	..	..	9	8	10	..	..	..	..	80	58
Skinner	7	9	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	5	45	27
Clarke	7	14	16	12	13	19	7	..	..	9	..	..	..	125	97
Wolcott	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	6	..	7	..	..	..	35	21
Vickers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	7	..	..	..	30	18
Douthit	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	8	..	..	..	20	16
Glockner	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	12	5	6	..	..	45	32
Conley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	7	..	..	35	22
Thompson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	..	..	..	25	14

The live-bird scores shot to-day were as follows:

Match: Verges and West vs. Clark and Stevens, 25 live birds per man, $100 a corner:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1896, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

C E Verges.....2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2—25

West...........2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 2 • 2 2 1 0 2 2 1 1 2 2 1—21—46

Clark ....1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 0 0 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 2—22

Stevens ....2 1 2 1 1 2 2 0 1 • 1 2 1 • 1 • 1 1 0 2 2 2 2 2 2—20—42

Two sweeps were shot, as follows: No. 1, 7 birds, $7, three moneys, Rose system. No. 2 was same, except that there were only two moneys:

	No. 1.	No. 2.		No. 1.	No. 2.
West	2120222—6	2202121—6	Trimble	2112111—7	2221112—7
Skinner	2212122—7	2121211—7	Norton	1111221—7	1120201—5
Verges	2212022—6	1222212—7	Lindsley	2222222—7	2022222—6
Alkire	1122210—6	2221222—7	Shattuck	2002112—5	......

CLAY BIRD.

Macon Gun Club.

MACON, Ga., Oct. 29.—To-day the Macon Gun Club gave a shoot at pigeons that was greatly enjoyed by the participants and proved beyond question that such events can be brought about wherever there is a leading spirit to steer. In this case Messrs. Baker and Etheridge were the pilots, and very creditably did they acquit themselves.

The weather was splendid, with a good breeze to help along a lot of birds that needed no great assistance. The arrangements were good in every particular, and no complaint was heard at or of anything during the day, excepting perhaps chagrin may have been expressed at the short duration of all good things mundane; but for that Mr. Baker can't very well be held responsible.

Well, some one must put his shoulder to the wheel and do some grinding to successfully give a tournament, so in this case Messrs. Etheridge and Baker locked horns, as it were, and in double yoke went at it in earnest, and so well and faithfully did they pull together that not a single hitch occurred during the whole day.

Mr. Tom Callender, of Nashville, who occasionally converses in whispers on the merits and excellence of W-A powder, was there to show how nicely he and it work to a charm in stopping pigeons. Mr. Porterfield made some original and playful remarks about Du Pont Smokeless, and from the way in which he smashed his first ten birds there really wasn't much to be said in corroboration. Then Mr. Irby Bennett riddled a lot of pigeons very deftly, even to plugging them with his second shot, and accurately too at that.

But Mr. Baker worked and sawed wood, and Mr. Etheridge labored and hoed corn, and when one conscientiously saws wood and honestly hoes corn it is hard to shoot pigeons all at the same time, especially good pigeons, chocolate-colored chaps (not coffee-coaters), but good, swift, lively birds; so please remember these little incidents while looking over the scores.

Macon does not give very many tournaments, nor does it attract men from great distances, as no purses are hung up, but if anyone happens to be in the vicinity of that place when a shoot is given, it is just as well to go because then you will be well received by the sportsmen of the town. By the way, the Hotel Lanier is kept by Mr. Sperry, a thorough sportsman, who will cheerfully and most agreeably entertain anyone who happens to drop in. One sportsman soon knows another, so just say dog or gun in Mr. Sperry's hearing and forthwith you are most welcome.

Mr. Ruble did splendid work all along, winning the Butts medal given to the man making the highest score in handicap event for members of the Macon Gun Club; his gun and load did great work all along.

Should these lines meet the eye of anyone undecided as to whether he will go to the Vicksburg tournament, let him rest assured he can make no mistake in going to it. Vicksburg is peopled by a lot of hospitable, good-hearted souls who will gladly welcome any stranger that enters their gates, and no one, if of the right stripe, can ever regret having been there. Like dear old beloved Natchez, it is a Mississippi River town, and a word to the wise is sufficient. Some of the best and most important tournaments ever given in the South were held at Vicksburg, and that is saying a good deal when we remember how well the South stands in that particular.

	Macon Handicap.	No. 1.	Miss-and-out.
T Callender (28)	112222111220122122211208—22	0222222222— 9	0
A W du Bray (30)	1111222•1021122212222221—23	2011112122— 9	12120
Ruble (30)	11112•2111222121102120221—22	2121121112—10	12111
Butts (27)	21012120•21002121121112110—20	0101101202— 6	120
Wardell (27)	2120121211010012011211110—19	0022001120— 5	220
Harris (28)	2222221222011020211 22•1•0—19	....	22122
Holt (30)	2011222•2210122122200212 0—19	•101102122— 7	.....
Hamilton (27)	2101202•2202222110222 0022—18	000•211020— 4	0
Bennett (29)	2202022222202222202200 2220—18	2120222202— 8	.....
Burr (28)	0102221022110•01022100121—16	....	.....
Deen (26)	0012000000010•201•2221220—11	1112100000— 5	1120
Etheridge (30)	22222102202102002221•20	2222202121— 9	.....
Porterfield (30)	10100221112110112•21100	2112121221—10	11111
Aderholt (28)	101202•1•221220•1221120	•?11012222— 8	0
Clayton (30)	0002221211•02•12110	1222022110— 8	.....
Shinholser (26)	1•000100221 21110120	....	.....
Moore (26)	•022210012202010	....	.....
Baker (28)	0220022•02•110	0010200111— 5	.....

GAUCHO.

Omaha Gun Club.

OMAHA, Neb., Oct. 28.—You will find below the records made by the members of the Omaha Gun Club at the regular shoots held this season:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.		Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.
Blake	525	431	.820	Montmorency	450	342	.760
Bingham	50	32	.640	McFarlane	450	325	.722
Brucker	500	405	.810	Parmelee	350	322	.920
Bryant	50	25	.500	Peters	225	142	.631
Bates	300	168	.560	Reynolds	50	25	.500
Carmicha'l	525	421	.801	Read	325	239	.735
Cavanaugh	25	14	.560	Randlett	250	185	.740
Coleman	200	71	.355	Stubbs	25	13	.520
Cole	50	42	.840	Salisbury	200	147	.735
Dickey	350	255	.728	Smead	250	203	.812
Gwinn	25	15	.600	Towle	25	15	.600
Hughes	375	318	.884	Smiley	25	9	.360
Hawks	25	13	.520	Whitener	475	399	.840
Johannes	550	434	.789	Young	75	8	.106
Kenyon	200	146	.730	Nason	50	38	.760
Loomis	425	345	.811	Townsend	25	14	.560
Learned	300	188	.626				
Marsh	350	259	.740				

With indifferent duck shooting in this locality, many of our local shooters are still at the traps, and friendly live-bird matches are shot almost daily. Below find some of the more important of recent date:

Oct. 9.—Fifty live birds, $20 entrance, one money:

Montmorency..............2022212221222022222222222•—22
222•1221222122122222211111—24—46

Gardner..............1100200121211212211121011—20
1221202122121121121121201—22—42

Read..............121101022•22221•221200110—18
12221202•21110112•21111•1—20—38

Burgess..............2112001112221122•112122•01—20
2200122012111••1201210201—17—37

Oct. 17.—Twenty-five live birds per man:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1896, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

5 2 1 4 4 3 2 3 4 5 2 5 4 1 4 5 1 5 2 1 3 1 5 2 4

Burgess.............1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 0 1 1 0 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 2—23

4 2 3 1 3 2 2 4 5 2 3 3 1 2 5 3 3 4 3 4 4 2 4 1 5

Gardner.............1 0 1 2 0 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 0 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2—22

Burgess shot a Smith gun with 3¼drs. Du Pont in a Smokeless shell; Gardner, a Smith gun, 3¼drs. Schultze in a Smokeless shell.

Oct. 24.—100 live birds, $100 a side:

Trap score type—Copyright 1896 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

1 2 5 3 3 2 5 1 3 4 4 1 4 2 1 2 1 5 3 3 4 2 4 4 5

Samaha.........1 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 0 1 1—24

4 3 2 3 3 8 2 3 1 4 4 1 4 4 2 3 4 5 2 4 2 4 1 3 1

1 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 • 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 1 2 2 2 2—23

4 5 4 1 2 4 1 5 2 4 3 3 5 1 1 3 2 5 3 2 1 5 1 2 3

2 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 0 2 0 2 2 1 2 2 0 2 • 2 1 2 1 1—21

4 2 3 4 1 2 4 2 4 3 1 4 2 4 1 3 2 3 5 4 2 5 3 5 4

2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 0 2 1 0 0 2—22—90

4 3 5 3 1 3 5 1 3 5 2 3 5 5 3 1 1 4 4 2 3 5 1 3

H F Ekalb.....1 1 0 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 0 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 0 1 0 1—21

3 4 5 3 1 1 2 3 4 3 2 5 2 3 4 1 1 1 3 1 3 5 5 2 4

2 • 1 1 2 1 0 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 0 2 0 0 0 1 2 1 • 0—17

1 2 2 3 3 2 5 1 5 1 4 5 5 2 3 2 5 5 3 4 3 4 3 3 4 1

0 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 0 1 1 2 2 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—22

5 2 1 1 3 5 1 3 1 2 4 3 3 2 3 3 3 3 1 2 3 4 1 2 3

2 1 0 2 2 0 0 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 2 0 1 0 1—19—79

Samaha shot a Greener gun, 3½drs. E. C. in Trap shells; Ekalb shot the same make of gun with precisely the same load.

W. D. KENYON, Sec'y.

Trap at Watson's Park.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 7.—Below are some of the scores made recently at Watson's Park:

Oct. 30.

Geo Roll..............2•20222210210112•11121222—20
021011•221121012•221222•2—19—39

Dr Carver..............022202220211112•22222•2•2—20
222•0220122222220•22222•0—19—39

Nov. 2:

Geo Roll..............12•022•102112002021202•11—17
1121101121222012111221111—23—40

Dr Carver..............1211100221110222121011111—21
1202112222211122122•12222—24—45

Practice shoot, same day:

Rehm..............1102122110100210221222011021111—23
Carver..............2222122021222222221221 —19
Bourman..............1222021011111212120211122 —22
Roll..............0221112221 — 9

Nov. 7:

Dr Carver..............2221222222212121222•0220—22
2122222222212220222212222 0—23—45

Geo Roll..............2220222220022•222122222022—22
2212022122212212121121122—24—46

RAYELEIGH.

At the Larchmont Traps.

NEW YORK, Nov. 2.—The opening of the season at the Larchmont Yacht Club's shooting grounds to-day was marked by some excellent work on the part of Dr. Wynn, of Brooklyn, who scored 50 live birds straight. Only three shooters were present, the scores in the two 25-bird races, 30yds. rise, being as follows:

No. 1:

Dr Wynn..............2222111121222221121122212—25
A C Marshall..............0211222011111221112111122 01—22
E M Lockwood..............1111102111021111121101111—22

No. 2:

Dr Wynn..............2222222222222222222222222—25
A C Marshall..............2211122222112121212111122 11—25
E M Lockwood..............1111011222111021112111022—22

McIlhany still Champion of Kansas.

WEIR CITY, Kan., Oct. 26.—C. H. Calhoun, of this place, to-day endeavored to wrest the trophy emblematic of the live-bird championship of Kansas from W. W. McIlhany, also of this city. It will be remembered that McIlhany won the trophy from Calhoun on May 5, and has since defeated Ben Best, of Columbus, who challenged for it.

The weather to-day was absolutely perfect for an event of this kind, and a large number of spectators were on hand to witness the match. The race itself was scarcely an interesting one. Calhoun began to lose birds early in the race, and after the fifteenth round the result was hardly in doubt. The first round of 25 found McIlhany four birds in the lead, as he was shooting in great form, while on the other hand Calhoun was badly off, his work being very ragged. In the next string of 25 he improved somewhat and made a run of 16 straight, but this piece of good shooting was spoiled by some hard luck, for when it looked almost certain that he would run out straight he lost two of his last three birds dead out of bounds. This, however, could not have had any bearing on the ultimate result of the match. While Calhoun was making a fast pace McIlhany was even exceeding it: he ran 17 straight and went out with 22, exceeding his opponent by one bird on the string, defeating him by five birds, the total score standing, McIlhany 46, Calhoun 41. Only one of McIlhany's birds escaped, as three of his lost birds fell dead out of bounds; Calhoun lost the same number under these conditions. The birds themselves were an ordinary lot, some few were exceptionally fast, while others again must be classed as duffers.

The conditions of the match were: 50 live pigeons, A. S. A. rules, challenger to put up $25 against the trophy, winner to take trophy and money, loser to pay for the birds. W. G. Sergeant, of Joplin, Mo., acted as referee. McIlhany shot a Parker gun, Smokeless shell and Schultze powder; Calhoun shot a Greener gun, Smokeless shell and Du Pont powder.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1896, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

3 3 3 3 2 5 1 4 3 3 2 5 1 4 1 4 4 5 1 4 2 3 1 2 5

McIlhany.......1 1 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 0 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 1—24

2 3 4 1 2 1 3 2 5 5 1 2 1 4 1 2 2 2 5 5 4 1 5 5 5

2 • 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 • 2 • 2 2 2—22—46

2 2 2 4 2 2 4 3 4 4 1 2 4 4 1 1 5 3 1 4 1 2 3 4 5

Calhoun.........2 2 0 1 2 1 0 2 2 • 0 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 0 1 1 2 2 2—20

1 3 4 5 3 3 1 2 3 3 2 5 3 4 5 4 2 4 5 1 3 5 2 5 5

2 2 2 • 2 0 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 •—21—41

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Heikes Makes a New Record.

CLEVELAND, O., Oct. 30.—Rolla Heikes has been here on his round of exhibitions with Bartlett that these two have been giving in this State, and we gave him a chance to see what he could do in the way of fast shooting over a magautrap. Bartlett was, unfortunately, called home from here on account of sickness at home, so we failed to see him in his specialties.

The Cleveland Gun Club had its regular shoot yesterday and in addition a handicap merchandise shoot. I inclose the scores of the club contest, but have not the scores of the merchandise race. There were twenty-four entries in each race, and in the two races and ties between 1,500 and 1,600 bluerocks were thrown from a magautrap in two and one-half hours, which is very fast work.

It was quite late and very dark when the shooting was over, and Heikes did his shooting, but in spite of the darkness he shot at 75 bluerocks and broke 65 in 2 minutes and 40 seconds. On account of the darkness he could not make as good time as usual, and at the request of several of the members he stayed over another day to make another trial.

This morning at 10:30, everything being ready and having four Winchester repeaters all loaded, with Mr. Jenkins, inventor of the magautrap, and Mr. Baker to help to load the guns, Mr. Morris to score and myself to time and pull the trap, which was run by Wm. Cottshott, the club's trapper, Heikes called "Pull" and the race commenced. For some reason he missed three of the first four shot at and stopped and made another start.

Everything being ready, again Heikes called "Pull" for the first shot. I counted 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, pulling the trap at the same time, and repeating the count each time he took up a new gun, so as to keep him posted as to the number of shots fired and not cause delay by his getting confused by not emptying the magazine or trying to shoot after it was empty.

The trap was pulled regularly and at the rate of about six targets in four seconds, and the machine-like way in which Heikes picked up and emptied the magazines of the four guns was a marvel. The bluerocks were thrown 45yds., slightly left-quartering on account of that being the best direction to throw, considering the very high wind that was blowing. The first 63 were simply smothered before a miss occurred, all within what seemed to be about a foot of the same place, and the 100 were broken out of 105 shot at in exactly three minutes and seven seconds. The magautrap, the guns and the man worked without a balk of any kind, and all seemed to be a piece of the same machine.

It seems almost incredible that any one could shoot so rapidly and accurately under the strain necessary to perform such a feat, and it is certain there is not another man in the country or the world that can equal it.

Mr. Heikes shot Winchester factory-loaded ammunition in Leader shells, with 42grs. E. C. powder and 1⅛oz. 7½ chilled shot.

PAUL NORTH.

A Good Programme at Hot Springs.

JOHN J. SUMPTER, Jr., known to the boys as "The Arkansaw Traveler," has been doing some thinking at his home in Hot Springs, Ark., with the following result, which he has put on paper in a letter to FOREST AND STREAM: "In your trap columns will you kindly announce: 'February and March, 1897. The Arkansaw Traveler's First Grand Annual Live-Bird Tournament at Hot Springs, Ark.; $10,000 in purses and added money. Souvenir programmes ready January 1, 1897. Address all communications to John J. Sumpter, Jr., Box 111, Hot Springs, Ark.'"

In explanation of his scheme, Mr. Sumpter further writes: "I expect to have two weeks or more of strictly live-bird shooting, with four events of twenty-five birds each, $25 entrance, and $500 guaranteed. These events will be handicaps, and will be known respectively as the Arlington Hotel handicap, Southern Club handicap, Eastman Hotel handicap, and the Arkansaw Club handicap. As an inducement for shooters to remain until the finish, I propose to wind up with a 'Grand Hot Springs Handicap,' twenty-five birds, $25 entrance. For every two entries who shoot the entire twenty-five pigeons in this event I will add $25 in cash (silver or gold).

"I will write you further, giving full particulars and exact dates. At this time I think it best to commence the last week in February, continuing until the first week in March, or as long as the boys want to shoot. This is going to be a strictly dead square shoot (like the Du Pont-Chicago one, for instance); a gentleman's shoot, where a shooter can use any kind of a gun or powder he chooses (except black). Black powder will have to be barred, as deer and turkey are plentiful near by, and we do not like to have 'soft coal fiends' scare them all out of the country. The programmes will be the finest ever gotten out by any club or association, and we expect to have 15,000 run off. They will be sure enough souvenirs and don't you forget it."

The above outlines Mr. Sumpter's ideas on the subject of a big shoot for Hot Springs. The schedule of events seems to us likely to prove a very drawing one. The time of year suggested by the "Arkansaw Traveler" is a very good one. Southern shooters in particular can go to Hot Springs and make enough money to come up to New York, see the Sportsmen's Exposition in Madison Square Garden, and then make expenses the following week by winning the Grand American Handicap. The same applies to Western shooters, especially the shooters of the famous "Indian squad," whose prowess with the gun at the "circuit tournaments" of 1896 is not forgotten by any of those who attended the said tournaments. The North and East will unquestionably be represented at Hot Springs. They will come back to shoot in the Grand American even if they have to "hoof it." In short, we have seldom seen a programme that seems on its face to be as sure of ultimate success as this production of Mr. Sumpter's thought.

C. J. De Roo, secretary of the Holland, Mich., Gun Club, writes us as follows under date of Oct. 30: "The match which was to have come off to-day as the result of a challenge issued by the Valley City Gun Club, of Grand Rapids, to the Holland Gun Club, of this city, for the State team championship and *Shooting and Fishing* cup representing same, did not take place, as only two members of the Grand Rapids team appeared on the grounds. The cup therefore remains with our local club. Those present shot six 10-bird sweepstake races, but owing to the high wind and cold weather scores were very low, and only one straight 10 was made during the day; this was made by Mr. A. E. Ferguson, of the local club. Messrs. Bush and Vosburgh, of Kalamazoo, and M. K. Walton, of Grand Rapids, were among our visitors.

In New Jersey.

ELIZABETH GUN CLUB.

Oct. 23.—The second day of the Elizabeth (N. J.) Gun Club's eighth bi-monthly tournament was favored with fine weather. There was also a satisfactory attendance of shooters, all things considered.

The three events on the programme were: No. 1, 7 birds, $5; No. 2, 10 birds, $5; No. 3, 25 birds, $10, birds extra. In event No 3 three men killed their 25 straight. These men were Brewer (32), Class (31) and Woodruff (30). Wheeler fell in for second money alone on 24 out of 25, while Ferd. Van Dyke and M. Herrington divided third money on 23 each. The scores in the different events were as follows:

No. 1, 7 birds: Baker 7, Class 7, Timmons 7, Winston 6, Saunders 3.

No. 2, 10 birds: Winston 10, Astfalk 10, Timmons 9, Zwirlein 9, Baker 8, Class 8.

No. 3:

C Zwirlein (30).....1901111121111202011ow
J Erb (29).....2212212000211011191111—29
F Class (31).....2122212222222222212221—25
J Timmons (28).....1212222222222222202222200—23
F Van Dyke (29).....2122221112222222012112222—23
A Woodruff (30).....2111192122122222112511123—25
J L Brewer (32).....2222222121212222211222222—25
Saunders (26).....0122230022212111000w.
H G Wheeler (29).....1111212212121211110121192—24
Baker (27).....1022210122022102000w
M Herrington (26).....1012121112121211121220012—23

ORITANI FIELD CLUB.

Oct. 31.—The following scores were made to-day at the traps of the Oritani Field Club, of Hackensack, N. J.:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	10	10	10	10	Targets:	10	15	10	10	10	10
Holberton	7	12	7	8	9	8	Smith	10	9	7	..	..	..
Blauvelt	10	9	7	9	9	9	Conklin	5	8	..	..	..	..
G Ricardo	..	7	12	6	8	..	..						

MATCHES AND SWEEPSTAKES AT ZWIRLEIN'S.

Oct. 30.—J. L. Winston, the Eastern representative of the Austin Powder Company, of Cleveland, O., shot a couple of small races to-day on Charlie Zwirlein's grounds, at Yardville, N. J. The first match was with the proprietor of the grounds himself, Charlie Zwirlein, the conditions being 25 live birds per man, $25 a side. In this match Winston was an easy winner, Zwirlein being out of all form and retiring at the end of the 20th round, 5 birds to the bad. In the second match, 50 birds per man $50 a side, Winston met George Cubberly, one of the most reliable pigeon-shooters in this part of the country. On the first 25 Winston led by 2 birds, but in the last string Cubberly pulled up on him and only met defeat by the narrow margin of 44 to Winston's 45.

Winston's shooting to-day was remarkable, as, in addition to scoring 93 out of 70 birds in the above two matches, he was a winner in every sweep shot during the day, making a straight score of 64 kills in the eight sweeps. The scores in the matches were as follows:

Winston vs. Zwirlein.

J L Winston.....2000222222222222222—18
Chas Zwirlein.....0100202022210222202—13

Winston vs. Cubberly.

J L Winston.....2222222212222222222222—23
1122221221212111211211220—22—45
George Cubberly.....1121111212222111012220220—21
0112111221222111121110121—22—44

Sweeps were shot both before and after the Winston-Cubberly match. Nos. 1 and 2 were at 5 pairs, $5; the others were all $2 miss-and-outs. Scores as below:

	No. 1:	No. 2:	No. 3:	No. 4:
Winston	2211222222	2211111221	2221222	2222121211
Brewer	2212112222	2221121220	1120	.....
Cubberly	2010	.....	.....	.....
Hill	2122222120	220	1112111	1211212210
Zwirlein	11120	1211220	1121210	1221221122
T W Roebling	12010	1010212	111220	.....
C Roebling	12121120	0120910	120	.....

	No. 5:	No. 6:	No. 7:	No. 8:
Winston	222222	2222222222	22222	1122122
Zwirlein	221119	2111122212	22220	220
Cubberly	110	2111122220	12121	1112121
Hill*	.....	20	10	2222210

* Hill missed his first birds in both Nos. 7 and 8 and re-entered, with result as shown above.

TWO INTERESTING EVENTS AT MARION.

Nov. 3.—Two interesting events were decided to-day on the grounds of the Endeavor Gun Club, at Marion, N. J. The first was an individual match, 100 targets per man, expert rules, one man up, $25 a side, the principals being 147 (Jack Winston) and H. G. Wheeler, of Marlboro, Mass., now on his way to spend the winter in the South. Both men shot poorly, Winston finally winning by 6 breaks with the score of 75 to 69. It is true that the light was very trying and that the targets were thrown very low and fast, but it seems odd that both men should shoot so far below their true form. Wheeler had a hoodoo that prevented his breaking the target from No. 4 trap, whether it was pulled first or last. We have an idea that he missed that one target about 16 times out of the 20 it was pulled for him. The scores in this event were as below:

Winston .....1110101111111010111111101101101111011111111110011—88
1110011111111000101110000011111111111101111111110—37—75
Wheeler.....1101110011100110111111010101001111110000101001011—83
1100010111010111101909111010110111111110111111011—36—69

Platt Adams acted as judge for Wheeler, H. S. Welles watching the targets on behalf of Winston. Carl von Lengerke occupied the dual position of referee and scorer. Tommy pulled the traps and worked the indicator.

Several sweepstakes followed, all at unknown angles, and then came the real event of the day,

THE TRI-STATE CHAMPIONSHIP AT EXPERT RULES,

for a silver cup donated by the Austin Powder Company, of Cleveland, O. While the cup is taken as emblematic of the tri State championship at expert rules, it loses part of its prestige as such from the fact that contestants for the cup must always shoot a certain powder, the "147" load. It is a handsome trophy and can only become the absolute property of the holder when one defends his title to it successfully for six consecutive months. It is subject to challenge every thirty days, thus a man may have to defend it five times before becoming owner of the same.

The number of entries for this event was small, but this was only what one could expect, duty to one's country keeping many a would-be contestant away from the traps to drop a ballot in the box for McKinley or Bryan. Among those who took part were Charlie (Dutchy) Smith, of Plainfield, N. J.; Billy Woistencroft, of Philadelphia, Pa; Eddie Collins and Ferd Van Dyke, both good men at this style of shooting; Neaf Apgar, Dutchy Smith's fellow townsman; W. M. Stanbrough, from Newburgh, N. Y.; J. L. Brewer, of New York city; Platt Adams, Duston, Welles, Carl von Langerke and Edwards. Winston and Mr. Harding, a gentleman from Boston, Mass., a friend of Charlie Budd's, but a beginner at trap-shooting, shot along for "the birds," neither being eligible to compete for the trophy. The conditions of the shoot were: 50 targets per man, expert rules, one man up, $5 entrance, open only to residents of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

Scores in this event again ruled remarkably low, Winston being on top (but not for the cup) with the score of 39 out of his 50. Dutchy and Brewer tied for the cup on 38 each; Van Dyke and Collins tied for second place with 37, Woistencroft being third with 35. Collins made a remarkably poor start, scoring only 15 out of his first 25; he then pulled himself together and ran 23 out of his last half, thus landing within 1 of the cup after all. Dutchy and Brewer were tied at the end of the 40th round with 30 breaks each. Out of his next 5 the Plainfield man lost 1, while Brewer broke them all; the latter was thus 1 to the good with only 5 more to shoot at. Dutchy scored all his last 5 and then everybody waited to see what Brewer would do; he broke No. 5, the first trap pulled, and followed it up by smashing into dust the target that went from No. 1. With the two outside ones gone and broken, it looked as if he had the cup sure, but the unexpected happened; his 3d target was from No. 4, Wheeler's hoodoo, and it "got away." He broke the last 2 and tied, as stated above.

The tie was shot off at once at 25 targets each, Dutchy scoring only 19, but winning easily, as Brewer fell down to 15. As stated elsewhere, Woistencroft at once deposited a forfeit of $10 with FOREST AND STREAM, and issued a challenge to the winner.

The scores in this event were:

C Smith.....0101011111101111101110010111111101100111101111111—38
J L Brewer.....1111100111011111101100011110011011111111111011—38
E Collins.....1000101011111011101100101111111111101111011111101—37
F Van Dyke.....1101111111101110101001111101111111111111111111111—37
W H Woistencroft1011111101111111101010011111101011011010011111011001—35
P Adams.....0011111110110111110011100101001011011111110111—34
Neaf Apgar.....1011111110100011011111011011001101101010111111—34
H S Welles.....0100101001110110101001001110011101111011111111—30
C von Lengerke...0000110001101011001101111111111001001111011111101—29
J S Duston.....0010111111001010111100171111001100100101000100111—29
W M Stanbrough.01111001010100010001001021111011010000111011109111—29
Edwards.....0001100011011010011111001100011110100111w —24
Winston.....1111111111111001111111110001111001101011011111101—39

Mr. Harding broke 9 out of 50.

Shoot-off for the cup:

Smith.....1111010111111101111110011110—19
Brewer.....1111001010110011111000111110—15

Mr. Henry Febiger, a prominent member of the Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia, kindly consented to act as referee. The traps were again pulled by Tommy, while Max Herzig performed the duties of indicator. The latter phrase may sound a little obscure, so a few words explaining the method of using an indicator in this race will not be out of place: Two empty shell-boxes (the usual twenty-five-shell size) were used, a hole being cut in the top of each large enough to admit a hand. Inside one box were placed five wads, numbered respectively 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5. As each man stepped to the score for his five targets Mr. Herzig put his hand in the box and pulled out a wad, showing the number on it to the puller, who pulled that trap when the word was given. This wad was then dropped into the other box if the target was a fair one; if it was a broken target and not accepted by the shooter, the wad went back into the first box and a fresh shake-up given. This method was pursued until all of the five traps had been pulled. Thus a man did not necessarily get the same trap after a balk, although it might happen so. This made the pulling absolutely fair, and eliminated as far as possible all element of chance in the way of balks. The scheme was FOREST AND STREAM'S.

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB.

Nov. 7.—The monthly club shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club of Rutherford, was held this afternoon. The weather was as nearly perfect for trap-shooting as one could wish, hence good scores were the rule. The club event is shot at 50 targets, extra targets allowed the weaker shots. The first 25 is shot at known angles; the second 25 and the handicap allowance at unknown angles. The scores count at the end of the season, a cup being put up by the club, and the man winning it the greatest number of times to become its owner; the club will also divide about $90 in cash among the other winners. The Laflin & Rand Powder Company also put up for competition this afternoon one of its silver kegs of W. A. powder, the keg going to the high man in the club event. Baron, with an allowance of 5 extra targets, won the event with a score of 48 out of a possible 55. Huck, the secretary of the club, was second with 46, scoring 21 at known angles, but running 25 straight at unknown angles. Edwards and Winston (147), the latter a guest of the club, broke 45, both making 24 out of the 25 targets at unknown angles. James, one of the veterans of the club, shot well and landed with 45 out of a possible 55. Mrs. M. F. Lindsley, who is a member of this club, paid it a farewell visit this afternoon, it being her intention to return to Cincinnati, O., in a few days. The scores in the club shoot were as below:

T Baron (5)...1111101101011111111111101111111111011111111101111—44
11011 — 4—48
W H Huck (0).0111111110101111101111111111111111111111111111111—46
147 (0).....1010101111111111111011111111111111111111111111011—45
Edwards (0)..1011111111111000111111111111111111111111111111011—45
B James (5)..0111110011111111111011011101100111111111101111101—40
11111 — 5—45
K Frank (0)..1111111001111101111011101111111111111111001111111—45
G E Greiff (0).1101011111110111111101111111111111111111111111101—49
Wanda (12)...0110111100011011111110100111111010111010111010110 - 34
111101000110 — 7—41
Falle (12).....1011101111101001011010111110000111110110001111100—31
111011001111 — 9—40
Marvin (10)...0110111001111111011101000101001111101010101111111—33
1100111001 — 6—39
Jeanneret (0).0111100110000111101111100111110011011101111001101—35
Berg (15).....1000010010110111011111111111000111010001000001100—23
0000111011111101 — 9—31
Brown (15).....0001110110111011101010000001100000100011001001010—21
0010101111000011 — 8—29

Winston and Edwards shot a couple of little races at 25 targets each, unknown angles, loser to pay for the targets, with a small consideration thrown in to add to the interest. The result of these matches is given below:

Twenty-five targets, unknown angles:

147.....0110111111111111111111101—23
Edwards.....1111101111111111111111111—24

Same:

0110111111111111111111111—23
1111111010111111101001111—20

Sweeps were shot as below, all at unknown angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	10	10	15	10	Targets:	10	10	15	10
Edwards	8	10	11	9	Marvin	..	5	..	..
Greiff	8	10	13	9	Brown	..	..	8	..
Huck	8	10	14	8	E A Jeanneret	..	..	11	7
147	9	9	13	9	Baron	..	..	12	7
Berg	6	7	7	..	Frank	..	..	13	..
Falle	6	..	8	..					

JEANNETTE JAGD CLUB.

Nov. 3.—The Jeannette Jagd Club held its Election Day live bird shoot on the Guttenburg race track. The attendance was very good, 20 members taking part in the club event at 10 live birds per man. Of the 7 men in Class A, 4 made clean scores and shot off, miss-and-out, for the trophy for that class. Brunie fell out in the 7th round, but the other three killed 10 straight; in the 11th round a singular piece of shooting was witnessed, each man losing a bird. As the supply of pigeons was exhausted, the three men drew for the trophy, with the result that Charlie Steffens took it home with him. In Class B Henry Nobel, who is also a member of the New York German Gun Club, and Henry Gerdes tied for the medal; they drew for the trophy, Nobel winning it. The scores were:

Class A, 25yds.:

	Shoot for badge.
Chas Meyer.....2222111119—10	2222121110
Chas Steffens.....1211111111—10	2211211110
C N Brunie.....1111121112—10	1212110
Herman Otten.....1111112122—10	2211111110
Chas Offerman.....2121111011— 9	.....
Wm Rinckhoff.....1020111012— 7	.....
A C Chester.....1220001001— 5	.....

Class B, 25yds.:

Henry Nobel	1211111121—10	Nick Gerdes	0111010121— 7
Henry Gerdes	2112121111—10	Wm Rolfs	0202020111— 6
Wm Packer	0111011122— 8	Fred Kastens	1201010103— 6
John Hainhorst	1111010201— 8	Nick Crusius	1000202012— 6
Chas Bohling	1111001120— 7	Frank Barr	0110100113— 6
R Debsaaber	0221100112— 7	Fred Ehlen	2020201101— 6
Wm Rothmann	1102000123— 7		

EDWARD BANKS.

On Long Island.

PHŒNIX GUN CLUB.

Oct. 23.—Nine members of the Phœnix Gun Club took part in the club's regular monthly shoot, held to-day at Dexter Park. The birds were a good lot of flyers, and although the club mark is 25yds., all on the same mark, 13 out of 15 was the best that any of the shooters could do. "Uncle Billy" Hughes, David Freileigh and E. H. Madison tied for first place with the scores below:

David Freileigh.2201211101121111—13
E H Madison...1111111111101010—13
Wm Hughes....2011101121211212—13
James Smith...0011120201110121—12
Moses O'Reilly.0110012111111212—12

John Akhurst..1110111001211102—12
A Rutan.....0111111121001110—11
J H Chasmer...2010013111110110—10
Peter Gardner..1100100010010000— 6

THE DEXTER PARK TOURNAMENT.

A tournament was given at Dexter Park, L. I., by its proprietor, H. Lippack, on Oct. 29-30, the shoot being under the auspices of the Emerald Gun Club, of New York, an organization that has held its regular monthly shoots at this park for many years. In point of numbers the attendance at this shoot was about an average for small tournaments in this vicinity. The added money was very small, while the races were nearly all 15 and 20 target events, rather too long for the poorer shots to hope to get in for money. In addition to all this, the open season for game is now on and many trap-shooters from New York and Brooklyn are out in the woods after ruffed grouse and woodcock.

First Day, Oct. 29.

Some rattling good scores were made at the target traps to-day. H. G. Wheeler, of Marlboro, Mass.; Ferd Van Dyke, Justus von Lengerke; J. S. S. Remsen, of Brooklyn; J. L. Winston and L. H. Schortemeier, all making high averages. The special feature to-day was an individual match, 50 targets per man, expert rules, one man up, $10 a side, the principals being J. L. Winston and Wheeler. Winston won the match by 1 target, although at the end of the 25th round he was 3 behind Wheeler, and was still 2 behind at the end of the 29th round. The scores were as below:

Winston.....1101110111110111111111101111101111111111111111111—45
Wheeler.....1111111111111111111101100110111111100111111111—44

The scores made in the sweeps are given below in tabulated form:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	20	15	25	20	15	20	20	Targets:	20	15	25	20	15	20	20
Remsen	20	14	24	..	15	17	20	Smith	15	14	20	10	14	19	1
Van Dyke	19	15	24	10	13	18	20	Wood	14	11	17	..	..	..	..
Wheeler	20	15	24	10	14	20	18	Bristol	17	10	20	..	..	..	..
Von Lengerke	20	13	21	10	13	20	16	Phister	20	11	17	9	13	17	..
Honorarmeier	19	14	21	9	13	19	15	Wanda	..	..	..	..	..	7	..
Winston	16	12	23	9	13	17	20								

Extra targets were shot as below:

No. 1, 10 targets: Remsen 10, B. Amend 8, Schorty 7, Hudson 5, T. Short 4, Wanda 3, W. Amend 1.

No. 2, same: Schorty 9, T. Short 6, B. Amend 4, W. Amend 2.

No 3, same: Wheeler, Schorty and Bristol 10, Van Dyke, Wood and Remsen 9.

No. 4, 15 targets: Van Dyke 15, Remsen 14, Schorty 12, Bristol 10.

Second Day, Oct. 30.

The weather to-day was extremely fine and warm for the time of year, and the natural consequence was that the birds were not as fast as are usually seen on these grounds. Some big scores were made, Schorty leading with a record of 46 straight (every bird he shot at); Woodruff scored 30 out of 31, and Herrington 24 out of 25. Remsen scored 24 out of 26 shot at. The scores show the results in each race. The Dexter Park Handicap was at 15 live birds, $10 entrance, three moneys; Nos. 1, 2 and 3 were 5-bird sweeps, $3 entrance, and No. 4 a $1 miss-and-out, all at 30yds. The 5-bird sweeps were shot at the 28yd. mark. Scores:

Dexter Park Handicap.	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Brewer (31).2222222212222113—15	.....	.....	.....	.....
L H Schortemeier (28) 2221222221222—15	22222—5	21122—5	11121—5	121222—5
Wheeler (29).1211211211211110—14	.....	.....	.....	111222—5
Van Dyke (30)2222122221222201—14	.....	.....	12111—5	2220
Woodruff (30)1122112211101222—14	.....	21222—5	21221—5	222222—5
Remsen (26).2222222221112102—14	.....	12222—4	.....	121121—5
W H Lair(27)*1221110112121211—14	.....	.....	.....	210
Herrington(25)1112221211211201—14	.....	12221—5	12122—5	.....
R Pfister (24).2221112210222120—13	.....	.....	.....	.....
F Green (26) 2222012202211222—13	21012—4	.....	.....	.....
Dr Hudson	22111—5	22220—4	02000—1	.....
Dr Wynn	22200—3	.....	.....	.....
C Oberg	.....	20212—4	22211—4	.....
J B Voorhees	.....	01212—4	10202—3	.....
J Bender	.....	00011—3	20101—3	220

AN IMPROMPTU SHOOT AT WOODLAWN.

Oct. 30.—Three members of the New Utrecht Gun Club held an impromptu shoot at the club's grounds, Woodlawn, L. I., this afternoon. The main event on the afternoon's programme was a three-cornered race at 25 live birds per man, all at 30yds. Dr. W. W. Wynn was an easy winner with 22 out of 25. His opponents, Dr. Eddy and W. R. Allen, only scored 17 and 15 respectively. The scores were as follows:

Dr Wynn.....1221120111121011211201121—22
Dr Eddy.....2121201112022202211220210—17
W R Allen.....1020021210220101020020000—15

HAPPY DAY GUN CLUB.

Oct. 30.—The scores made by the members of the Happy Day Gun Club, of New York city, at their monthly live-bird and target shoot, held this afternoon, were as below:

	No. 1, 8 live birds.	No. 2. 15 targets.
C Rieger	12111112—8	011101011111110—11
Dr Richter	11111222—8	1101101101000210— 8
E Weiss	11101111—7	1001001101011111— 9
L Boehme	1e121210—7	.....
F Pasee	02220111—6	1010000100011— 5
G Moyer	20010021—4	1011101011001110— 9

Team race:

Rieger's Team.	Moyer's Team.
C Rieger...1010101111101110—10	G Moyer.....0101010101100010—7
E Weiss....1000111011111000— 8	L Boehme....1100010101110— 7
Dr Richter..1111110001100000— 8—26	F Pasee.....1010000101000011—6—20

E. WEISS, Sec'y.

CONEY ISLAND ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Nov. 4.—Four members of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club, of Brooklyn, put in an appearance at Dexter Park this afternoon to take part in the club's regular monthly live-bird shoot. The club event is at 7 live birds per man; this was won by Henry Knebel, Jr., who scored 6 out of his 7. He also won a match at 20 targets, shot after the club race. The scores in these events were as follows:

	Club shoot.	Sweep at 20 targets.
H Knebel, Jr.	1121101—6	11111101011111110—17
J B Voorhees	1020202—3	.....
H McLaughlin	1221010—5	10010001100111110100— 9
Dr Raynor	0210000—3	00011100000001100100— 5

CRESCENT CLUB, OF BROOKLYN.

Nov. 3.—Nine members of the Crescent Athletic Club, of Brooklyn, took part in a small shoot to-day on the club's grounds, the occasion being the formal opening of the shooting grounds for the season of 1896-97, the scores made on targets being as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
G C White	10	19	21	..	..	..	19	F U Gregory	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
D G Geddes	16	16	22	21	19	21	17	L U Hopkins	..	9	13	11	..	13	9
G A Street	10	4	..	..	..	..	..	T W Stake	..	6	8	..	..	14	8
W K Kitchen	9	9	..	..	..	..	..	J S Remsen	..	..	..	21	24	19	19
H A Growtage	8	7	7	..	..	11	11								

All events were at 25 targets.

Nov. 7.—To-day was the first regular shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club, of Brooklyn, the club shooting every Saturday afternoon during the winter and spring months. The attendance was very light, and Remsen had things all his own way, doing some good shooting, scoring 96 out of the last 100 targets he shot at. Scores:

J S S Remsen.1111111111011011110111110011100111001101111111111—40
0111111101111111111111111111111111111111111111111—48—88
George White.1111111110010011100111110110101011111111110111111110—38
0111101000111001000101000101011011010011010111101—26—64

Fifty targets:

Remsen.....1111111111111111011111111111111111111111111111101—49
I Richards.....0011101111000100111111001000100110111000110111010100—39

Twenty-five targets:

D G Geddes.....1111101111111110011101101—20
G Notman.....1011110011110010100011111—16

MATCH AT FLATLANDS NECK.

Nov. 3.—Messrs. L. B. Hooper, Philip Atchley and J. M. Eggler shot a three-cornered match at 50 targets per man for $25 a corner. Under the conditions Hooper stood at scratch, while Eggler and Atchley had respectively 5 and 10 extra targets to shoot at. Atchley won the race by 1 break, scoring 44 out of 50 to Hooper's 43 out of 50. Scores:

P Atchley (10).1111110011011011100011100111111110111111111010—37
0110110111 — 7—44
L Hooper (0) .1111111110111111110110011111001111111111111111110—43
J M Eggler (5).1011110000031111110111111011111011111011101110—35
11111 — 5—40

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Nov. 7.—The target grounds of the New Utrecht Gun Club, of Brooklyn, at Dyker Meadow, were practically deserted this afternoon, notwithstanding the fact that it was the day for the club shoot and the contest for the Hegeman badge. Dr. Pool, a Class B man, was high in the club shoot with 20 out of 25 targets, known traps and angles. In the Hegeman badge contest, also known traps and angles, A. E. Purdy, of Class C, with 2 extra targets to shoot at, landed an easy winner. This victory for Purdy really gives the badge to Mr. Adams, who has won the badge so often that his nearest competitor, Donly Deacon, cannot equal his record were he to win all the contests for that trophy that yet remain to be shot. Scores:

	Club Shoot.	Hegeman Badge.
Platt Adams (A).0111110110110100111111111—19	1111001110101010 —10
Dr. Littlefield (A).1001111001011111111101101—18	1110010001010100 — 7
Dr. G. E. Pool (B).1101101001111111111101101—20	0110010100111100 — 7
A E Purdy (C)...1101100000101011011101001—18	0011011101101111—13

Sweeps were shot as below:

No. 1, 10 targets, unknown angles—Dr. Pool, 9; Dr. Purdy, 6; Platt Adams, 5; Dr. Littlefield, 5; John Hardy, 3.

No. 2, same—Dr. Purdy, 7; Platt Adams, 6; Dr. Pool, 6; Dr. Littlefield, 6; John Hardy, 6.

No. 3, same—Platt Adams, 6; Dr. Littlefield, 5; Dr. Pool, 5; John Hardy, 3.

At Audubon Park.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Oct. 29.—A live-bird shoot was held to-day at Audubon Park under the management of Mr. Garbe, its present proprietor. The day was remarkably fine and pleasant for the time of year, but the attendance was by no means up to the usual standard, only eight shooters taking part in the three events at live birds. The scores in these events were as below:

	No. 1:	No. 2:	No. 3:
Krotz	01112—4	12112—5	1022112—6
16-gauge	01102—3	11122—5	1011102—5
McArthur	11212—4	02112—4	1221212—7
Sandy	12222—4	02212—4	1210210—5
Du Pont	22222—5	12010—3	2012021—5
Rossiter	10102—3	.....	.....
Nitro	.....	12012—4	2010102—4
E W S	.....	.....	2120000—4

Two events at targets were also shot, each being at 10 targets, 75 cents entrance, two moneys. The scores were:

No. 1: Krotz 9, Du Pont, McArthur and Sandy 8, 16-gauge and Nitro 7, King 6.

No. 2: Du Pont 9, Krotz and McArthur 8, 16-gauge, Sandy and Nitro 7, King 6

Kentucky Gun Club's Tournament.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Oct. 24.—The Kentucky Gun Club, of Louisville, Ky., closed its annual autumn tournament to-day after three days of continuous shooting. The first day all events were at targets; second day, Kentucky Handicap and sweeps at pigeons; and third day, Kentucky State championship at pigeons.

On the opening day the weather was beautiful, but so awfully hard is the shooting made on these grounds that low scores generally prevailed. J. D. Gay carried off first average, Harry Lyons and Bland Ballard tied on second, while Cooper took third. Mr. Cooper's record is remarkable, as this gentleman had never before shot on these very difficult grounds, or rather at the swift, low, record-breaking targets which have puzzled so many of the best shots.

On the second day the weather was simply vile. It rained and drizzled all the time, and had the pigeons been anything but first-class the shooting must have been very tame, but so good were they that the dampness did not seem to interfere with them much, and out of 18 entries in the Kentucky Handicap only four were fortunate enough to go out straight, which captured all the money, this event being at high guns. On this day again did Mr. Gay show off to splendid advantage, scoring 57 out of 58 pigeons shot at, a feat any man may well be proud of.

To-day (Oct. 24) the weather was bright and clear, with a slight breeze blowing from left to right directly across the traps. When twenty-one men had made their entrance time was called, and the match for the championship of dear old Kentucky was on.

The most remarkable feature of this affair is that out of this number of entries seven should reach the 24 notch, showing clearly how well so many of the contestants were shooting.

Chadwick, who had the match fairly and snugly won by scoring his last bird, had the misfortune to undershoot a rising, drifting right-quarterer with his first barrel, and to do very little apparent damage with his second. He thus had the mortification of finding himself changed in one instant from the absolute possession of the cup to a mere competitor in a well-filled tie—a tie which was bound to be difficult to win owing to the skill of the men who composed it. This was all the more aggravating, as Chadwick had scored 24 last year and also had landed in for first place, so that in spite of his having killed and scored 48 pigeons out of 50, fate decreed that he should have nothing to show for it.

Lyons, with his never-let-go style, after losing his 2d bird made a run of 23 straight—quite a good many when one has to kill them one at a time. He can flatter himself that he was the last man to cling to Bland Ballard, who, after he once got into the tie, could not be shaken off. Ballard shot to-day at 45 pigeons, including 5 in a miss-and-out, and killed them all, but lost one dead out of bounds—his 30th bird. So one can readily see the form he was in, and no further comment would elucidate. He shot a dead game match and won it on his merits, and that is just what one may expect of him whenever called on to show his colors.

Clay and Woodstock had the misfortune to each lose a bird dead out of bounds. So, in such company, when a fellow wins out he may consider himself a very fortunate man, sure.

The shooting of Norvin Harris was excellent; 23 out of 25 is away up, and when one considers how little practice he gets at the traps, one marvels at his success.

But those modest men in their quiet way perform wonders at times, and the charming part of it all is that they always delight in praising the exploit of a friend, but are forever silent on their own achievements; and that is refreshing.

Shipp, who started in with a dead bird out of bounds, pulled himself well together and landed well in the money, making several beautiful kills; but luck will kill any one. Phipps had his share on that day.

Trimble shot splendidly all along, losing an awfully fast quartering to the right little blue hen that went out like a rocket, but did not come down like a stick. He duplicated his Chicago score of 24 out of 25, but on this occasion on vastly harder birds.

Jim, the purveyor, was in his glory, and a merry little twinkle danced in his blue eyes when some ambitious youngster came to grief on a specially hard twisting driver. And well he might, for he secured for this occasion a great lot of birds.

The Parker gun was strictly in evidence in the hands of Messrs. Gay, Lyons, Chadwick, Woodstock, Cooper, Page, Clay and many others; while Schultze, Du Pont, E. C. and Hazard powders were very generally used. Bland Ballard used V. L. & D., U. M. C., Schultze handloaded shells, and so did Woodstock. Gay shot U. M. C. Smokeless shells and Du Pont, while Lyons shot Smokeless shells and E. C.

First Day, Oct. 22.

Events:	1.	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	15	15	20	15	20	15	15	15	15	20	20
Gay	15	14	20	13	18	12	14	19	11	17	10	14	13	15	20	..
Dodge	10	11	13	13	15	11	10	13	10	16	9	..	..	..	..	..
Lyons	13	13	16	13	17	13	14	20	14	15	12	11	..	..	..	..
Woodstock	12	11	17	12	15	12	12	15	13	16	11	10	..	..	..	..
Shipp	7	7	14	11	15	8	9	16	9	16	9	..	9	10	..	..
Coyle	6	14	14	8	11	10	13	15	7	14	..	..	..	..	..	..
A Clay	13	14	18	13	17	9	14	17	12	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
Trimble	13	13	16	12	19	9	11	17	10	18	13	15	14	12	..	..
Mackie	13	11	16	13	14	11	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Beck	10	13	16	11	16	12	9	4	11	16	13	..	..	..	..	..
Robinson	11	10	10	12	17	9	13	17	14	16	10	..	..	..	..	..
Cooper	14	13	17	12	13	13	9	16	13	14	..	10	..	..	..	..
G Clay	10	11	14	12	15	7	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ballard	12	10	18	14	16	14	13	16	14	16	13	11	13	14	14	..
Rattle	7	12	15	11	16	6	10	17	10	16	11	..	..	..	..	..
Chadwick	12	11	13	9	11	12	10	15	10	15	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hook	6	6	..	..	..	12	11	..	11	19	12	14	12	..	..	..
Rip	10	7	16	9	16	13	11	16	10	16	15	9	14	8	16	16
Means	..	..	..	..	10	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lindsley	..	..	..	..	16	12	..	12	16	..	13	..	..	..	..	..
Conner	..	..	..	..	13	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Tripp	..	..	..	..	..	15	11	11	14	14	16	6	..	..	..	..
Cox	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	7	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..
Clegg	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Riggs	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	13	10	..	..	..
Fawcett	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	..	..	..	..	13
Du Bray	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	11	..	..
Boddie	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	5	1	..	..
Page	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	6	..	..	..
Beard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	9	..	..
Moore	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15

Second Day, Oct. 23.

	No. 1.	No. 2. *	No. 3.	No. 4, Kentucky Handicap.
Gay (30)	22220	2211121	1220	1212221112221220—15
Chadwick (30)	2220	1222220	220	e2220
Hook (25)*	22120	0	.....	2211202211121—14
Ballard (30)	0	22220	1212220	2e1221222221—15
A Clay (25)*	11212	.....	.....	21222222222222—15
Rip (23)	0	0	1211220	2222222e222222—14
Churchill (25)	220	210	111110	2e1222101211e1—12
Schweitzer (25)	2120	2212120	2212121	22e2110
Fawcett (25)	22210	0	2122222	202121222121112—14
Harris (23)	....	.....	.....	12222211201e1112—13
Du Bray (30)	....	.....	.....	0e
Shipp (27)	....	.....	.....	1220e
Lyons (30)	....	.....	.....	2222222212e0
Lindsley (23)	....	.....	.....	2222202220
Page (27)	....	.....	.....	1120111111212122—15
Boddie (23)	....	.....	.....	1122211222122222—15
White (25)	....	.....	.....	21e201
Smith (30)	....	.....	.....	022e

* Hook shot at 27yds. and Clay at 29yds. in the Kentucky handicap.

	No. 5.	No. 6.
Ballard (30)	21112121222e—11	2212222222—10
Harris (23)	e	22e1022e
Churchill (25)	2111211e	22221e2122— 9
Du Bray (30)	2211121212121—12	2e1212122210— 8
Gay (30)	2221122222212—12	1221222222—10
Chadwick (30)	2212111122e—11	21e2122212— 9
Shipp (27)	1221211112121—12	2221211122e0— 8
Page (30)	e	1e1112221111— 9
Boddie (30)	220	2221e22201— 8
Rattle (28)	0	12212222222— 9
White (25)	1112212e	22e0122e1
Schweitzer (25)	21e	.....
Lyons (30)	2112212222222—12	.....
Fawcett (27)	111120	1221120e22— 8
Rip (23)	2222222222222—12	.....
Winter, Jr.	.....	1122211112—10
A Clay	.....	2022222111— 9

Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 5 were $3 miss-and-outs; No. 4 was the Kentucky handicap, 15 birds, $10, four high guns; No. 6 was 10 birds, $5, class shooting, three moneys.

THIRD DAY, OCT. 24.

Kentucky championship, 25 birds, ties at 5 birds:

		Ties at 5 birds.
Ballard	1112122222122e2222222222—24	22221 12222 22122
Lyons	2222222222222222222221—24	12222 22222 0w
Woodstock	2222222222e222222222212—24	21222 220
Gay	2222222221222112112212e—24	22211 10
Clay	2122222211211e2e1221112121—24	210
Chadwick	1222222222222222222220—24	20
Trimble	1222222111222222222222121—24	
Hook	1122211112212221112021201—23	
Harris	1222122222211021121022222—23	
Boddie	2122222222222202222220000—22	
Shipp	2122202111220021221211111—22	
Means	2212021212212012012012121—22	
Churchill	1212122121221202121202222—22	
Page	2122122221202022022202222—21	
Smith	2222101122222022212011111—21	
Ochsner	2122222221102110210221210—21	
Watson	2221122202122021102112e112—20	
Du Bray	1e2221112121012212e1122220—20	
Fawcett	2211012202202e2102220222—17	
Rigger	2220202101022001002212121—16	
Winter, Jr.	2102122002000101020021112—14	

A miss-and-out, $1 entrance, with 8 entries, was divided between Ballard and Chadwick, who scored 5 straight. GAUCHO.

Curious Decision of a Referee.

WE have often been asked to decide the following point that sometimes occurs in a live-bird match: A and B are shooting a match; it is B's turn to shoot. He goes to the score, calls "Pull" and kills his bird. A then discovers that when B called "Pull" only four of the five traps were loaded. What should be the referee's decision? We have invariably replied: It is a no bird; B must shoot at another bird from the *five unknown traps*. That is our interpretation of Rules 4 and 5, A. S. A. rules (revised 1893).

It was with some surprise, therefore, that we read the decision of a referee on this point in the following clipping from a sporting paper mailed to us by a correspondent, with the request that we pass upon it in our columns for the benefit of himself and others interested in such things.

"A singular happening took place during the shooting; it occurred just after Winston went out to gather a knocked down bird. Naturally, every one watched the retriever closely. The trapping lads were as much interested as Winston himself. Thus it happened that No. 4 trap remained unfilled when Count went to the score and called 'Ready, pull!' He killed the bird nicely. Winston turned toward the referee and said:

"'Mr. Referee, should not Count shoot at another bird? The rules call for five traps.'

"The reply of the referee was: 'Yes, they do call for five traps, and technically you are right. As it is the referee's business to see that the traps are filled, I fail to see how I can penalize the shooter for the fault of that official.' The bird, having been killed, was scored a credit for Count."

As in all similar cases, so in this one, we say that it was a no bird, and that Count should have been made to shoot at another bird from *five unknown traps*. We think the error in judgment in the decision quoted above lies in putting the duties of a referee, specially referred to in the A. S. A. rules, above that duty which is not specifically mentioned, but which is just as surely his, viz: the interpretation of those rules. It is perfectly true that the rules say (Rule 2): "The referee shall see that the traps are properly set at the beginning of the match and kept in order to the finish, and that they are kept properly filled." It is also perfectly correct that the rule says nothing about the interpretation of the rules; but if the referee is not to interpret them, who is?

Rule 4 says: "* * * All traps must be filled before the shooter calls 'Pull.'" As we look upon that rule, it is just as incumbent on the shooter at the score to see that the traps are properly filled as it is the duty of the referee. Arguing on that line, we would say that had Count lost that bird he would have had to abide by the result of the shot; the principle is on all fours with the Hurlingham rule (No. 22): "Should any member kill a bird at a distance nearer than that at which he is handicapped, it shall be scored no bird, but should he miss, a lost bird." The advantage to a shooter in having to cover only *four* loaded traps as against five, especially if the empty trap is an outside one, is surely as great as shooting from a mark closer to the traps than his original distance.

In the Winston-Count case, above quoted, the referee does not seem to have realized that he was actually penalizing Winston by giving a decision favorable to Count. Quoting the referee's own words: "As it is the referee's business to see that the traps are filled, I fail to see how I can penalize the shooter for the fault of that official." As we look at it, the shooter was just as much to blame as the referee, under Rule 4, A. S. A., and he should have been penalized for his own *fault*.

Take it another way: Suppose the referee's decision in the Winston-Count case was allowed to stand as a precedent, it would be possible for a shooter by collusion with a trapper to get only four unknown traps some time or another, just when he needed a bird badly perhaps. With all due deference to the referee, who is a gentleman of considerable experience in the character of a referee, we must state that in our opinion his view of the matter was erroneous, his reasoning fallacious and his decision bad law.

In Western Pennsylvania.

EAST PITTSBURG GUN CLUB.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Oct. 27.—The East Pittsburg Gun Club held a shoot to-day, 13 events at targets being decided. Among the 14 shooters present were some good shots, Mack, Sharrard, Athos, Gelm and Oliver doing good work, while to Old Hoss belonged the honor of being the only man able to make a straight score of 15 breaks; this he did in event No. 9. The scores are given below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	10	15	15	15
Mack	9	14	10	8	9	9	8	7	12	10	14	14	14
Sharrard	7	11	9	9	7	8	9	5	14	8	13	12	10
A hos	10	13	9	7	8	9	10	9	12	8	13	13	12
Reno	6	9	5	5	7	7	8	5	14	7	12	13	14
Old Hoss	7	11	7	8	7	8	9	9	15	9	12	12	..
Gelm	8	9	8	8	9	9	7	8	13	9	9	14	13
Deniker	8	10	8	8	6	9	6	7	12	8	10	11	13
Oliver	5	13	9	6	8	7	..	10	13	7	14	11	..
Moyer	..	9	9	5	8	5	7	10	9	6	12	10	..
Nimrod	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	6	11	8
McPherson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	7	13	11	11
Johnson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	11	12	..
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..
McKinley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..

SHOOTERS AT LIGONIER.

LIGONIER, Pa., Oct. 29.—The brothers Denny, Jim and Frank, entertained as their guests some eight shooters who were anxious to try their guns on Ligonier live birds. The shoot was a sporting one and some good scores were made. W. S. King and Jacque tied for first honors in the four events tabulated below, each man losing 3 out of 39 shot at; Alex. King scored 34 out of the same number. Nos. 1 and 4 were $5 entrance; No. 2, $15, and No. 3, $10 entrance. The scores made in all the sweeps were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Birds:	7	15	10	7	Birds:	7	15	10	7
W S King	7	13	9	7	Jacque	6	14	9	7
F H Denny	7	4	9	7	J O'H Denny	5	8	8	6
McPherson	6	11	10	w	Stahl	2	..	..	..
A H King	6	14	7	7	Witherow	..	..	..	5
T Laughery	6	..	..	7	Reno	..	..	..	8

Two miss-and-outs, $2 entrance in each event, were also shot. The first, with 7 entries, was divided between J. O'H. Denny and A. H. King. The second, with the same number of entries, was won by Laughery.

Haverhill Gun Club.

HAVERHILL, Mass., Oct. 31.—To-day was the last of the regular practice shoots of the Haverhill Gun Club. The day was perfection for trap-shooting, but only seven members of the club faced the traps. Below is a record of the scores made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Lambert	5	8	8	9	8	4	7	8	6	5
George	7	7	7	5	5	6	7	8	7	9
Dr Sherman	5	9	3	..	4	7	8	4	7	8
Miller	5	7	7	5	7	5	7	4	5	2
Webster	..	7	4	7	8	7	7	8	7	4
Holden	7	3	8	5	..	..	..	5	6	4
Stevens	6	..	..	7	10	8	8	..	..	..

Nos. 1, 4, 5, 8 and 9 were at known angles; Nos. 2, 3, 6 and 7 at unknown angles; No. 10 was at reversed order, with traps 2, 3 and 4 set at unknown angles. GEORGE F. STEVENS, Sec'y

Calumet Heights Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 31.—I herewith hand you scores of rifle contests held to-day on the grounds of Calumet Heights Gun Club. These events, together with our rifle contest, which show under the head of rifle shooting, were participated in by the club's members and friends. There were present some 64 persons. Halloween, after supper, all adjourned to the spacious cottage of the genial Mr. Spalding, which was illuminated by pumpkin faces of varied expression and otherwise decorated. The assembly were entertained with recitations by Miss Scribner, Dr. Shaw, Miss Knowles and others. Ducking for apples, and other games usual to Halloween, were indulged in to the hour of midnight. The evening's enjoyment ended with a lunch of chicken salad, coffee, etc. The day was considered one of the most enjoyable of the year, the weather being perfect.

Thanksgiving Day, which ends the shooting season of the club, a programme of similar nature will be arranged for, when live birds, targets and rifle shooting for prizes will take place, also the regular annual turkey shoot for both ladies and gentlemen.

The scores in the trophy contest follow. Lamphere won the class A medal, Houston the class B medal and Boedke the class C medal:

Class A.

Paterson	1110101111101111111111111—22
Lamphere	1111111111101111111111111—24
Shaw	1111111110111111101101110—21

Class B.

Norcom	1111111111000111001111111—20
Houston	1011111111111111011111100—21
Marshall	0001110011011111111111100—17
Metcalfe	1001100110011011111011101—16
Wilde	0101001110101010101010110—13

Class C.

Chamberlain	0111101001111001011110111—17
Harlan	1001111011100001011111111—17
Mumford	1100000100111101111111111—15
Davis	1110100000000010000111000— 8
R B Carson	1010011010011111100001110—14
Boedke	0001111111111010010111111—18
McMichaels	0111000101101011000100101—12

In the 100-target handicap race G. C. Lamphere was first with 98 out of the 100; A. C. Paterson second with 89; third money was divided between Drs. Shaw and Harlan; Houston won fourth money. Class A men shot from scratch; class B at 106 targets; class C at 120 targets. Scores:

	1st 25.	2d 25.	3d 25.	4th 25.	Handicap.
G C Lamphere	25	21	25	22	..—93
A C Paterson	21	24	23	21	..—89
Dr Shaw	21	23	21	22	..—87
Dr Harlan	16	20	19	15	16—87
Houston	17	18	21	22	8—86
W Mitchell	20	18	18	17	8—76
Boedke	11	15	16	19	15—76
P Norcom	17	17	13	14	8—71
G Marshall	17	16	13	13	..—64
Mumford	10	8	9	7	8—42

PATTY.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Growth of the Tourist System.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad Company, through its personally conducted tourist system and the unexcelled standard of high service, has won an enviable record for itself. These tours have grown to be thoroughly appreciated in this age of luxurious travel, and the series announced for the season of '96 and '97 admirably illustrates the progress of the times.

First comes a series to the Golden Gate, starting from New York, Philadelphia and Harrisburg, Jan. 27, Feb. 24 and March 27. Tourists will travel by superbly appointed special trains of Pullman compartment, drawing-room sleeping, dining, smoking and observation cars, under the supervision of a Tourist Agent and Chaperon.

Next in importance comes a series of four to Florida—Jan. 26, Feb. 9 and 23, and March 9. The first three admit of two weeks in the sunny South, while tickets for the fourth tour are good to return by regular trains until May 31.

A series of short tours to Washington from New York, Philadelphia and adjacent points will be run on Dec. 29, 1896; Jan. 21, Feb. 11, March 11, April 1 and 22, and May 13, 1897.

Old Point Comfort, Richmond and Washington tours will leave New York and Philadelphia Dec. 26, 1896, Jan. 28, Feb. 20, March 18, and April 15, 1897.

Handsome illustrated itineraries will be issued by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, containing full information as to how these tours may be pleasantly and profitably made. These itineraries may be procured on personal application or by addressing Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 860 Fulton street, Brooklyn; 789 Broad street, Newark, N. J., or Room 411, Broad street Station, Philadelphia. —*Adv.*

Water Tube Boilers.

THE Roberts Safety Water Tube Boiler Co. was incorporated Nov. 1, 1890. It has built nearly 900 boilers, ranging from those suitable for small launches up to installations of nearly 2,000 horse power in one vessel. The capital stock of this company is $250,000, and the sixth consecutive annual dividend of 10 per cent. was declared on the first day of this month by the Board of Directors, notwithstanding the fact that the last three years have been years of unusual business depression. It is claimed that the works of this company are larger than any other plant in the United States devoted exclusively to the construction of marine water tube boilers. The tools are of the most modern type, nearly $30,000 having been expended in adding to same during the past year. Although the Roberts Co. are the owners of a number of patents on water tube boilers, they have found that, all things being taken into consideration, the original type gives the best satisfaction, with some slight improvements in construction and material.—*Adv.*

Hunting the Wild Goat.

THE white goat, or Rocky Mountain goat, as it is indiscriminately called, is a species of big game rarely hunted by sportsmen. This is not so much because of the difficulty of killing the animal, nor because of its actual rarity. It is a stupid animal, easily shot when once found. It is not, however, shot in the usual hunting grounds, as are bears, deer, elk, etc. It is remote from the common localities, but where found is in goodly numbers. It ranges very high up in the mountains—above the timber line usually—among the rocks and cliffs. This requires great labor to get to it, but once there the hunter will get his game nine times out of ten.

If you care to read of a goat hunt made in the Bitter Root Range in Montana, in the fall of 1895, send 6 cents to Chas S. Fee, General Passenger Agent, Northern Pacific R'y, St. Paul, Minn., for "Wonderland '96," which recounts such a hunting expedition.—*Adv.*

Sold Out.

CHAS. GILCHRIST, of Port Hope, Can., orders his advertisement canceled, and adds:

"I have sold nearly all my rice. I sold between six and seven thousand pounds. I have about fifteen hundred pounds left, and expect an order for that to-morrow. A great many of the orders said they saw my ad. in your valuable paper."—*Adv.*

Arms and Sporting Goods.

THE catalogue of the John P. Lovell Arms Company, of Boston, contains 160 large pages of practical information relating to sporting goods. A discount sheet which is published along with it gives net rates on a number of different lines. This catalogue will be sent free of charge to any one mentioning FOREST AND STREAM.—*Adv.*

Finds It Pays.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 5.—*Forest and Stream Pub. Co.:* Replying to your favor of the 1st inst., please continue my advertisement for one more year.

I have received a great many replies to my adv., which has appeared in your paper in the past year, and am well satisfied with the results in that respect.—FRED MEDART, Fine Boats and Launches. —*Adv.*

THE Empire State Express of the New York Central is the fastest and most famous train in the world.—*Adv.*

TAKE the magnificent North Shore Limited of the New York Central for Chicago and the West.—*Adv.*